8 $1-50

23 April 1988 ~~55p~~ ~~US $1.95 (by air)~~ ISSN 0028 6362

MIDNIGHT OIL THE PIXIES ZIGGY MARLEY

£1R 0.81 (inc. tax) Aus $1.50 DnKr15.50 FrNf11.00 GerDm3.50
Malaysia $3.10 New Zealand $1.75 (inc. G.S.T.)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Tel tales

TERENCE EXPORT

TTD • OTT • USA

Terence Trent D'Arby pictured by Chris Clunn

JANICE LONG HEAD OF DAVID FAT LADY SINGS

THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN

barbed wire kisses

(b-sides and more)

"barbed wire kisses (b-sides and more)" is a mid-price lp featuring 16 tracks, with 20 tracks on the cassette and cd.

"barbed wire kisses" is compiled mostly of b sides taken from the jesus and mary chain's various 7, 10, 12 inch and double packs, including early works such as **"just out of reach"**, **"head"** and **"cracked"**, jesus and mary chain style covers like **"surfin' usa"**, **"who do you love"** and **"kill surf city"**, through to might have beens such as **"happy place"** and **"psycho candy"**.

included is the group's first and only creation single **"upside down"**, now deleted and on lp for the first time, plus two unreleased **"darklands"** out takes, **"swing"** and **"don't ever change"**.

"barbed wire kisses" also features the latest single **"sidewalking"**.

the jesus and mary chain are thè brothers **jim** and **william reid**.

lp/tape

£3.99

cd

£7.49

prices in **rep. of ireland.** lp/tape **ir£4.99** – cd **ir£9.99.**

AVAILABLE FROM ALL BRANCHES OF

VIRGIN

Virgin

subject to availability, while stocks last.

NEWS

● **BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN** dates still have to be confirmed, despite promises from promoter Harvey Goldsmith's office that the full tour was to be announced last Friday.

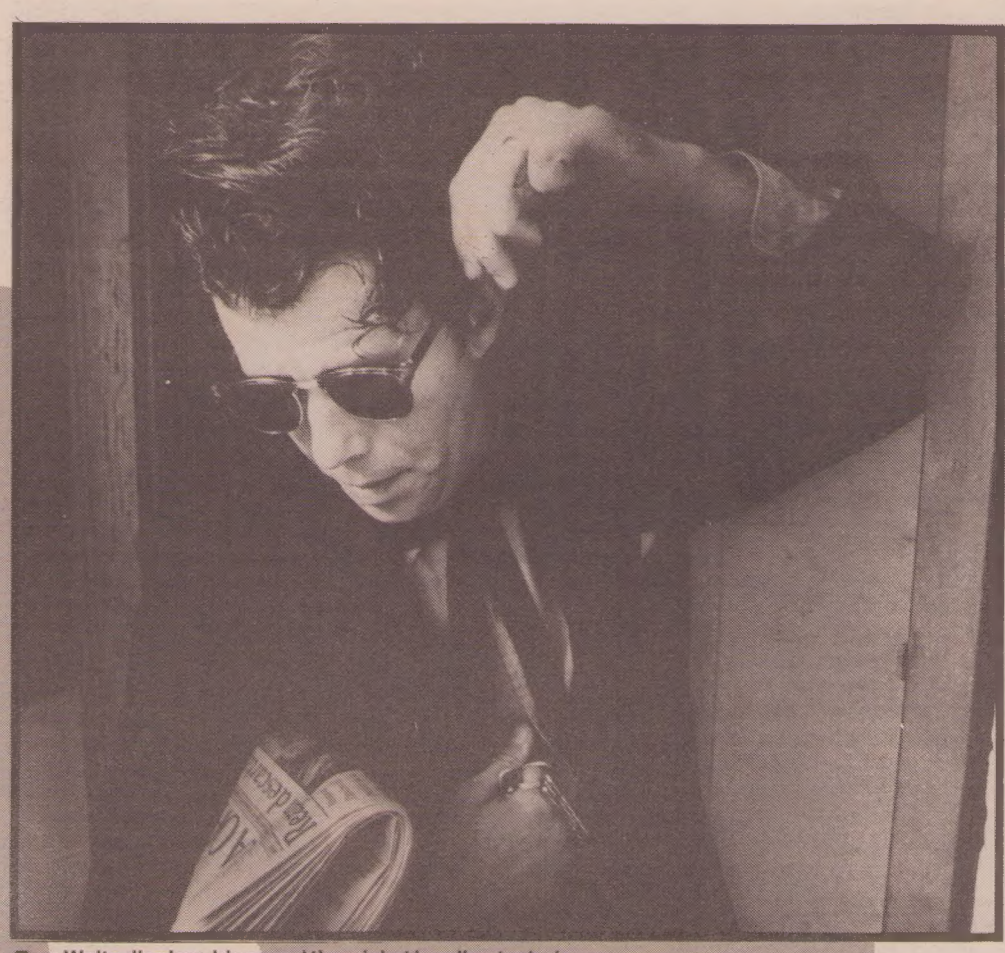
Goldsmith has put back the announcement, but has not told us when all will be revealed.

CBS Records have been inundated with enquiries (as have the *NME* news team), but the message is 'Be patient, everything comes to those who wait.'

● **GEORGE MICHAEL, UB40 and SADE are the latest names to join the all-star line-up for the Nelson Mandela 70th birthday concert at Wembley Stadium on June 11.**

Sade will not be playing a full set, however, but will be appearing as a "special guest" in one form or another.

As previously announced, the bill also includes Simple Minds, Dire Straits, Whitney Houston, Eurythmics, Chrissie Hynde and Sly & Robbie.



PICTURE: LAWRENCE WATSON

Tom Waits displays his round the wicket bowling technique

Uncle Tom and all

TOM WAITS is odds-on favourite to headline Amnesty International's Festival of Youth at Milton Keynes Bowl in June.

He has told organisers he is eager to appear at the festival concerts on June 18 and 19 and is currently trying to alter his filming commitments in America to make himself available.

It will be a quick return to Britain for Waits, who played in London and Edinburgh last year to promote his 'Frank's Wild Years' album.

Other big name additions include THE CULT, who are expected to confirm an appearance later this week, LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS (also trying to reschedule other commitments) and organisers say both Sinead O'Connor and Big Audio Dynamite have shown an interest but have yet to confirm.

However, Midge Ure, one of the first names announced for the concerts has pulled out.

As previously reported Amnesty are still waiting for confirmation from Van Morrison & The Chieftains, The Sugarcubes and Jimmy Cliff.

Already confirmed are Joe Strummer, Motorhead, New Model Army, The Men They Couldn't Hang, Transvision Vamp, The Wedding Present and World Domination Enterprises.

Tickets for the show are expected to be around the £15 mark and will be on sale now.

Amnesty tell us that the response from *NME* readers to the pledgeline, where donations can be made, has been overwhelming, so we've decided to run it again.

The number is 0898 400500 and it's open between 9am and 9pm seven days a week.

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

is looking for a

FEATURES EDITOR

He/she will be an experienced journalist with the energy and ideas to organise and motivate a large team of writers and photographers.

We also have a vacancy for a fast, creative

SUB EDITOR

Previous experience, including layout, absolutely essential.

To apply for either of these jobs, write with examples of work to Alan Lewis, NME, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG

Prince takes a walk down 'Alphabet Street'

PRINCE will have his new single in the shops on Monday, with a new album to follow.

As reported in the *NME* last month, the single is called 'Alphabet Street', and the forthcoming album goes under the name of 'Lovesexy'.

The single has two versions of 'Alphabet Street' on the seven inch, while the 12 inch includes the original 5 minutes 40 seconds album version and another extended version.

The latest news on the Prince concert movie, *Sign Of The Times*, is that it will receive its premiere at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road, London, some time in July, possibly coinciding with the release of a second single from the 'Lovesexy' album.

● **ACTION AGAINST AIDS are planning another day of fund-raising events to follow last year's benefits which featured George Michael, Elton John and The Communards.**

Another gala show will be held at London Wembley Arena, under the banner of The Party II, on May 29, as part of International Aids Day.

Details of acts taking part and other events will be announced next week.

● **THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN** follow the release of their mid-price B sides compilation 'Barbed Wire Kisses' with two low-key concerts.

They play Glasgow Barrowlands on April 27, tickets are £5.50 and are on sale now.

The Mary Chain also play University of London Union on April 29. Tickets are £6 from usual agents, and because of the size of the venue promoters expect a quick sell-out. Please don't turn up on the night and expect to pay on the door.

● **JERRY HARRISON brings his Casual Gods band to London for a show at the Town & Country Club, Kentish Town, on May 20.**

It will be the first British live appearance of a member of Talking Heads for more than six years.

Details of Harrison's band line-up were not confirmed at the time of going to press, but it looks certain to include a number of people who played on the Talking Heads' 'Naked' album (except Byrne, Frantz or Weymouth that is).

Tickets are on sale, price £6.50.

● **JAMES BROWN**'s wife Adrienne has claimed she was framed after being arrested at a Georgia airport for carrying the drug PCP (angel dust).

Her arrest comes just a week after JB himself was charged with attempted murder after allegedly taking five shots at his wife.

Mrs Brown told police she was the victim of a set-up, aimed at "paying her back" for her case against James.

A date for her court hearing, and for her husband's, has yet to be fixed.

Contents

TRACEY CHAPMAN	10
HEAD OF DAVID	11
ZIGGY MARLEY	12
BLACK ROCK COALITION	16
TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY	20
MIDNIGHT OIL	44
PIXIES	45
THRILLS: Fat Lady Sings, Adrian Sherwood	6
SINGLES	22
WORD UP: Granta, Calvin and Hobbes	23
FILM: Werner Herzog	24
TV: Friday Night Live	26
VIDEO: Freebies to be won!	27
LPs: Butthole Surfers, JAMC	30
RECORD/TOUR NEWS	36
OTHER VOICES: The Decoding Society	43
LIVE: Gregory Isaacs, Lloyd Cole	46
FRED WORLD	50
CHARTS	52
ANGST	54
PUBLIC NME	55

JANICE LONG 19

NME is published weekly by Holborn Publishing Group, 1–19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG, England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster and send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

NEWS

Dot dot dot...

BILLY OCEAN now almost into superstar status Stateside after gaining his third Number One in three and a half years with 'Get Outta Of My Dreams Get Into My Car' . . . **ROBERTA FLACK** working at New York's Electric Lady studio, fashioning an album for release by Atlantic . . . **JAMES BROWN** has two albums due out. The first is a newie for Scotti Brothers titled 'I'm Real' produced by Full Force, while also on the release schedule is 'Mother Lode', a compilation that includes several previously unreleased tracks from The Godfather's Polydor era. But prior to the arrival of either album there'll be an a capella single called 'The Tribute' featuring the voices of Brown and Full Force . . .

Believe it or not but **CASEY KASEM**, who's to quit America's ABC Radio Network at the end of the year, is to sign a five year contract for Westwood One, the Network's greatest rival, for a reported 17 million dollars! . . . **NONA HENDRYX** and **OLIVER LAKE** involved in the musical side of *Landlord Blues*, a movie recently screened at the Berlin Film Festival . . . The Vatican's radio station seeking to offset a huge budget deficit, is to move into CD discs in an effort to recoup some of the cash . . .

BARRY MANILOW's *Big Fun On Swing Street* special on CBS-TV featured the nozz in the company of **KID CREOLE, TOM SCOTT, CARMEN McCRAE, GERRY MULLIGAN, PHYLLIS HYMAN** and **STANLEY CLARKE** . . . While **BILLY IDOL**'s version of 'Mony Mony' is featured on the soundtrack of Columbia Pictures' *Vice Versa*, it's the original Tommy James And The Shondells' version that's being used on US TV trailers for the movie . . . **DWIGHT YOAKAM** said to be less uptight than usual at the ACM Awards, where he sang in the company of one of his personal heroes, **BUCK OWENS**. Probable reason for the good behaviour is that the ACM ceremony takes place on the West Coast, unlike the CMA affair which is always held in Nashville, a city often on the receiving end of Yoakam's tongue-lashings . . .

As announced in *Dot Dot Dot* recently, the **DOOBIE BROTHERS** are back together again. Those members now signed to Capitol Records include Tom Johnston (lead guitar, vocals), Patrick Simmons (guitar, vocals), John Harman (drums), all original members, plus Tiran Porter (bass, vocals), Michael Hossack (drums) and Bobby LaKind (percussion) all of whom were part of the band in later incarnations. Michael McDonald, who joined The Doobies in 1975, continues with his solo career and will not be rejoining . . . The LA Federal Court investigation into mob related dealings in the record industry has revealed that MCA paid reputed mobster Salvatore Pisello some $180,000 without drawing up any contracts or memos detailing what the payments were for . . .

I think I'm all grown now

TIFFANY has applied to a US court for legal adult status after moving out of the home she shared with her mother and two younger sisters.

The 16-year-old chart-topper was listed as a runaway after a missing persons report was filed on her in her home town of Norwalk, California.

She is currently living with her aunt, Julie Abbas, while the court decides whether to let the teenage starlet take control of her own business affairs.

Tiffany has filed her request under a section of the California Civil Code allowing children over 14 to petition for adult status in contract matters.

The latest developments follow an alleged contract struggle between Tiffany's mother Janie Williams and her manager George Tobin.

Tobin's two-year-old seven album contract with Tiffany legally entitles him to half of the singer's royalties and exclusive rights to her records and videos.

He also has the final say over public appearances, musical direction, and publicity photographs. Record industry estimates put royalties from Tiffany's first album at close to $3 million.

It would appear Tiffany wants to stay with Tobin and break away from the control of her mother as it was the manager's legal representatives who filed for adult status for her.

Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Richard Ibanez has appointed Tiffany's aunt as temporary guardian while the matter has been referred to a "dependency court mediator".

The mediator will report back to the court next month, recommending whether Tiffany is mature enough to make adult decisions or not.

PICTURE: ANDY CATLIN LFI

Tiffany: growing pains

Jarre docks in London

JEAN MICHEL JARRE will be playing the biggest concert the world has ever seen in London in September.

It will be held in the Docklands area, as first hinted at in *NME* more than a year ago, on September 24 and will be seen by an estimated TWO MILLION people.

Jarre will stage the event at the Royal Victoria Dock in the heart of the redevelopment area, at an estimated cost of £5 million.

It is an even more ambitious project than his famed Houston concert to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the State of Texas in 1986. Approximately 1.2 million saw laser effects beamed miles around the city skyline, animated images projected onto the sides of buildings and one of the most complex firework displays ever mounted.

Understandably, the London show is only the fourth concert Jarre has ever performed because of the huge costs involved.

More than 300 British and French technicians will be working on the site for a month prior to the concert, perfecting new laser and pyrotechnics techniques.

Negotiations are being finalised for a live radio broadcast which will enable spectators to enjoy perfect sound reception.

A specially constructed viewing enclosure will be built along the mile-long dock site. Tickets priced £12.50 for the standing enclosure and a limited number of £30 grandstand seats go on sale from April 15 from the following outlets:

Keith Prowse, Premier, London Theatre Booking, Stargreen and Ticket Master and West Ham Football Club.

They are also available by post from PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ, with an added booking fee of 50p per ticket. A credit card hotline, 01-748 1414, has also been set up.

PICTURE: ANNE COFFEY

Dock of the bay: Jean Michel Jarre

Brook Benton dies

BROOK BENTON, the smoky-voiced balladeer of hits like 'Fools Rush In' and 'Kiddio', died of pneumonia in New York last week, aged 56.

Born in Camden, South Carolina, his grounding was in gospel quartets, and he became a house writer for Mercury Records in the late 1950s.

His breakthrough as a solo artist came in 1959 with three hits – 'It's Just A Matter Of Time', 'Endlessly' and 'Thank You Pretty Baby'.

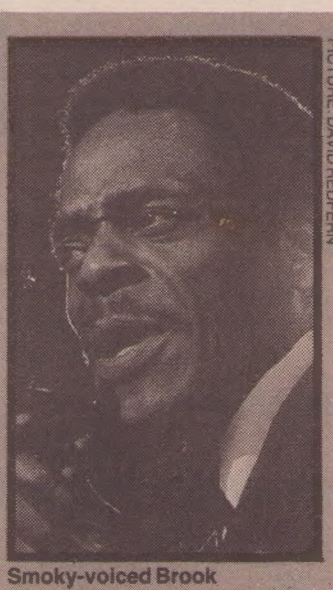
Unfairly compared to and ultimately eclipsed by soft crooners like Nat King Cole, Benton really came into his own on million-selling duets with Dinah Washington – 'Baby (You've Got What It Takes)' and 'Rockin' Good Way', the latter a big UK hit for Shakin' Stevens and Bonnie Tyler a few years back.

After a few years of relative dormancy, Benton bounced back in the early 1970s with 'Rainy Night In Georgia', regarded as the definitive version of the song.

There is a tendency in obituaries to exaggerate an artist's importance and carve them a monument in the hall of fame, even though they had been largely ignored for the best part of their lives.

Brook Benton could not be regarded as a pioneer or an influence, but he was a bloody great singer.

Terry Staunton



PICTURE: DAVID REDFERN

Smoky-voiced Brook

Cash is OK

JOHNNY CASH phoned *NME* last week anxious to scotch rumours about his ill health, and stress that his British tour scheduled for the end of the month will go ahead as planned.

The country music legend was angry with reports in *The Sun* which claimed he had been taken seriously ill during American dates and was about to cancel his UK jaunt.

Cash confirmed that he had been in hospital with chronic laryngitis after a spell playing arid Las Vegas, but that was several weeks ago. He has since recovered to play several US dates and complete an album of digital re-recordings of 'Classic Cash Volumes 1 and 2'.

"I feel that I'm singing better than ever," he told Gavin Martin. Indeed, the phone call came during a break from recording a new album for Mercury, which will feature duets with Tom T Hall, Hank Williams Jnr and daughter Rosanne, the latter a new version of 'Ballad Of A Teenage Queen'.

Cash's tour starts on April 30 in Cornwall, a package that includes the full Cash touring ensemble and the added bonus of Glen Campbell on some dates. While in England Cash hopes to get together with Paul McCartney and record a song they co-wrote while holidaying in Jamaica.

● **MORE RAP artists have been lined up to play benefit shows for Jesse Jackson in America as election fever continues to grip the country.**

Whodini, Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince have been added to the New York Apollo Theatre bills, which already feature Run DMC, Public Enemy, LL Cool J, Eric B & Rakim and Stetsasonic.

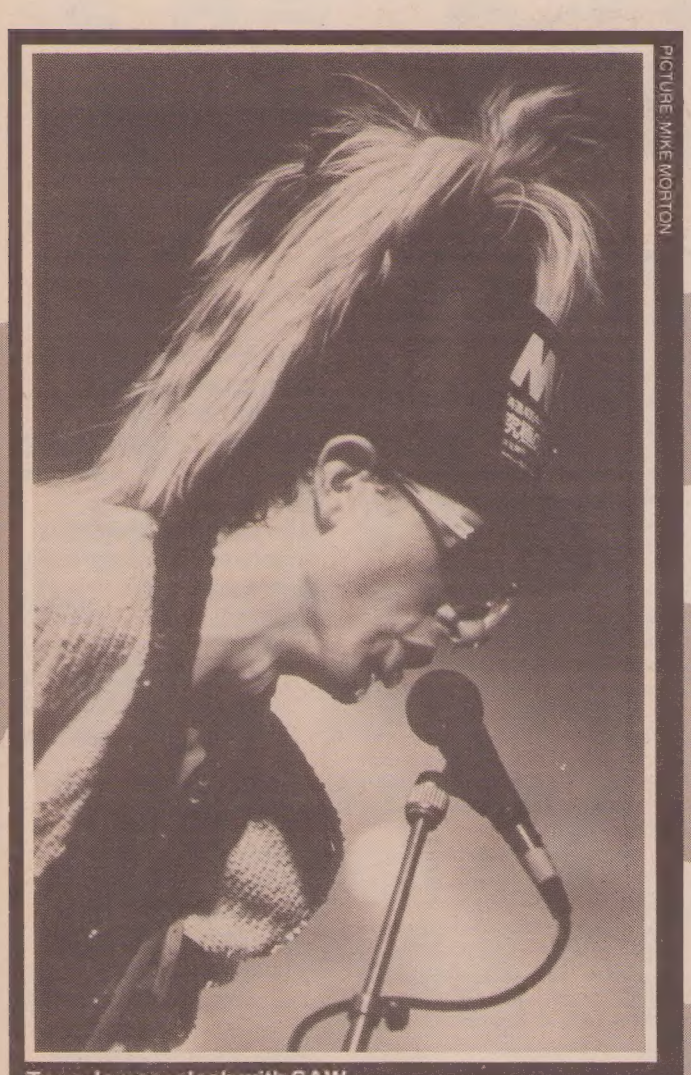
The concerts, which take place in the next two weeks, are to raise money for Democrat Jackson's campaign fund. The National Association for the Advancement of Coloured Peoples (NAACP) will be registering voters at the events.

Jackson also picked up large campaign cheques from Quincy Jones and Kris Kristofferson last week.

And Ziggy Marley has spoken out in favour of Jackson. He said: "He's a good man, even white people can deal with him."

● **MTV VIEWERS** in the US are being primed for the polls. Whitesnake, Frank Zappa, the Fat Boys and others are encouraging young Americans to register to vote.

Teen queen Debbie Gibson explains: "When you're 17 you believe you can rule the world, when you're 18 you can do something about it."


PICTURE: MIKE MORTON

Tony James: clash with SAW

Sputnik sessions lost in space

STOCK AITKEN & WATERMAN may be losing their midas touch, after two major studio projects had to be abandoned.

The top trio of producers have been working with Judas Priest and Sigue Sigue Sputnik, but both sets of recordings have been scrapped as the groups concerned were not happy with the results.

Four tracks for the new Judas Priest album have been "shelved", according to CBS, but may be used at a later date.

"The group thought the tracks would not fit on the album soundwise, and now Tom Allen will be doing the whole LP," said a spokesman.

"There is a chance that they could be used at a later date, but it's too early to say just yet."

However, a source close to the band say Priest were appalled with the results of the £60,000 sessions.

"They haven't stopped laughing since they heard them," he said.

EMI have been less than forthcoming on the outcome of the Sigue Sigue Sputnik sessions. A spokesman said: "We have no comment to make on the Sputniks on any subject. Even if the press asked us to confirm or deny that Martin Degville had broken his leg, we would still say 'no comment'."

NME understands that the sessions were marred by personality clashes between SAW and Tony James, with the producers taking a dictatorial stance over the recordings and asking for a co-writing credit on songs.

Unfortunately, The Big Three were unavailable for comment when the *NME* went to press. Mike Stock and Matt Aitken were in the studio and couldn't be disturbed, while Pete Waterman was out of the office for a few days.

● **WHO WILL** win the race to fill Janice Long's vacant evening slot on Radio One?

Since the world's hippest mother "lost" her coveted job on the station, Simon Mayo has been filling in and looked set at first to become the permanent replacement.

But with the news last week that Mayo will be taking over the breakfast show from May 23, BBC chiefs are on the look-out for a new twilight jock.

"No decision has been made, but meetings will be taking place in the next couple of weeks," said a Radio One spokesman.

Liz Kershaw looks to be the favourite for the job. She is on the air this week as Mayo's holiday relief and insiders at Broadcasting House see it as a trial for Andy's kid sister.

Other front runners include Ro Newton, Wendy May and even Tom Robinson's name has been suggested.

● Janice Long on parenthood and pop radio, see page 19.

Rich switch

JOE STRUMMER has been forced to change the entire schedule of the Rock Against The Rich tour after landing a film role.

The bulk of the dates have been brought forward to July as Strummer will be on location in late August. Details of the film role are sketchy.

A number of groups have come forward to pledge their support, and will be playing at various shows. World Domination Enterprises and Chelsea will now *not* be taking part in every show as earlier hoped, but will be present on some of the dates.

Other bands taking part at various points include The Shamen, Four Guns, The Birdhouse, Bastard Kestrel, Chumbawamba, Transvision Vamp (their first official live shows) and Anhrefn.

Strummer will be backed by Latino Rockabilly War, and One Style will also be on all dates.

The revised dates read Leeds Irish Centre (July 13), Liverpool Royal Court (15), Bristol Bierkeller (18), Exeter St George's Hall (21), Poole Arts Centre (23), Southampton Mayfair (24), Brighton Concorde (25 and 26), Swansea Marina Nightspot (28), Birmingham Powerhouse (August 2), Nottingham Rock City (3), Manchester International 2 (5), Bradford Queens Hall (6), Glasgow Barrowlands (7), Hull The Tower (9), Newcastle Mayfair (10) and Dundee Caird Hall (12).

WAS (NOT WAS) have added a special London show to their UK tour itinerary, at the City Of Angels, YMCA, Bedford Avenue.

The show takes place this Friday, tickets available from the YMCA. But hurry, as they're extremely limited.

● **RED WEDGE** and the Labour Party have launched a new 'Get Busy' campaign, a two-pronged drive designed to encourage young people to register for voting, as well as taking in their views and opinions.

MPs, councillors and Red Wedge artists will visit various youth and music projects all over the country starting from April 18.

Heading the campaign, alongside Red Wedge supremo Annajoy David, Dr Robert of The Blow Monkeys said: "I think it is essential that Labour listens, that it is aware of grassroots opinion, of what people want from the party.

"Red Wedge, through its association with various youth projects and initiatives, provide an essential link to young people that has been sadly lacking in the Labour Party."

Neil Kinnock was present at the launch of the campaign in London last week, and attacked the government's new Social Security Act.

"No-one can be expected to lie down under that kind of injustice, least of all young people," he said. "They want their voice to be heard, and that's why Red Wedge and the Labour Party are getting busy."

The first leg of the tour will be visiting Coventry, Nottingham, Walsall, Hampstead & Highgate, Stockton, Middlesborough, Wolverhampton, Dudly, Stoke-on-Trent, Leicester and West Bromwich. A club tour will follow in June.

LUIS ENRIQUE GODOY, the Nicaraguan musician who toured with Billy Bragg last November, returns to Britain next month for some headlining shows.

He can be seen with his group Mantocal at Manchester International (May 7), Glasgow Govan Town Hall (8), Cardiff Channel View Leisure Centre (12), London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (13) and Newcastle St Thomas' Church (14). More dates may be added.

The tour will launch a new political campaign, 'Time For Peace', which is being run by the Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign.

The London show promises special guests, so don't be too surprised if a certain Duckbill Paterson turns up for a few numbers.

● **JIMMY SOMMERVILLE,** Roddy Frame, Norman Cook, Tim Simenon and various *Eastenders* are among the guest DJs at a joint Mark Ashton Trust/Stop Clause 29 benefit in London at the end of the month.

Billed as 'A Club Night For The Mark Ashton Trust/Stop The Clause Campaign', the full line-up of DJs is: Jimmy Sommerville and Richard Coles (The Communards), Roddy Frame (Aztec Camera), Norman Cook and Wildski, Susan Tully and Michael Cashman (*Eastenders*), Tim Simenon (Bomb The Bass), Mark Moore (S-Express), Sarah-Jane Morris, Wendy May (Capital Radio/The Locomotion), Lucy O'Brien (Music Editor, City Limits) and Stuart Cosgrove.

Special guests are promised too.

They'll all be spinning their favourite sounds at the Town & Country Club, Kentish Town, on April 30 from 7.30pm to 2.15am.

Tickets are £6 from the box office (01-267 3334) and usual agents.

There'll also be free buses from the T&C to Trafalgar Square via King's Cross every 40 minutes from 11.30pm.

klubFoot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE STARGREEN, ALBEMARLE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR AT THE DOOR
SATURDAY 23rd APRIL AT 7.30 PM TICKETS £4.50 IN ADVANCE
THE METEORS
SKITZO
SPLATCATS
SGT BILKO'S KRAZY COMBO

klubFoot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS), LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE STARGREEN, ALBEMARLE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR AT THE DOOR
*BEAR
BATMOBILE
GET SMART
VULTURE SQUADRON
SHARK BAIT
SATURDAY 30th APRIL AT 7.30 PM TICKETS £4.50 IN ADVANCE

-THE-
-WILD FLOWERS-
take me for a ride e.p.
OUT MONDAY 25th APRIL
12 CHAP 29
CHAPTER 22 RECORDS
DISTRIBUTED BY NINE MILE/CARTEL

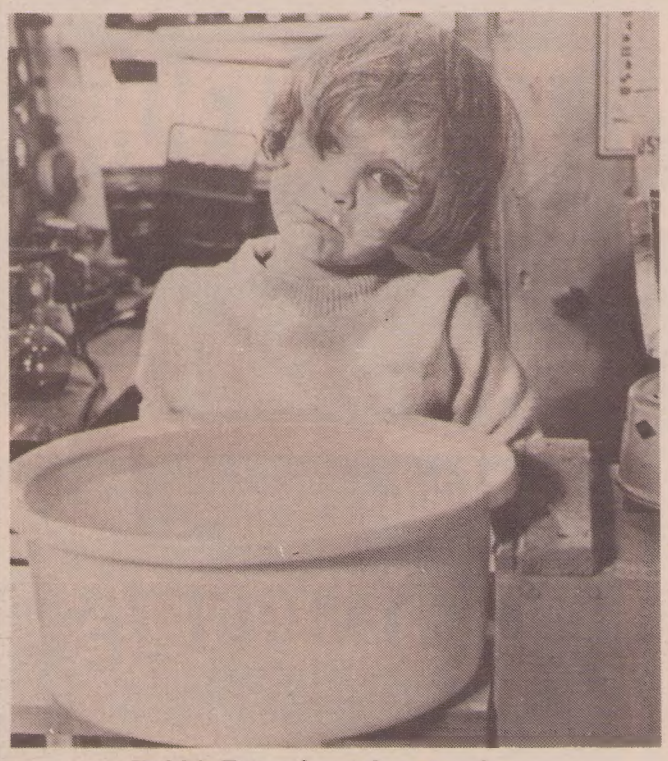
PARACHUTE FOR FREE
(With only one string attached)

You'll be doing it for Mencap.
Collect £125 in sponsorship and you land a free parachute jump.
For a refundable £67.50 bond, qualified instructors will train you at an airfield near you, and Mencap will give you a free parachute jump.
For the brave, it's a chance of a lifetime. For people with a mental handicap your sponsorship will help give them a better chance in life.
Send a first-class stamp for more details (one stamp per pack required) to MENCAP SPONSORED PARACHUTE JUMP, P.O. BOX 336, SOLIHULL, WEST MIDLANDS B91 1NZ.
Or tel: 01-2501537. (Answerphone after office hours.)
NAME
ADDRESS
MENCAP
N.M.E.1

THRILLS AIN'T OVER until Sonic Youth, Iggy Pop, Annie Hogan, Adrian Sherwood, Craig Davies, and The Fat Lady Sings.

FAST EDIT BY JAMES BROWN

Thrills!



Debbie Russ: then (above) and now

PICTURE: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

EYE OF THE TIGER

YOU WERE in a film with sex god Reg Varney!

"AAAARRRRGGGHHH!!" screams **DEBBIE RUSS**, "AAHH! No! I haven't even told my boyfriend about that! Aargh!! I'm so ashamed! Oh God!"

I'd have been pleased. However, I am not child cult great and current potential pop singer Debbie, who achieved elevation to TV Valhalla because she was Tiger in *The Double-Deckers*, the early '70s TV series that redefined comedy for a generation, and featured – absolutely no kidding – Aswad's lead singer Brinsley Forde and *Letter To Brezhnev*/*Equus* star Peter Firth. Debbie only recently found out that the young black actor who played "Sticks" has just had his first Number One single.

"I'm really pleased," she trills, "Brinsley was dead nice. I didn't know about his band or anything. He had a real BBC voice in those days, actually, quite posh."

Debbie is keen to follow in Brinsley's footsteps, so any agents/promoters/record companies can write to me and I will pass them on to Debbie. Now in her 20s, the former Tiger has decided to re-enter SHOWBIZ.

"I wasn't sure . . . I went to college and had a job and everything, but I'm sure I want to be a singer now. Somebody told me that apparently lightning does strike twice in the same place, so you never know . . ."

Dirt on Peter Firth, please.

"We used to travel on the train to Ealing Studios together. He was really nice. My Mum used to give me a bar of chocolate to take with me, and Peter used to go through her handbag to see if there was more chocolate in it . . ."

Child stardom is a weird thing. You're famous, then suddenly you stop.

"It was a weird time. It was probably the best time of my life, well, sort of . . . It was different for me, though, because I wasn't at stage school like most kids are, and I used to go into the playground and all the other children would crowd round me and just look at me. Then they'd be disappointed because I was ordinary.

"When I finished college, I went to India and this man came up to me in the street in Delhi and said, 'You're Tiger!' I said, no I'm not, and he said, yes you are, but you're embarrassed."

Which brings us back to Reg Varney.

"Oh God! I was hoping no-one would find out. What was the film called? Don't tell anyone! Please!"

A sense of modesty is rare in the potentially famous. We go out with Bleddyn Butcher and his camera. Debbie looks into the sky. Is she seeking spiritual guidance? Is she consulting her muse?

"I *bet* a bird craps on my head. It always happens."

No bird dares. Look out, rock'n'roll. Debbie Russ is *back*.

David Quantick

FAT'S THE WAY IT IS

RIGHT. THE version with which I'm familiar is this. During baseball's pre-War boom, the conclusion of an evening's entertainment at New York's seething Yankee Stadium was announced by a thunderous rendition of 'The Star Spangled Banner', supplied by a diva of traditional operatic proportions.

From this ritual a phrase emerged into everyday NY parlance. When trying to encourage someone whose goose was apparently cooked, you reminded them to keep striving right to the end, that 'it's not all over 'til *the fat lady sings* . . .'

A colourful enough addition to yer street jive, sure, but hardly a suitable tag for a pop group. Yet **THE FAT LADY SINGS** is the chosen handle of a Dublin-brewed, London-based foursome whose second single, just out, amply compensates for their obvious deficiencies in the name-picking department.

The coupling (on Harbour Sound Records) of the ambitiously epic and enigmatic 'Be Still' with the contradiction-riven 'King Of Freedom' confirms the unmissable promise of last summer's 'Fear And Favour' debut. The major labels are courting the Fat Lady with all the frenzied ardour of Groucho Marx . . .

The elastic, vivid noise made by Tim Bradshaw's guitars, Robert Hamilton's drums and Dermot Lynch's bass provide a sympathetic cloak for the Fat Lady's most prominent feature, the tremulously plaintive voice of singer/lyricist Nick Kelly. It's a potent tool of emotional communication – its evident power tinged with a hint of vulnerability – but it hasn't always been so highly regarded.

"I used to sing and bash away on an old acoustic guitar", smiles Nick, "in Robert's house in Dublin. One day his father burst into the room with this really exasperated look on his face. 'Look, Nick' he said to me, 'either shut up or go home *please* . . .'"

For that singing voice, Nick claims the influence of country music but then reels off a list of soul brothers. He's equally unspecific about the contents of his songs. The current b-side (*"the King of Freedom, tells you about what to do . . .*") is a case in point.

"It's quite difficult, being Irish in England at this particular time; everything I say is so easily misinterpreted. And in any case, I prefer those songs which allow you to to take your own meanings from them. Let's leave it at that."

Nick didn't lick this deft diplomacy off the ground; his father performs the pretty neat trick of being one of Ireland's leading, and simultaneously most popular, politicos.

Announcing an unashamed affinity with the trad likes of the Go-Betweens and Microdisney, the Fatties (what else?) are convinced that there's loadsalife in the old guitar/voice/drums thing yet, and that they've plenty of time to customise their standard model.

"It's all about songs," intones Rob. "We can get better technicaly – Nick's started to mess about with a piano I got him – but we have the basics; strong, good, songs."

"But the thing about us", Nick jumps in, heading off my 'all bands say that' "is that we're not precious about the songs; concerned that they're good, but not precious about them. We really enjoyed being in the studio, recording – I think there's a chemistry there that's completely different from what goes on with an audience. But in the end we've released the best version of those songs that we can manage at this given time. Not perfect, maybe, but our best effort.

"To tell the truth," he whispers, "I'm actually really proud of 'Be Still'."

And so he should be. With its flip-side, it constitutes one of the best vinyl slivers the indies have managed this year. Almost good enough to make you n'me forget that bloody awful name. Almost . . .

Danny Kelly

PICTURE: TIM JARVIS

Very Fat Lady-like

BIGMOUTH

"Ben Elton has done more harm to comedy than Bernard Manning."
King Of Comedy, Gobshite Sadowitz

"I've played in punk bands, my influences go from Earth, Wind & Fire to The Exploited."
Krush's Cassius Campbell revealing skeletons that should have been buried years ago

"DJs are vacuous, empty-headed, vain, illiterate morons. They create no atmosphere and have no love for or knowledge of music. Most of them I hate with a passionate loathing."
Ex-DJ Jonathan King

"Elton John and Jonathan King have lots of things in common. They both wear glasses, they've both changed their names, they've both spent over a 100 weeks in the singles charts. The main difference is that Elton sues *The Sun*, Jonathan writes for it."
Paul Gambaccini

"I have a flashing Pope which I bought at the Vatican, I also have a wind-up musical Vatican, it plays 'Arrivederci Roma'."
Catholic boy Mark Moore of S-Express

"Groucho Marx and I used to watch old movies and he would say: 'I did it to her and that blonde one too, I slept with her. No, not that one. She wanted money'."
Alice Cooper on Marxist theory

"We never talk about it, it would be like saying, 'Shall we share the same girlfriend?' or something!"
Howie Devoto on whether he'd write songs with Morrissey

"Toyah, looking back to the days when you were the short, spunk-haired, er . . ."
***Daytime Live* interviewer with an accurate memory**

"I'd go to auditions and they'd say 'act like a pimp'. And I'd say 'what'? I use the Stanislavski method.' And they'd say 'act jive. Can't you make it any blacker?' "
Robert Townshend, star of *Hollywood Shuffle*

SONIC POP Thrills!

Ig at the gig

EARLY EVENING *chez* Sonic Youth's gaff in New York. Thurston is playing the fantabulous Dinosaur video for 'You're Living All Over Me', Lee Ranaldo meanwhile is zapping us with the infra-red beam of the latest Olympus yuppie camera. Suddenly . . . the telephone rings. We all freeze. Hearts palpitate like a wart-hog with indigestion. "It's *him*," gasps Kim, levitating out of her chair. "Quick! Set the ansaphone so we can record his voice!"

Who's him?

"Just Iggy Pop. *That's* who!"

Lee takes the call. He's on the telephone for a long time muttering about "rehearsals . . . fun . . . money . . . sweat . . . sex . . . dime bars . . . we agree . . . groovy . . . goodbye."

So what's going on here Sonic people?

"Well, here's a real world exclusive for you Jack," says Thurston in his most ingratiating pat-the-English-journalist-on-the-head-tone. "We're seriously thinking about enlisting Iggy as our full-time singer since I'm not so hot in that department myself."

Yeah?

"Well you remember when Iggy came on for an encore of 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' with us when we played the Town & Country Club in London last year? Well, that was a real big thrill for us, him being a rock god and all that.

"Apparently he got a kick out of it as well, which isn't surprising since he's not really had a decent band to back him since The Stooges. Anyway, ever since then we've kept in touch. At the moment we don't know if he'll become our permanent singer but we should do at least one single together."

Oh. What will that be then?

Thurston scratches his blond mop, smiles, and says: "We don't know yet. You'll have to wait and see. But whatever it is it'll blow you away. Can yah dig it?"

I have my shovel waiting, Mr Moore.

Jack Barron

NEW LEATHER – SHOCK!

"MY LIFETIME'S ambition is to sleep with Tony Wilson," announces a mischievous **CRAIG DAVIES**. "I've met him, but I'd like to get to know him better."

Can this guy be serious? Is he having us on? Is it a publicity stunt or is the poor boy's ultimate desire *really* a night of pretentious passion with the boss of Factory Records? "I don't know," he shrugs coyly, but then adds, "It's just one of those pervy urges you get from time to time, I suppose . . ."

If Rough Trade's intention of pushing this solo, Salfordian songwriter chart-wise works out, he'll no doubt one day regret such a statement – joke or no joke. Right now it doesn't matter that much though. This is only his fourth or fifth interview, the first tour and his second single, 'Jennifer Holliday'.

Not bad for someone who didn't involve himself with the 'music biz' until last summer. Quite amazing when you realise he did it without proper manager or demos, had his debut record produced by Durutti Column's Vini Reilly, got offered a six album deal and went on to support Everything But The Girl at the Royal Albert Hall.

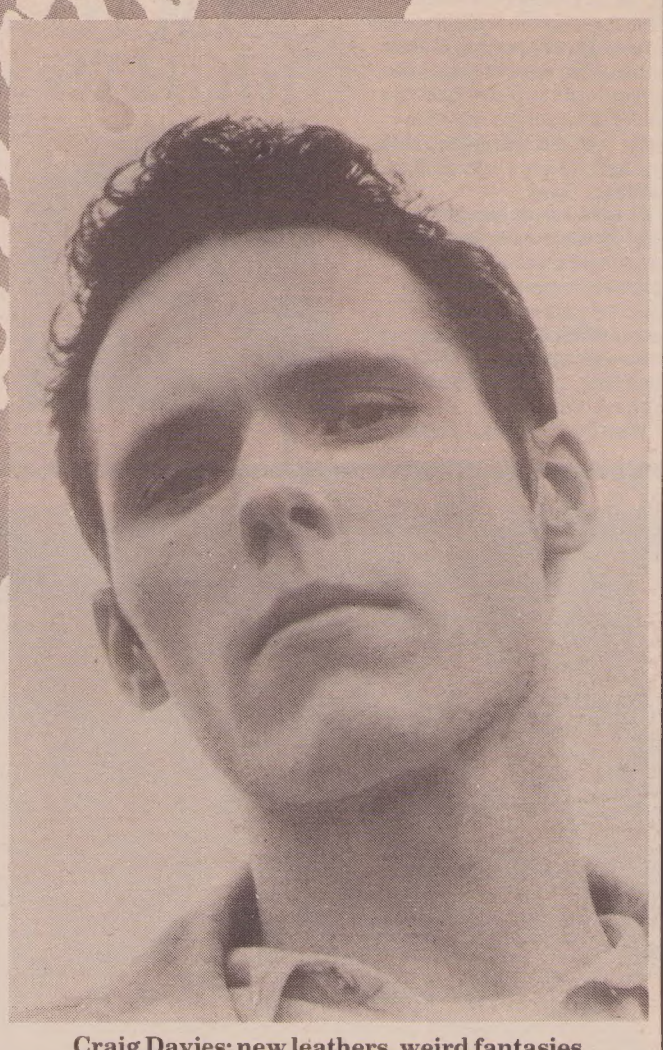
Craig's current single holds the explanation – dramatic songwriting and a quite astounding Tom Waits style voice. Sung in an accent straight out of *Coronation Street*, 'Jennifer Holliday' is a sentimental ballad enlisting help from the likes of Ben Watt.

"I'm told there's a singer or actress called Jennifer Holliday, but I've never heard of her," says Craig. "This might sound maudlin, but my song is actually about an ex-girlfriend who died. It's my tribute. It was *deliberately* written to be naive and sensitive . . ."

To Craig songwriting is everything. Like going to the pub with his Grandad and going walking, it's one of the most important things in his life. He cares little for nightclubbing, records or the music business itself. Wearing a leather jacket that's less than five weeks old, he's a naive newcomer to it all.

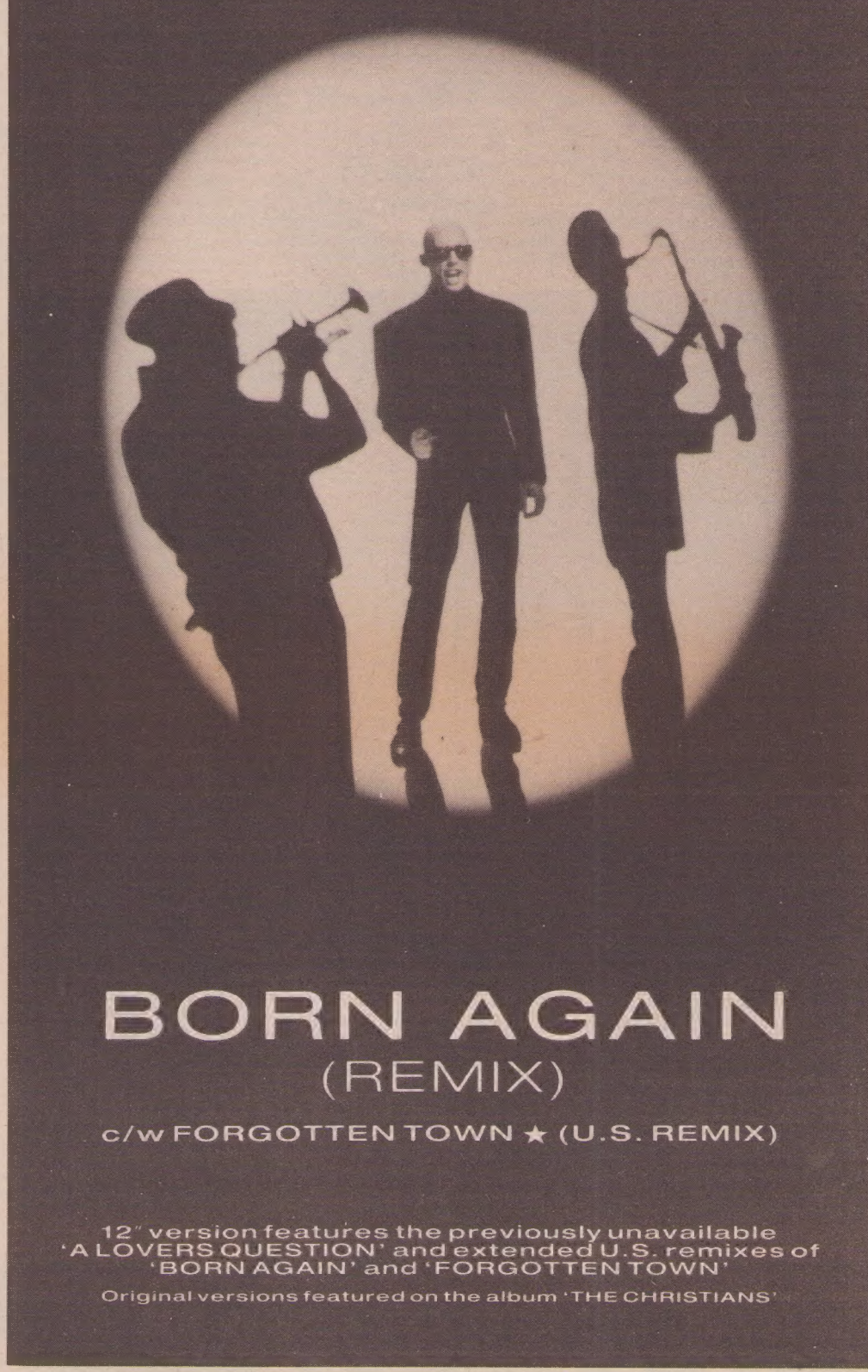
"Not knowing anything about Indie music is very embarrassing," says Craig, "Especially when I visit Rough Trade! Last time Rolo from The Woodentops was there, and I didn't have a clue who he was!" This boy has a lot to learn.

Sarah Champion



Craig Davies: new leathers, weird fantasies

the CHRISTIANS



BORN AGAIN
(REMIX)
c/w FORGOTTEN TOWN ★ (U.S. REMIX)

12" version features the previously unavailable 'A LOVERS QUESTION' and extended U.S. remixes of 'BORN AGAIN' and 'FORGOTTEN TOWN'
Original versions featured on the album 'THE CHRISTIANS'

UK TOUR DATES
MAY
24 : BRIGHTON
25 : BRISTOL
27 : LIVERPOOL
28 : MANCHESTER
29 : BIRMINGHAM
31 : LEICESTER
JUNE 1 : LONDON

12/IS 365 ISLAND

SHARING ANNIE-THING

"OH DEAR, this sounds naff. I want to help others if I have any success myself . . . uh, that sounds CRAP! Uh, how do I put this into words?"

You want to be the Mother Theresa of singer-songwriting?

ANNIE HOGAN, songwriter, pianist, sometime Mamba and Willing Sinner and writing partner to Marc Almond wrestles with a shudder of sincere distress.

"Oh, no. I hope I'm not coming across like that! I'm a socialist but that's not about being a super-martyr! If somehow I got a lot of money – whatever 'a lot' is – from a deal, I'd channel it back into the music. I've got so many friends who are *so* into music, and do so r ch yet they haven't got any m ey . . . That money wouldn' e for me alone. There are a lot of pe ple involved in 'me' – I mean who have worked to help me. You are made up of your friends and your relationships, you can't ignore that."

That must make it very hard then to change your mind or to move freely. Don't you feel tied down by recognising what you owe to other people?

"No-one's forcing me to, are they? But you can't just walk out. Sometimes everyone feels like that . . . but responsibilities are part of life. Mind you, if any of my associates wanted to pursue some kind of independence, they're free to do it. I'm not really answering your question, am I? What am I talking about?"

Hogan's new single on the Dinamo label – which she co-runs with Product Inc's Rob Collins – is in a world of its own. A piece of contemplative pop classicism, 'Each Day' is mapped out by the ambling pianos of Annie and fellow musician Mark Edwards, but it's not just the predomination of acoustic pianos that invokes the mood of Carole King. Hogan is primarily a songwriter – by her own definition – and possessed of a natural, fluid alto voice. Does she have any favourite subject matter?

"It's not even getting to the stage where I'm dealing with the same subject! I'm only just starting to delve into writing words. Tunes come really easy to me but when I write something I just read it and think 'CRAP!' I wrote the words to the b-side, 'The Story So Far', which is political, I suppose . . . and pretty naive, actually . . ."

There she goes again . . . Hogan isn't self-critical in a neurotic way. Her self-depreciating remarks kind of fall out as an afterthought, with an air of startled amusement.

As a sprog, Annie's fave pastime was bouncing up and down on the sofa, conducting her parents' John Barry and Ennio Morricone soundtracks. Now she spends most of her time composing.

"I'm lucky, I'm a single woman working at something I love doing. I make a good living with Marc . . ."

Do you ever feel isolated from the mainstream of, er *life*?

"In a way. I don't mean that I'm anything special, but I do feel a bit removed from the rest of society . . . the way I am as a woman, within myself, even where I live. I hate the yuppie areas of London. I live in a working class area in East London but still you don't feel part of it. I hardly ever go out, mostly because I'm so busy, but there's also the hassle you get. *'What are you? A man or a woman?'*"

How did you find working with Marc?

"We've had our rows . . . well, everyone does, screaming, slamming doors and phones down. He's one of my closest friends and it's because we're so close that we can communicate like that. It's a silly way of communicating, I know, but time seems so measured in London. Some things don't get said that should be . . . and vice versa. There's not that much time to think. Anyway, Marc's still my very favourite singer."

And who on earth is this character 'Pervy' who gets a credit on the 'Each Day' sleeve? Unfortunately I didn't remember I wanted to ask this question till two days after the interview. Lucky for Pervy, really . . .

Myrna Minkoff

Benevolent Annie Hogan

Thrills!

MORRIS DANCING

"I HAVE a Mr Day on the line for you sir."

Slick Superdick himself ?!!

"Pardon me sir?"

Put him on! So here I am sharing a dog and bone with **MORRIS DAY,** the man currently sitting comfortably atop Billboard's dance chart with 'Fishnet'. But this is a very different Morris Day to the one that fronted The Time, those self-proclaimed badass motherf—ers who wore paisley satin zoot suits so sharp you could cut yourself on them.

Like fellow ex-Timer Jesse Johnson, Morris has released a couple of solo albums and toured America to ecstatic receptions, whilst making a spectacularly small impact this side of the Atlantic. But, unlike his former axeman, Morris has got married and mellowed into maturity and – perish the thought – modesty.

But can this shy voice on the phone really belong to the man Jesse Johnson claims is 20 times as outrageous as the character he played in *Purple Rain*?

"That may be true of what Jesse remembers of me, but it was a long time ago. I think of those as the early rock'n'roll years. We were all wild then."

You aren't wild?

"Not at all!"

Seems Morris is full of bad tidings today. Apparently the Time's reunion album, tour and biopic, far from being almost ready to roll, never even got as far as the deal-signing stage. But didn't you all play together at The Black Music Awards in Minneapolis last October?

"Sure! Monte Moir couldn't make it, but otherwise it was the whole original line-up. We played a medley of our old stuff and, though we'd only rehearsed for two days, the crowd was real tearful. I'd like to see a Time reunion, but I can't see it happening."

So what are you into these days? The sound of your new album has echoes of 'What Time Is It?'.

"During the creative process I avoid radio strictly. I'm a song person anyway, I'm into songs not groups."

Speaking of songs, 'Fishnet' is a cracker – good beat, good hooks, but lyrically it scored an instant 10 on my yawnometer.

"I personally like to see big-legged women in fishnets."

I was going to ask what Mrs Day thinks of that, but I see she wrote and produced the album with you.

"Yeah, and she was wearing fishnets when I met her."

Don't people tell you . . .?

A new Day rises

"I've heard things like lecherous and sexist, but I prefer to think of it as complimentary."

Is it weird for you, being produced by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, when you used to produce them in The Time?

"They were only involved on 'Fishnet' and 'Love Is A Game' and we all worked together on the production. It was a lot of fun, what we wanted to do with The Time, but weren't permitted. That was really Prince's gig."

If 'Fishnet' scores in Europe, which it should, it'll allow Morris Day to tour here, finally breaking the away match jinx that has befallen ex-Time members ever since Prince cancelled the 1999 UK tour at the eleventh hour. But only Time will tell.

Simon Witter

BAM TO RIGHTS

WE'RE USED to German bands being either highbrow theorists of futurism or metal-bashing harbingers of the decline of the West. So three dudes in ripped trousers pictured facing a blazing furnace with portraits of Stalin, Marx and Mao on their backs have to be making a hefty political statement, right?

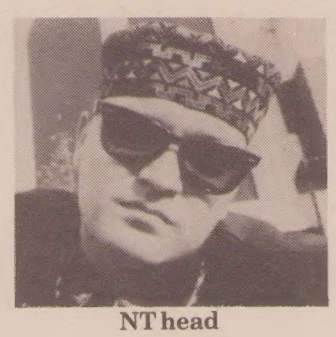
N T GANG are two men (the third is a sort of phantom member), Ralf Hamm and Markus Staab from Aschlaffenburg in Bavaria. Their English is good but is obviously learnt entirely from rare groove tracks – the advantage of living in a small town, they say, is that they get "no trash talkin' ".

'Wam Bam', their first single on Cooltempo, is a thunderous piece of tongue-in-cheek sampling mayhem, taking in Alexander O'Neal, Turkish folk singing, and guitars from Deep Purple and Dire Straits' 'Money For Nothing'. Aren't people shocked by such radically uncool samples?

"I don't think so," says Markus, "because normally the teenies don't know nuthin' about this music. I don't like Dire Straits, but the song we took this guitar from was a hit . . ."

N T Gang (stands for Noisy Toys) aim to explode the Teutonic stereotype with their manifesto of Fast, Fierce and Funny: "We make post-video game dance music."

Jonathan Romney



NT head

the sugar cubes
life's too good
Released 25th April
Album • Compact Disc • Cassette • DAT
TPLP5 • TPLP5CD • CTPLP5 • DTPLP5

Thrills!

WHAT WINKS AND — S LIKE A RABBIT?

BEN KEATON's *Gone With The Wind 2* has sod all to do with Rhett Butler and Scarlet O'Hara and loads to do with Flann O'Brien and a seriously Celtified Woody Allen. Here, The Big Apple is a surreal urban garden of Eden and Keaton's Gabriel wanders through the art house debris like a man out of time. The result is funny and painful by turns, a million miles away from last year's *Confessions Of An Irish Taxidermist* which won Keaton The Perrier Prize at Edinburgh.

This time round, Keaton's absurdist mimes and monologues are cut up with the unlikeliest love affair between his innocent Irishman abroad and Cairo Cannon's wacked-out art casualty. She beats seven shades of shite out of scrap metal whilst he wanders round in a pink rabbit suit courtesy of a Novelty Telegram job. They collide in a bizzare romance when she invites him home for goldfish soup and a salad made from the bouquet of flowers he has brought her.

Sex, surreal humour and a collapsible, fold out set combine to make Keaton's latest adventure a relaxed, but bizarrely compulsive, slice of Irish American culture shock. After this, you'll never use the term "blow me" again without first consulting your Dublin-New York dictionary of double entendre. *Gone With The Wind 2* runs until April 30 at The ICA, The Mall, London SW1.

Sean O'Hagan

Snabo!

MATERIAL WORLD

ADRIAN SHERWOOD

RECORDS/MUSICIANS/ GROUPS
Joe Higgs — Life of Contradiction
Bim Sherman — Love Forever
Bim Sherman — Lovers Leap
Winston McAnuff — Ugly Days
Prince Far-I — No More War
Prince Far-I — Message From The King
Burning Spear — Presenting
Burning Spear
The Fall — Slates
Keith Le Blanc — Major Malfunction
Nearly all Lee Perry's work

ALCOHOL
Red Wine
Bitter
Brandy

READING MATTER
Sing When You're Winning — Steve Redhead
Daily Mirror

TV
Some documentaries and holiday programmes, some soaps: *EastEnders, Prisoner In Cell Block H, Dallas, Dynasty, Neighbours, Some Mothers Do Have 'Em* repeats.
And *Top Of The Pops* is hilarious.
Live football on Sundays and Clive James.

ACTRESS
Susan Penhaligan

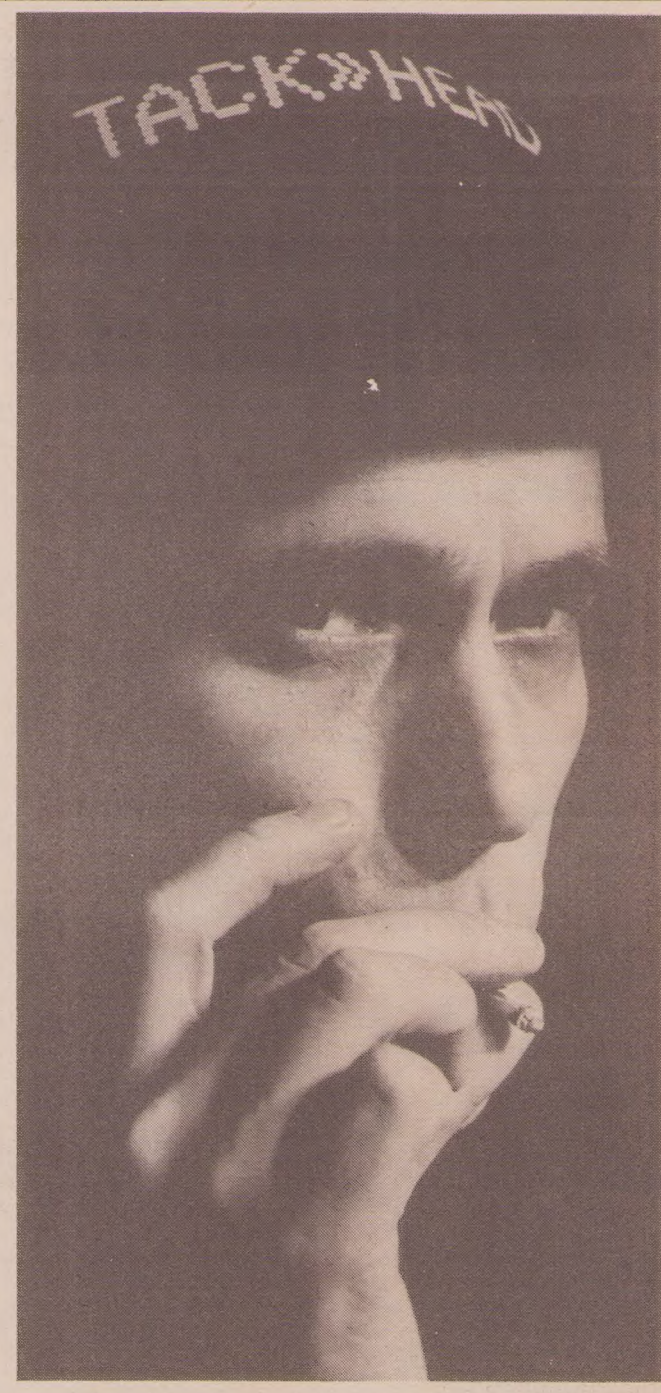
ACTOR
Marlon Brando

POETS
Annie Anxiety
Paul Arathoon

TRANSPORT
I had a Cortina but it was stolen.

ABODE
Fort Knox with tasteful decor.

FOOTBALLERS
Jah Wobble
John Peel
Steve Barker
Mark Williams
Pete Stroud
Pete Holdsworth



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

I DON'T NEED A HEARTBREAKER FIFTY FACED TROUBLE MAKER TWO TIMING TIME TAKER DIRTY LITTLE MONEY MAKER MUSCLE BOUND CHEAP SKATE LOW DOWN WOMAN HATER TRIPLE CROSSING DOUBLE DATER YELLA BELLIED ALLIGATOR, I NEED A MAN: **Eurythmics** ★ numbered edition gatefold 7" featuring Live version of **I NEED A MAN**, recorded for *'Friday night live'* at Corbin Hall 1988.

'LYRICS REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION

RCA
A BERTELSMANN MUSIC GROUP COMPANY

★

A different brand of Homegirl

Unfashionably political, emotional, and an outward-looking contrast to the '80s chanteuses, in TRACY CHAPMAN Joan Armatrading meets Gil Scott Heron. MICHELE KIRSCH meets the homegirl who's made one of the debuts of the decade. Pictures: EMILY ANDERSEN.

Six shot dead. Troops go in. Seven die in flood. Farmer stabbed. Man bites dog. Tracy reads it in the *Boston Globe*, evening edition.

"Do I *cry* when I read the papers? Ha!" Tracy Chapman laughs with incredulity. "No, I've never cried . . . but, I've been shocked," she adds, just a hint of apology in her expression.

Young American singer songwriter Tracy Chapman will be fielding a lot of questions about giving a damn in the weeks to come, following Elektra's release (through Warners) of 'Tracy Chapman' – the most talked about debut of the year.

That rare, genuine enthusiasm she generates among everybody who's heard her sing is bred of real talent, not hype. Her singing is so emotive, such a stirring whirl of hope and despondency that it's hard to concentrate on anything else when the record's playing. I find myself whipping out old records by the Impressions, Sly Stone, Gil Scott Heron and Joan Armatrading in futile search of a reference point, but Tracy's voice defies such tidy categorisation. It drops with concern when she sings of injustice, then soars with hope and conviction when she sings of renewal.

She accompanies herself on acoustic guitar with confident dexterity. David Kershenbaum's simple production recalling Robert Fripp's verité work on The Roches' debut album.

Straight from the right-on coffee houses of collegiate Cambridge, Massachusetts, she was signed up by Elektra after a friend's father submitted a demo tape. Despite the strength of her voice, Tracy probably presented a marketability problem to the big guys pushing product to specific consumer groups. In other words, she was raising unfashionable questions, social concerns that died with the advent of the Buppie – Black, upwardly mobile etc.

Why is there poverty, corruption and greed, ponders Tracy, and what are we gonna do about it? On paper it all seems a bit wilfully naive: if we read a lyric sheet we'd have to ask ourselves just what is this black hippy girl playing at? Did Mom do up her diapers with 'Free Angela' buttons?

These days, when a young black girl with the slightest bit of suss wants to declare 'I Yam Somebody' she makes a rap record, and then another rap record that says 'I Yam Better Than Somebody Else'.

Tracy forgoes that oneupmanship by addressing larger issues. She sees the welfare mother, kid slung on hip, queuing for her cheque and whispering about a revolution. She hears the wife beater pulling his final punch. She watches young lovers flee one dead end situation for another. None of these things are essentially *fly* but then, Tracy is a different brand of homegirl all together.

As she sits back in a big chair in WEA's London offices, quietly telling me about the metal detectors at the school entrances in her native Cleveland, it becomes apparent that Tracy is a rare breed of artiste; many come from rough neighbourhoods, but few can resist the temptation to brag about it. Her dignity and self restraint say more about where she is now, than where she came from; if she threw in the odd "Dissing" I'd laugh in her face. No, she tells me, Cleveland was not a particularly stimulating environment to grow up in . . .

"It was a predominantly black neighbourhood that had gone through some changes over the years. I had friends, but I didn't particularly like the area. My family was harassed by other people. Our house was vandalised. Our dogs were taunted . . ."

Your dogs? For, uh, being black?

"No. It wasn't racial. It was black kids doing it and it wasn't anything very clear, but these kids spent a lot of time terrorising other people and my sister and I wanted nothing to do with it. We spoke differently, didn't get involved in what they did, so maybe it had something to do with that," she finishes uncertainly.

When Cleveland's public schools began to implement the desegregation policy with enforced bussing of black kids to white schools and vice versa, when the shit *really* hit the fan, Tracy won a scholarship to a private school in Connecticut. Now while she *does* sing convincingly about riots and revolution (voice: hybrid Gil Scott Armatrading; guitar playing: early Neil Young) her rather timely escape from all that leaves a slight credibility gap. Did she really hear a woman getting beaten to death as she reports so chillingly in the a cappella 'Behind The Wall'?

"Well, no, it's how I'd imagine it to be," Tracy admits. Her implication that imagination can be as valid as reportage, if not more valid in the context of songwriting and the sheer ability to move people, is well taken. Which is to say she sings as if she has lived through it.

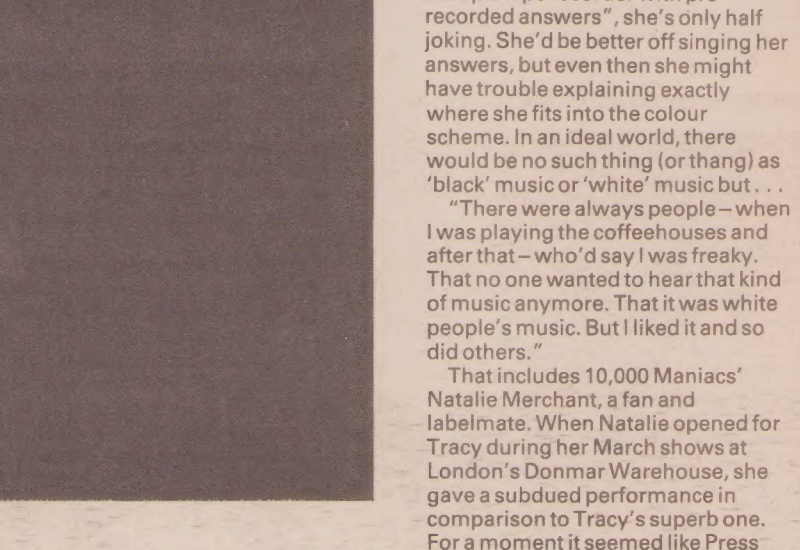
"All of my songs are based partly on something I've experienced, or at least somebody I've felt a certain empathy for. I build from there, but it's not necessarily a fiction," she spits the last word emphatically.

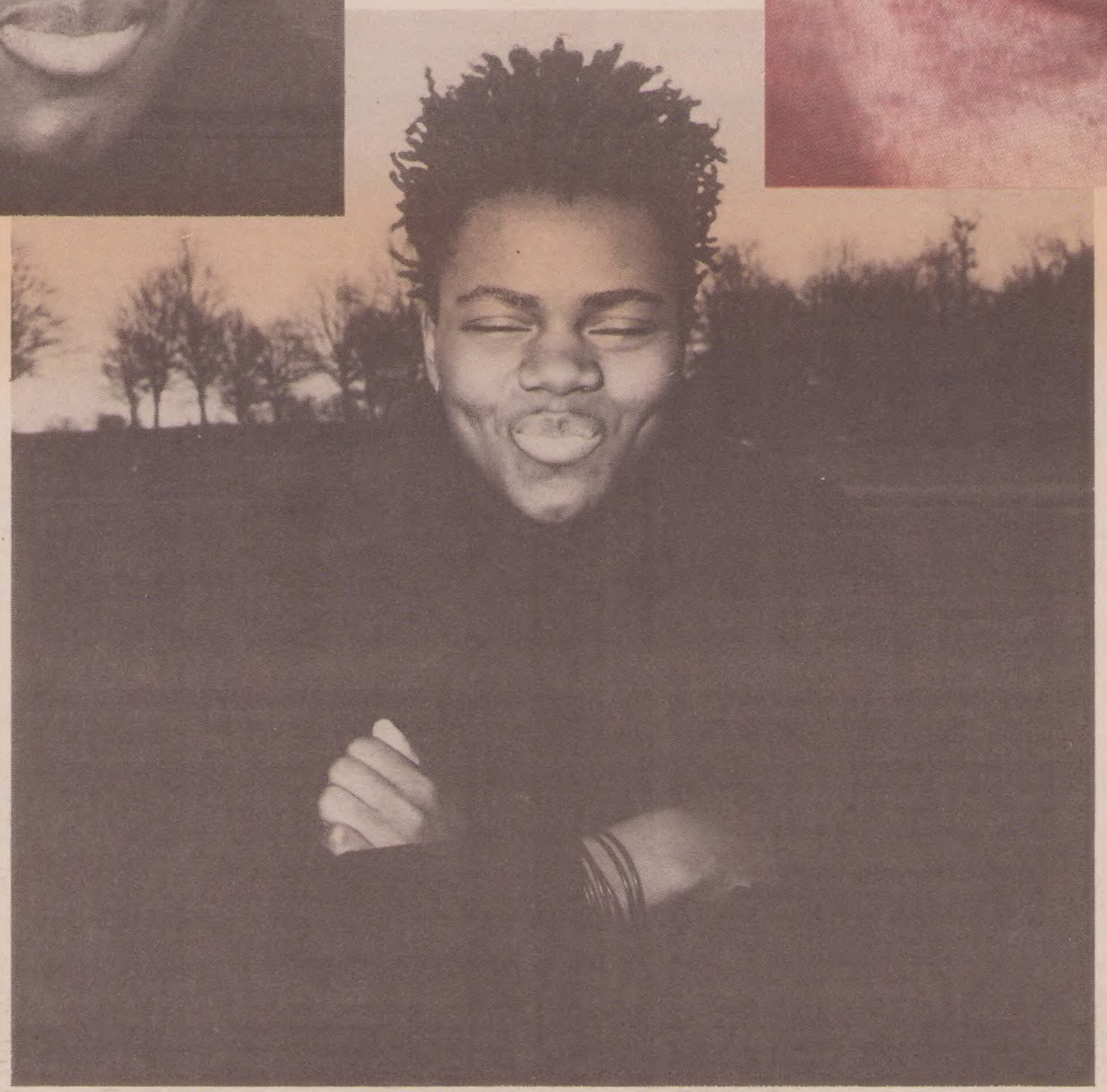
Her voice on record gently rages with emotion as she sings with the impeccable diction of the highly educated, highly pissed off young black girl. She refers to the murdered dream of America – Does America still have a collective dream? Did it ever? – with the hopeless ambiguity of all young Americans smart enough to make themselves aware, but not radical enough to do anything about it.

Was Tracy ever motivated to lead a march or work for a cause?

"No, not really. I don't have the time. I was active in an organisation that worked toward cultural survival, for cultures that are under some kind of stress economically or from outside influences."

Not a great answer, when you take into consideration that Tracy majored in anthropological studies at university, but it's an honest one. Tracy won't take on anything she can't follow up in interview or in song – a mistake that shattererd the credibility of Baez *et al*. On the other hand, she's not looking inwards (Vega *et al*) with that myopic folkie vision that put so many of us off the sensitive female singer songwriter genre in the '80s.





Tracy Chapman: a rare breed of artiste

Where does she fit in? She talks white but sings black. Tracy speaks of things but sings of *"thangs"*. Says 'thinks' but sings *"thanks"*. It's not an affectation, but more a reflection on how she turns a potential dilemma into a strength. Still, the natural poise and confidence she has on stage all but evaporates in the confines of an interview.

When Tracy says, "I wish I could set up a tape recorder with pre recorded answers", she's only half joking. She'd be better off singing her answers, but even then she might have trouble explaining exactly where she fits into the colour scheme. In an ideal world, there would be no such thing (or thang) as 'black' music or 'white' music but . . .

"There were always people – when I was playing the coffeehouses and after that – who'd say I was freaky. That no one wanted to hear that kind of music anymore. That it was white people's music. But I liked it and so did others."

That includes 10,000 Maniacs' Natalie Merchant, a fan and labelmate. When Natalie opened for Tracy during her March shows at London's Donmar Warehouse, she gave a subdued performance in comparison to Tracy's superb one. For a moment it seemed like Press Darling 1987 was handing over her crown to Press Darling 1988, but even the cynics were won over by Tracy's heartfelt delivery.

Her voice shuddered with feeling. This is the stuff of gooseflesh, shivers down the spine, tears in the eyes, Amazing Graciousness. This is the divine vengeance of the kid who answered to "Yo Trace, wanna break into a car?" with an uncool "No thanks". The kid who got into trouble for behaving herself.

LOUNGE LIZARDS

EDWIN POUNCEY enters the reptile house of HEAD OF DAVID – Attenborough-addicts, Albini-associates, and aural-aesthetes (ie. they've ripped off Budgie!) Picture: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

Three Heads poke into Blast First headquarters and make straight for the sofa. Head Of David have been doing London walk-about to promote their latest product, a brand new collection of buzzsaw squeal that the Head have labelled 'Dustbowl'.

"This has got to be a short one Edwin," pleads singer-guitarist-composer Reuben Burroughs. "We've got to get back to Dudley by tonight."

Ah, yes. Dudley. Sanctuary and home for the almighty Head Of David. No big city aspirations for these boys, they like the land they're used to. The Black Country: an invaluable source of creativity for the group, with a rich vein of folklore and custom just waiting to be mined and put to use by some aspiring young talent. It might as well be Head Of David.

"Billy Dainty, Lenny Henry, Duncan Edwards and the zoo, that's Dudley's heritage," reveals Reuben, almost proudly. Add James Whale, director of Hollywood's Universal film version of *Frankenstein*, to that impressive list and Dudley doesn't look like such a hole in the ground after all.

As for the night life . . . Well, forget the pub 'cos HOD don't drink, despite the fact that they sound as though they should be drowning in the stuff. Nope, for a truly inspirational night on the tiles the boys of noise recommend The Reptile Club. Ho boy! Reuben explains:

"It's the Annual General Meeting next week and it's going to be totally bitchin'. Everybody wants total power over the club you see, so they'll all be there thinking . . . I've got the best iguana so *I* should, by rights, be the president. It's all back biting at the Reptile Club, it's great!"

Are you all fully paid up members of this gathering?

"Well I haven't paid anything," he admits, "we just go along to the meetings. We're not allowed to vote next week, I know that. It's actually called The International Herpetological Society, West Midlands Branch, *not* the Reptile Club."

Both bass player Dave Cochran and guitar lord Eric Jurenovskis, the two other Heads in attendance, nod in agreement as Reuben continues to give the thumbs up to such diverse local entertainment. Reuben's eyes almost mist over with nostalgia as he recalls one, especially notable, evening.

"The British Association Of Tortoise Keepers . . . That talk was the best. It was two hours of this bloke going through the worst anxiety attack that I have ever seen. He knew absolutely *everything* about tortoises. His first half hour was taken up talking about chalk. He held up this piece of chalk in the air and said, 'This is calcium!' The Relevance Of Calcium In Tortoises, for half an hour! We were rolling."

It's astonishing I'll grant you boys, but it's hardly rock 'n' roll is it?

"Who needs rock 'n' roll?" Reuben explodes.

"You see *real* British life at these societies. Head Of David entered a quiz league the other week that's held at this little pub . . . We came last."

Their general knowledge might need some fine tuning but their music, the thing Head Of David do best, sounds more turbo-powered than ever. A jet-engine scream of sound that was hinted at on their 'Godbreath' and 'LP' platters, blasted out with joyous abandon on the bootlegged 'HODICA' slap in the face for EMI and, finally, refined for all the world to hear (thanks partly to the muscle of guest producer Steve Albini, formerly of Big Black and now full-time Rapeman) on the just unleashed 'Dustbowl'.

'Dustbowl' has been a long time in the making. It was formerly entitled 'Savannah' with a totally different mix and a set of songs that fell by the road-side. Songs salvaged from 'Savannah' include 'Adrenicide', 'Dog Day Sunrise', 'Skindrill', 'Pierced All Over', 'Bugged', 'Great White Heat' and the rather mystical sounding 'Cult Of Goats'. Together with Albini, Head Of David have grafted the remains of 'Savannah' on to the new flesh of 'Dustbowl' to create something that shoots sparks and growls menacingly at you when prodded with a record needle.

In the real world, 'Dustbowl' would probably have been dished out months ago in its uneven state. Can this mean that Head Of David are beginning to understand their potential and progress with a more committed attempt to make a good impression upon the masses?

Back to the sofa for the answer. Just what did happen to the original 'Savannah' tapes boys?

"The tapes were lost," bemoans Reuben.

"We decided in that space of time, however, that we didn't like them anyway, we wanted it to sound a bit rougher."

"We recorded some extra tracks," chips in Dave, "and got Steve Albini to rough them up a bit for us, or re-produce them, which he did, much to our satisfaction."

Was Steve Albini always in your mind for the job of re-producing?

"We saw Albini backstage at The Clarendon gig we did together and we were talking just off hand about the possibility of him doing it. He said he'd do it then."

Did he suggest any major changes or did you get it all your own way?

"We left him with it," admits Reuben.

"Just through talking to him though we knew it would be alright. We weren't even there when he re-mixed it."

At this point in the interview I confess that I *was* fortunate enough to be looking over the shoulder of the great Steve Albini while he cast his production voodoo over the final 'Dustbowl' melt down. There was one track which he furrowed a brow at, however, entitled 'Ditch Water'. How come?

"He said it was too wimpy," chuckles Dave.

"There's no bigger pussycat than Steve Albini," retorts Reuben, good humouredly. "I mean, he's a lovely lad. He's the kind of person my mother would love . . . a real pussycat."

He also purred in my ear that the songs on 'Dustbowl' were either about bikers or wildlife. How big a crumb of truth is there in that?

Forget crumbs we're talking Wonderloaf here, as Reuben testifies.

"This is what we've been trying to tell all the other journalists but they just don't want to know. *All* the titles and lyrics are taken out of either David Attenborough books or things we've seen on *Wildlife On One*. David Attenborough has been the biggest source of inspiration for this album."

Head Of David Attenborough anybody? But seriously, what appeals to you about wildlife documentaries, Reuben?

"It's the beauty and the grace of wildlife that I embrace I'm afraid. It's that simple."

The wild side of Head Of David shows its teeth every time they pump up their volume, either on record or in front of a frothing crowd. It's not only the initiated who swell their audiences either. HOD have devised a secret plan to cross over into the Heavy Metal market place too, an arena where they feel they'd be best suited.

"That's where we see more of our audience being, the Heavy Metal market," explains Reuben.

"I'd love to break into that area, do some dates with Celtic Frost or something . . ."

C'mon, quit dreaming Reuben!

"Naw. I think we're more akin to Celtic Frost than Band Of Susans or Ut. I feel we'd be best supporting some krypto-metal type bands."

How do you plan to get into that scene, any ideas Dave?

"We haven't really been put in front of that audience. We get asked to play on Peel mostly. That kind of audience are more likely to listen to Tommy Vance, if we were put in front of them, some way I think they'd like us."

Reuben dreams on . . .

"I'd love to play a California jam with the big boys like Dave Lee Roth, Aerosmith, Blue Oyster Cult . . ."

Albini mentioned Budgie.

"BUDGIE! We've ripped them off, they're one of our pet bands!" puns Reuben.

Reuben and Dave spread their wings, nudge Eric awake and take off for Dudley, mission accomplished, with no more stories to tell.

"Thanks a lot Edwin," grins Reuben amiably, "we enjoyed it."

I wish them well as they drive away, out of the concrete jungle and back to the wild life of their own surroundings.

Head Of David are a rare species worth tracking down. No way do they intend to become extinct.

MIDNIGHT OIL
BEDS ARE BURNING
A new single from Australia's premier band, an addictive and truly powerful song.
Produced by Warne Livesey and Midnight Oil
BEDS ARE BURNING: SEVEN INCH, FOUR TRACK TWELVE INCH,
FOUR TRACK COMPACT DISC, LIMITED 7" OILY BAG AND 4 TRACK 10."
OIL 1 - T1 - CD OIL 1 - OIL Q1 - OIL QT1
CBS

THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER

Once again the ritual begins. In an area of downtown Kingston where you *only* stop if the traffic lights are against you, the damn things turn red and our conspicuously white hire car (containing me, photographer Bleddyn and, at the wheel, Virgin Records PR cutie John Best) slides reluctantly to a halt. Immediately each window is filled with a black face, eyes agiow, cartoon-style, with the dollar sign.

"Wanna buy a pineapple, man? Only one Dollah."

Erm, no, not today thanks.

"Well gi' me Five Dollah anyway . . ."

The lights change and we pull away, but business goes on as usual. A guy on a bike pulls alongside.

"Hey! Joe!" he shouts at none of us in particular, "Hey! Joe! Wanna buy some stuff? I got stuff – white stuff, and powder . . ."

He's also got, it's all too obvious to see, an 18-inch-long machete laid across his handlebars. We don't stop to investigate either the purpose of this handy tool nor the exact nature of his 'stuff', white or otherwise.

This pattern is repeated at every Kingston road junction. Fruit, post-cards, newspapers, sweets, roses (!) – everything is available for sale through the windows of the car, and everything, amazingly, costs precisely 'five Dollah'. For Bleddyn it's even worse. Every time he puts his camera to his eye, a small crowd gathers, as if by magic.

"I'm in charge here, sah. Money for the picture, sah, give me money for taking the picture. Five dollah for the picture, sah . . ."

The funky Kingston described by the likes of The Clash and John Lydon during their cheap-publicity-in-other-peoples' – misery jaunts to Jamaica in the late '70s has gone. The collapse of the bauxite price and the undermining of the Stateside marijuana market by the availability of tons of cheap cocaine has increased the island's poverty and intensified the hustle for ready cash.

The tourists no longer make it as far as Kingston, preferring instead the cooler (in every sense) resorts of Montego Bay and Ocho Rios. In four days, we saw only a single other white skin outside of our hotel. The atmosphere around town is deeply oppressive. My Safe European

Is ZIGGY MARLEY the Julian Lennon of reggae or that music's brightest new hope? Virgin Records, assorted Talking Heads and Keith Richards seem to believe the latter. DANNY KELLY risks sunburn, and worse, in Jamaica to find out. Zig pics by BLEDDYN BUTCHER

[illegible] and Stephen

Home? Mr Strummer's words have lost their mocking irony. I *did* "wanna go back there again . . ."

But if Kingston is a scary dump, the country surrounding it (though trapped in even greater poverty) is breath-takingly beauteous. The hills above the city are draped in vegetation of almost unreal density and amidst this vertical jungle the huge pink, European-style houses of the rich cling impossibly to the rock-face. Each one wears a giant ear-ring, a satellite dish to pick up the Florida television stations.

The winding road leading from those hills back into the squalid sprawl of Kingston is lined with settlements constructed from the rusting remains of beaten-flat tar barrels. Among these rickety mazes stroll barefoot kids and goats. Thousands of goats. You see very few dogs in rural Jamaica – they're not as cheap to keep, don't taste as good in curry and won't live in the hulks of long abandoned cars – but goats, that's a different matter . . .

Every building along the road that isn't of strictly shanty design is either partly finished or partly derelict; it's as if you've arrived in a giant reconstruction project following some terrible natural disaster – except that nothing ever gets quite rebuilt.

And among these almost-buildings, two are by far the most common; drinking dens – dark, airless huts with names like 'Ugly Man's', 'The Hanging Tree' and 'Henry's English Beer Pub' hand-painted on their sides – and churches. The range of responses available to relentless wage-slavery is, it seems, the same the world over – oblivion or religion . . .

Hope Road is one of the wide, tree-lined thoroughfares that dissect New Kingston, the residential area to the north of the old port and the new slum. And, as any reggae buff will inform you, number 57 Hope Road was for many years the operating centre of Bob Marley, housing both his family and his Tuff Gong studio. Sold to Marley by Island Records boss Chris Blackwell for a ridiculously cheap 2000 JA dollars, and surrounded by a high wall (topped, naturally, in the Rastafarian red, yellow and green stripes), the house is now the Bob Marley Museum. And the museum is a microcosm of the tensions evident all over the island, the Third World reaching out for the yankee dollar but doing so suspiciously, anxious not to give too much away.

57 Hope Road, formally Tuff Gong studios, now the Bob Marley Museum, and innocent-looking front for Ziggy's yard.

Because we don't arrive in a coach, the imposing gates of number 57 only swing open when the magic passwords 'Virgin Records' are uttered, the gate-keeper waving us warily in. The house – colonial style, fashioned from dark wood – is impressive; the museum to which it plays host is not. There *is* history here (like the bullet-holes in the back porch where Marley and his manager Don Taylor were almost assassinated in 1976) but that's not for the consumption of the public. *They* are led through the front door, up a flight and into a pair of rooms whose walls are plastered with the thousands of pages the world's music press devoted to the Tuff Gong during the last decade of his life . . .

Marley with Jagger, Marley with Clapton, Marley with Seaga and Manley, Marley at Zimbabwe's independence celebrations, Marley on the cover of *NME* . . . a million *images* of Marley, but nothing of the man himself. Except, that is, in the third room that you're ushered toward. There, roped off like some art treasure, is Bob Marley's bed, a huge baby-pink affair that wouldn't be out of place in a Gracelands guest-room. The whole shebang is tawdry and cheap and sad.

And perhaps the tawdriest, cheapest and saddest item on view is the statue of the great man that stands in the driveway between the gates and the house. Made of concrete and painted in daubs of primary colour, it is a cartoon likeness of Marley with a guitar strap two feet thick round his neck and a football at his feet. As Bleddyn cocks his lens to capture forever this most insulting of tributes, our gatekeeper friend dashes over to him:

"No pictures! No pictures!"

He isn't even after the usual 'five dollah'. He just doesn't want the world to see that statue: "No pictures, except for personal use. Personal use only . . ."

Meanwhile, in the museum's office, I'm left flabbergasted by a framed, tastefully scripted, prayer that hangs on the wall. It asks Jah to grant 'success to this commercial venture' and to bless 'all those employed in it'!

My most cherished memories of Robert Nesta Marley will have to remain those locked into the grooves of his records . . .

Behind the museum there is a large, dusty yard and a single-storey recording studio and rehearsal space. This is the kingdom of the real reason for our pilgrimage to this place, Bob Marley's eldest son David, universally known as Ziggy.

The yard is a place of studied casualness. Around its perimeters the older members of Ziggy Marley's band and entourage roll enormous joints and heckle those participating in the game of football that seems to be permanently taking place in front of them. It's not a match, but an exhibition of flicky, tricky skills, with Ziggy as its ringmaster and number one show-off. Everyone seems to be having a hugely enjoyable time, yet the second Ziggy tires of the game, and slopes off to his keyboard in the rehearsal room or to get a cold juice, the remaining players dissolve away too. It's only after observing this phenomenon three or four times that it suddenly dawns – the football is laid on specifically for Zigg's benefit. It's an indication of how he's treated round here.

Bleddyn and I get very used to this yard because we spend the next three days there, awaiting an interview and photo-session with Ziggy that, despite the best efforts of John Best and a go-between called Addis, is always threatening to take place at some unspecified time in the future. And we're not alone. During our vigil round the press-ganged footballers, we witness the arrival of big-time New York photographer Ken Nahoum, (out here for *The Observer Magazine*), complete with assistant, local driver and two vehicles heaving with expensive equipment. Ken will need, his assistants tells us, a day of Ziggy's time out in the hills and perhaps half a day round here. After much negotiating, he is promised a whole hour. In the yard, naturally.

At just 19 years of age Ziggy Marley's self-confidence (inflated and sustained by the obvious deference of those around him, and by the attention of his fearsome and doting mother, Rita) does border on the arrogant, but there's more to him than just bratishness. Already he is a seasoned musicial. His band, the Melody Makers (comprising himself, brother Stephen, sisters Sharon and Cedella, and, lately, the musicians of a now-defunct Ethiopian band called Dalai) have already made two albums, and Virgin Records have poured a lot of faith, and considerably more money, into their their third.

'Conscious Party' was recorded in New York with Talking Heads' Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz at the controls (and the like of vampire-round-town Keith Richards putting in the odd guest appearance) and could be the record that launches Marley junior into the glare of international recognition, just as 'Natty Dread' did his father well over a decade ago.

In its favour is fortuitous timing, for while no artist has emerged from '80s reggae to fill the giant clogs popped by Ziggy's father, rock-tinged reggae has continued to sell, as evidenced by the recent success in this country of records by Freddie McGregor, Maxi Priest and Aswad. *Against* it are the comparisons that must be drawn between Ziggy and his dad (it *does* sound strange to hear a 19 year-old singing with such conviction about generations of slavery), and the feeling that we've all been down this road before.

And, after three tedious days of watching Jah footie and listening to instrumental run-throughs of 'Conscious Party' songs, I finally get a chance to discuss these issues when Ziggy finally relents and designs to do an interview in one of his yard's quieter corners.

"My childhood was really just like most other people's'" Ziggy drawls in a Jamaican accent less dense than that with which he addresses his spars. "Except that as we grew older we came to understand that our father had a special place.

"We did accompany him on some tours, but not all, and he never really taught us anything formally about music or singing. All that just comes from within."

Marley is no fool; he must have known (at least latterly) that any foray into the world of music would be plagued by the giant shadow of his father. Did he never think of doing something else?

"No, not really. Nobody pushed me into music or tried to discourage me out of it. It's just that it came naturally to me, a gift from Jah that I have to use. Music is the path through which I make my contribution."

Doesn't the constant, and inevitable, comparisons with his father make him sometimes regret the taking of that path?

"No, not at all", he replies firmly and with the weary tone of one over-used to the line of questioning, "that seems to be a problem only for other people, not for me or the rest of us. In any case, by the time my father was at the peak of his success he was well into his 30s, we're young, and bring a more youthful eye and ear to the world and to the music."

But isn't it an eye and ear that's cut off from the world that inspired reggae's golden years from 1975 to '79, that's surrounded by this yard's walls and cocooned by an entourage?

"No. I'm not isolated. I can go out in the world just like the next man. I'm not like Michael Jackson. I look around, and I read and study and take account of what's going on in the world. Nothing much has changed since reggae started to identify the problems. If anything, they're worse. South Africa still isn't free and the West still treats the rest of the world as a dumping ground. Last year Europe sent tons of powdered milk to Africa but it was all contaminated with radiation, and in today's paper I read that Jamaica is considering taking in other people's atomic waste to earn overseas currency. Only the blind cannot see the state of this world."

Further attempts to draw personal comment from Marley (whose profoundly laid back stance is used as a deflector shield and whose close-up physical resemblance to his father is almost eerie) prove fruitless. His answers tend to be mono-syllabic, bar when one or more of his coterie wander into ear-shot and switches into public speaking mode, making a series of well rehearsed highly generalised statements. Even enquiries about the LP's producers and rocking guest stars are met with "that was the record company's idea".

It's only when I try to place his work in context, in a spectrum of modern reggae, that he actually responds with passion. In the last few years, I venture to suggest, reggae has abandoned the semi-religious, semi-political do good lyrical stance of the last decade and returned underground where a seemingly inexhaustable supply of DJs chant casual violence and even more casual sex; Marley's songs, particularly those on the new album, fly in the face of that trend. He's disagrees violently.

"What you're doing is trying to devide reggae up into compartments, to weaken it. That's what always happens. I am as much a part of the reggae that you don't approve of as anything else. I make no difference between myself and the youths who DJ or someone like Half Pint. It's all the same thing, the strong message of reggae music which we're all trying to put across."

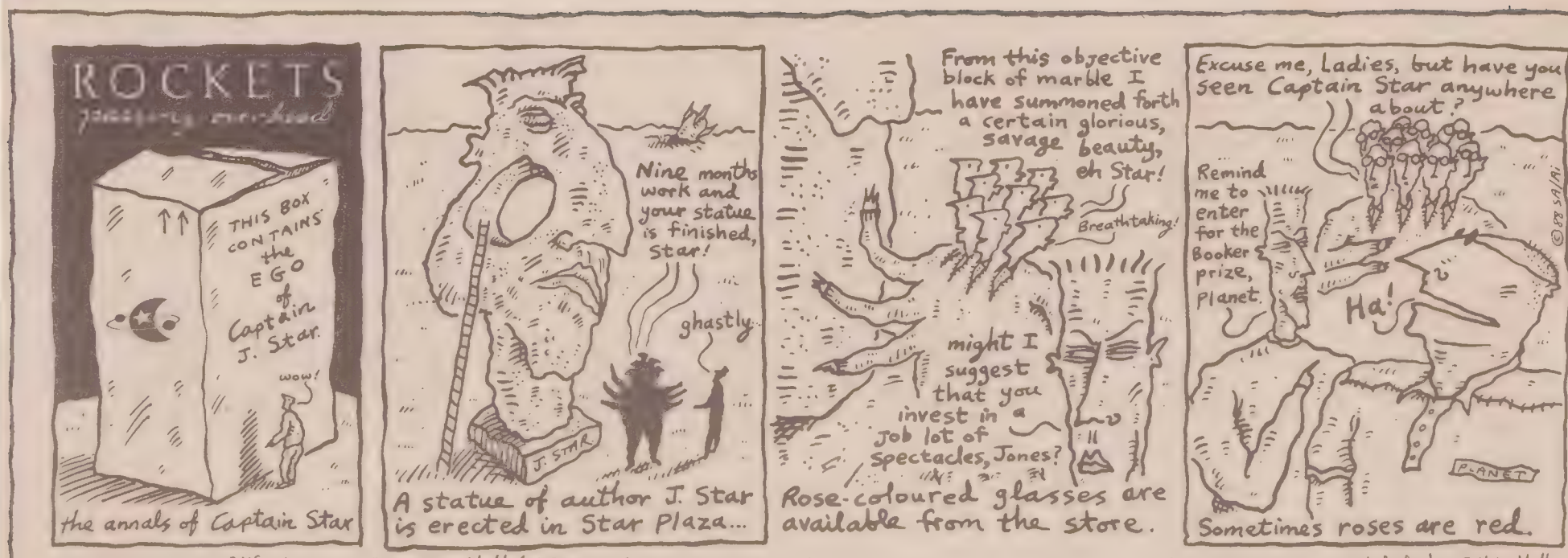
This exasperatingly, and probably deliberately, naive point of view is his final word. With the merest nod of acknowledgement, he's gone, back to his cosy universe of footie mates, hap-hazard rehearsal and unchallengeable certainties that ill-fit one so young.

My responses to 'Conscious Party' are so tied up with ghosts and spirits outside the record itself that I'm almost incapable of coherent, never mind *objective*, views about it; my guess is that it'll be pretty successful in America and Germany, though not in this country, where the Wailers were especially revered. Equally, the disconcerting similarities (physical, vocal and musical, and regardless of the reasons for them) between Ziggy and his illustrious forebear will see the Melody Makers' concerts sell out; curiosity alone will ensure that.

But, just as surely, if Ziggy Marley is ever to establish himself as something other than a talented freak, he will have to find some way of discarding the very things that now make him interesting. The gargantuan size of that task was poignantly illustrated as he walked away from our interview . . .

At that very moment, one of those space-age Honda vans snaked noisily into Ziggy's yard, one of his band at the wheel. The music thundering from its sound system wasn't from 'Conscious Party'; nor was it by Frankie Paul, Dennis Brown or Cocoa Tea . . .

Across the yard the lyric pounded:
'Exodus . . . movement of Jah children . . .'


ROCKETS
THIS BOX CONTAINS the EGO of Captain J. Star.
wow!
the annals of Captain Star
Nine months work and your statue is finished, Star!
ghastly
J. STAR
A statue of author J. Star is erected in Star Plaza...
From this objective block of marble I have summoned forth a certain glorious, savage beauty, eh Star!
Breathtaking!
might I suggest that you invest in a job lot of spectacles, Jones?
Rose-coloured glasses are available from the store.
Excuse me, Ladies, but have you seen Captain Star anywhere about?
Remind me to enter for the Booker prize, Planet.
Ha!
PLANET
Sometimes roses are red.

"ROCKETS - a way of life, by J. Star" now available! 48 pages, ALL NEW MATERIAL, plus 8-page mini-comic, boardgame and how-to-make a model of the Boiling Hell. Comes in a cardboard slip-case (printed). £4.95 (inc. P&P plus free postcard). Cheques payable to: Assorted Images Ltd, 124 Curtain Road, London EC2A 3PJ.

The debut album on LP, Tape and C.D. GHETT I/GHETT CI/GHETT DI

Z I L C H

SHACK

"Anthems for a blinkered nation" Sounds

"Shot through with inspiration that produces work of a genuinely epic nature" NME

"Shack are some kind of beauty" Melody Maker

"Their brilliant debut album cuts through the sentimental rock-pose trappings" Time Out

Z I L C H

The single EMERGENCY on 7 inch, 12 inch and CD single contains tracks previously unreleased.

GTGI/GTGTI/CDGTGI

★

The J. Star Photographic Society

Competition!

Coinciding with the publication of his thesis 'Rockets - A Way Of Life', Captain Star is offering six copies (signed by the crew of the Boiling Hell) of the said volume in this fascinating and user-friendly competition. First prize consists of a signed book plus a T-shirt, Tea towel, set of Postcards and a Novelty Mobile - all items tested in strenuous daily use aboard the Boiling Hell. Five runners-up each receive a signed copy of the book.

What you have to do:

Being a keen amateur photographer (yet another of Star's limitless talents) and the founder and leading light of the *J. Star Photographic Society*, the Captain has decided to set the following simple task:

Just send a photograph of yourself (get a friend to hold the polaroid, or climb into a photo-booth) looking **exactly** like one of the characters from *Rockets passing overhead!* Photographs can be as large or small as you like, full colour or black and white.

Captain Star eagerly awaits the many handsome likenesses of himself, and 'Limbs' Jones (pathetically optimistic as usual) expects to have trouble choosing between the hundreds of photographs depicting his multitude of features. Scarlette gives away her interest by pretending to totally ignore the whole venture. Captain Planet has sneeringly ridiculed the idea. Mrs Sphinx, the dog and Contradictory Colin are on tenterhooks - and no-one has told Navigator Black.

If you don't already look like Jones or Star, use paper, card, paint, make-up, cloth, papier-mache... in fact anything you can think of with which to alter your appearance. But remember - the end result MUST be a photo of some sort!

Send your photos to:
The J. Star Photographic Society,
c/o 124 Curtain Road, London EC2A 3PJ

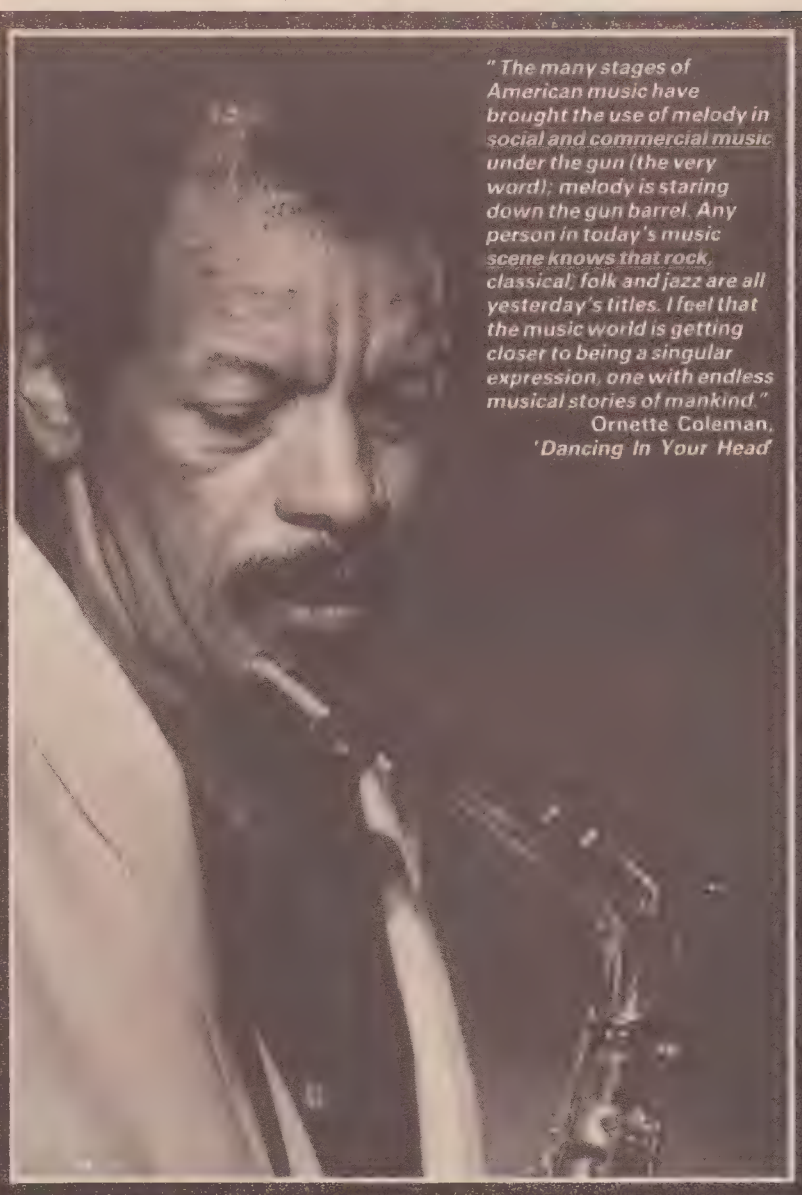
Remember to include your name, address (and a stamped addressed envelope if you want your photo back). Winning entries will be printed in the NME.

KILLING JOKE

AMERICA

NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE NOW

7" EGO 40
12" EGOX 40



PIC: JEAN MARC BIRRAUX

"The many stages of American music have brought the use of melody in social and commercial music under the gun (the very word); melody is staring down the gun barrel. Any person in today's music scene knows that rock, classical, folk and jazz are all yesterday's titles. I feel that the music world is getting closer to being a singular expression, one with endless musical stories of mankind."

Ornette Coleman,
'Dancing In Your Head'

BLACK ROCK

MARK SINKER on the jazz/rock/hip-hop alliance smashing its way out of New York.

Four times. Every ten years. In '57, '67, '77 and '87, Ornette Coleman's entered or re-entered the fray, and effected some small but crucial ripple of transformation. That will take the next ten years to percolate, to settle, to touch and change and multiply.

In '57, he threw his wild, sweet plastic alto into shapes that people called 'Free Jazz', a playing that cut loose from already exhausted rules. In his wake a whole tradition blew itself to pieces. Free Jazz became the soundtrack to the Black Power underground, howling darkness as beautiful rage.

In '67, he returned. Playing unschooled violin, with his ten year-old son Denardo on random drums beside him: the lesson was that anyone's music – even the music of a child without chops – was special. That, in fact, a barely capable but unspoiled drummer understood Ornette's message *better* than the over-trained technicians all round him. Total punk before punk existed (Lou Reed always said he wanted to be rock's Ornette Coleman).

In '77, Prime Time emerged in New York on a regular basis, the total rock-funk group as a ragged fusion of *two* groups, a *literal* fusion. Because Prime Time featured two of everything, bass, guitar, drums, one playing blues-rock, one playing funk, but both playing at once. Two of everything and one Ornette Coleman, who unveiled the word HARMOLODICS to sum up the dance he heard in his head. The complete democracy of sound in all its aspects. Genuine democracy, total democracy, means everyone talking at once. And everyone hearing everything everyone's saying. That's Harmolodics.

So when '87 turned into Def Jam's year, year of Public Enemy, and the Beastie Boys, of Run DMC, Slayer, of militant and malevolent purity-junkies climbing into bed with their exact opposites, the mixers, the in-betweeners, that proved that a whole generation had grown up with Ornette's ideas in their bones and muscles and finger-ends. All the music in NYC today is some kind of an offshoot. From rap to art-noise, from Steinski to Swans, from the avant-funk of Controlled Bleeding to Keith LeBlanc's mindf—k psychodubs.

And most of all, BLACK ROCK is an off-shoot of Harmolodics. BLACK ROCK is Harmolodic's favourite, smartest son – so deliberately open to the recently taboo, so unapologetic, so fast and so full. BLACK ROCK – which consolidated and went for it throughout most of last year – is the full-circle '87 fruit of Ornette's cyclic dream.

"That whole idea of harmolodics, all keys at once, all keys equal, melody, rhythm and harmony shouldn't be separated, it was pretty revolutionary. And I think that a lot of people were looking for that to be pop. I mean, I think anything is possible. I think it's happening with hip-hop. Hip-hop remixes are what Coleman is talking about. When you hear two or three records at once, they are totally different beats, but the beat is together. *And it's* working *somehow.*

"When you hear two or three different musics, and that becomes a music separate from the individual musics. That's what Coleman has brought to the music, as an aesthetic. The whole thing of listening to these musics, and somehow connecting it, hearing points of reference – references between these things. That's why he's important. He's taken this whole idea of eclecticism – not just that you have different influences – but actually that it's all one thing. *It's the kind of thing that if you accept it, it'll turn you around."*

Vernon Reid

"Like Charlie Parker's bebop, George Clinton's technofunk both Africanises and technologises Afro-American popular music – with polyrhythms on polyrhythms, less melody and freaky electronically distorted vocals. Similar to bebop, a technofunk unabashedly exacerbates and accentuates the blackness of black music, the Afro-Americanness of Afro-American music – its irreducibility, inimitability and uniqueness. Funkadelic and Parliament defy nonblack emulation; they assert their distinctiveness – and the distinctiveness of funk in Afro-America. This funk is neither a skill nor an idea, nor a worldview or a stance. Rather it is is an existential capacity to get in touch with forms of kinetic orality and emotional physicality acquired by deep entrenchment in the patterns of Afro-American ways of life and struggle."

Cornell West,
Out Of Motown

Everyone's talking at once. There's never been so much information, such a chatter of conflicting voices. The old control-centres are swamped by this starburst of raw data. Flying at them out of all ghettos, in all languages.

A new fusion. A confusion. A transfusion. A controlled dream-edit spat of lost and found voices – with or without words – taking us through and beyond jazz, hardcore, hip-hop, NY noise, smashing all the world into one dispersed music: before and beyond cheap theft – which is already a dead issue – and beyond memory.

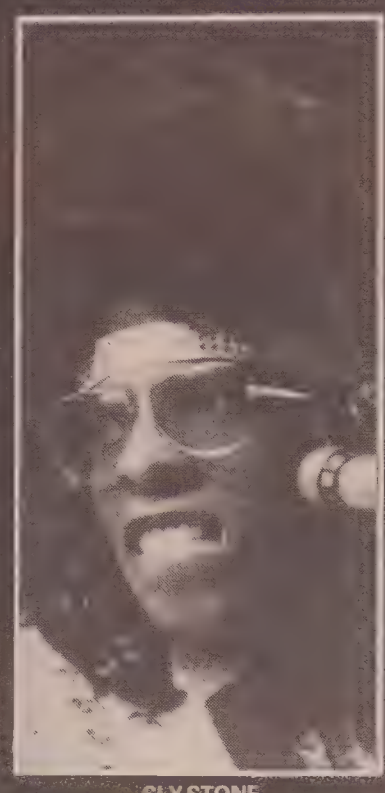
Beyond centrist terrorism and all colour essentialism, we stand for BLACK ROCK and WHITE DISCO – for Harmolodics and House – for Bad Brains and Was (Not Was) – for Michael Jackson as a Hispanic girl-teen, for Los Lobos as Labelle. *Death is always coming from something you think you need until you get it.* The forces of rhythm, melody, flirtation and glamour do NOT contribute to a dulled existence. Their essence is not a consequent evasion of the real. Music is an always illegal life-throb: it creates NEW LANGUAGES. Until the transfusion mobsters force us up into polyglot non-communication, are we going to be satisfied with the old ways of talking? I think not.

"If you called Rahsaan Roland Kirk on the phone, he might have the radio, TV and record player on, and be playing an instrument, and be talking to you. It was like talking to a circus, but he was really doing all those things."

Joel Dorn,
Roland Kirk: The Vibration Continues

"Sly's real triumph was that he had it both ways. Every nuance of his style, from the razzle-dazzle of his threads to the originality of his music to the explosiveness of his live performance, made it clear he was his own man. If the essence of his music was freedom, no one was more aggressively, creatively free than he. Yet there was room for everyone in the America of a band made up of blacks and whites, men and women, who sang out 'different strokes for different folks' and were there onstage to show an audience just what such an idea of independence meant. Vocals were demystified (even Cynthia Robinson, who screeched). When the band growled out 'Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey (Don't Call Me Whitey, Nigger)', they gave pleasure by using the insults for all they were worth, and at the same time showed how deeply those insults cut."

Greil Marcus,
Sly Stone: The Myth of Staggerlee



SLY STONE

GEORGE CLINTON

PIC: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

VERNON REID

BLACK ROCK ROGUES GALLERY

Ike Turner
Ornette Coleman
Sly Stone
War
Bloodstone
Ronald Shannon Jackson
Prince
Run DMC
Little Richard
Jimi Hendrix
Parliament
Funkadelic
Mandrill
James Blood Ulmer
Public Enemy
Screamin' Jay Hawkins
Roland Kirk
Santana
Miles Davis
Labelle
Defunkt
Bad Brains
VERNON REID & LIVING COLOUR

Up until the early '70s it was still possible for a performer to be Black or Latin, and still to be rock'n'roll. Sly Stone, Carlos Santana, Miles Davis and Jimi Hendrix all played at Fillmores East and West, on multi-hued bills, and no one had problems.

By the mid '80s, this apparently natural situation has disappeared so comprehensively that a group of musicians in New York have found it necessary to band together into an official pressure group, committing themselves to demanding something as basic as the recognition of the existence of Black Rock.

Vernon Reid is a 28 year old guitarist from Brooklyn. His four-piece rock group Living Colour signed to Epic in America last year, and an LP has been recorded. It was his sudden realisation that something had to be done; that the situation – in a popular form that prides itself, not entirely unjustifiably, on being freer and more socially progressive than much of the society that surrounds it – had deteriorated appallingly; that Blacks – who after all had not unreasonable claim to have invented the music in the first place – were now almost totally invisible.

His response, two years ago, was to set up the Black Rock Coalition.

It's an unfortunate comment on the state of things, the situation the Coalition are hoping to change, that the fact of Living Colour's signing to Epic is less important to the press than the BRC story. Black rock groups are rare – no one's denying that – but rareness is generally a cause for comment, on grounds of novelty if nothing else. The BRC are concerned with the direct aspirations of their growing membership – but they're also part of a deeper change, a change in the perceptions of what rock can represent, the span of its possibilities.

Perhaps an operation like the BRC could only have been set up in New York, where all cultures clash and all people mix, the world's cockpit, the focus of the future. If you have to live on top of someone, you learn to accommodate his or her ways. And perhaps it was inevitable that a range of black artists, increasingly frustrated with the limitations that industry segmentation placed on their aspirations, would band together to fight for a fairer slice of

PIC: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

LIVING COLOUR

"The whole racial thing is just total madness – it's just sick that we trip, that people have to die because their skin's colour's different. And the fact that the industry's segregated, that we pick up a magazine and see charts openly segregated, and not even think. *If we were to go into a restaurant and see it segregated into black and white in New York, we'd be shocked. We'd go, 'What is this, it's crazy! But pick up* Billboard *every week to see what's happening, and we don't trip. It's like segregation but not segregation."*

COALITION

the action and the attention, and a reasonable openness towards ambitions beyond the international soul mainstream.

However, if it was inevitable, no one seems to have seen it coming. The BRC has so far only effected limited transformations (Living Colour's signing was probably delayed more than speeded up, as Reid's involvement with the BRC took time away from the group). But now's their time, at last, as a whole wash of things come together.

New York knows about them. As well as the constant buzz about Living Colour, there's a thing they call the Black Rock Coalition Orchestra. Which can be heard every now and then, playing full arrangements of (for example) Edwin Starr's 'War', War's 'The World Is A Ghetto', Funkadelic's 'One Nation Under A Groove', the JBs' 'Doing It To Death'; or else devoting an evening to re-interpreting the blues and blues-funk masters: Robert Johnson, Skip James, Willie Dixon, Johnny Guitar Watson.Serious NY names in the rising off-jazz post-Defunkt world lend weight: DK Dyson, Melvin Gibbs, Steve Coleman, Geri Allen.

Reid himself has a high reputation as a guitar player on this growing underground network. He held down jobs, simultaneously, with Defunkt and with Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society. He's been granted a Blindfold Test with the prestigious jazz magazine *Downbeat*. In the last two years he's worked on an incredible spread of projects, from recording with the elementally weird Bill Frisell ('Smash & Scatteration'), to guest-spots with New Wave Afro-Cuban frontliner Daniel Ponce, and rap-terrorists Public Enemy. This interview, conducted partly at CBS in New York, and partly over the phone from London, reveals an energetic, smart and charismatic young musician whose knowledge and understanding and love of his chosen music make the difficulties thrown up for him and others all the more disgusting.

DISCO SUCKS

"There are a lot of reasons (why things have come to this pass). At a certain point in the '70s, the death of the black independent label, the death of the old chitlin circuit, the segmentation and regimentation of radio. Kind of like separation of the races, almost.

"When the disco thing hit, it was funny, because at first it was really creative music, done by gays, blacks, Latinos. A lot of that stuff was great, like Peter Bworn, Supernature, those were great records. And then when the *Saturday Night Fever* thing happened, it all of a sudden crossed over in a ridiculous kind of way. It became like a huge money-making phenomenon.

"And then you started seeing all the terrible disco coming out. Really shoddy production – and there was a backlash against it. But the backlash against disco got kind of tied up into a racial backlash too, even though it was really the Bee Gees and white crossover disco that took the disco thing and made it bland and unadventurous. Even the SalSoul Orchestra, and Giorgio Moroder. It was like the blacks, latinos and gays were being blamed for what disco was. And Rod Stewart was considered a traitor for singing 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?'

"And that's when the whole *Disco Sucks* thing took hold, people burning records and all this kind of craziness. Then all the FM radio consultancy thing became big. People said if rock radio's gonna get back on top, you've got to remove all black influences, you've gotta, like, play classic rock, Zeppelin cuts, whatever. And whatever little bit of cross-pollination and understanding there was, through music, across the races, it just kind of beat it down.

"But I remember listening to stations in New York playing Led Zeppelin and James Brown back to back before that. Which is important. For me, part of my music, growing up, it was really diverse. And for a lot of white kids too. A lot of white kids came up through the Motown thing. I suppose because New York is so ethnically diverse, it is a different situation. But New York has a lot of influence on regional radio, the radio of both coasts.

"I would hasten to say, there was never a golden age of racial harmony. But there've been brief respites. There've been artists that came along that united people. Sly Stone. People that I think of as models for me, like Sly Stone or Santana, who brought their own ethnicity to rock'n'roll. It was accepted as rock'n'roll, by whites and blacks. They had a mixed audience. That's what I would like to see."

('Black Rock', as a destablising concept, was probably first broadcast consciously by the Harmolodic blues-guitarman James Blood Ulmer: the name of a record – see Discography – and a group, the Black Rock Trio. To a discerning few, he's been an underground crossover hero for some time, but his playing is too frazzled, too vicious, too total, for the uninitiated listener. Reid's perfectly capable of Blood's flat-out aural assault, but he's fundamentally a peacemaker.

And he wins by his knowledge of rock history. He talks about Joy Division and Led Zeppelin and Anita Baker and Muddy Waters Sonic Youth and Black Flag and David Byrne and Luther Vandross with authority and sense. He remembers the date Blood played with PiL in 1980. He understands rap and disco and Harmolodics as well as he understands No Wave's nihilism, or hardcore's musical structure.)

"For me it's a cathartic thing to pick up a guitar, plug it in, and go for it. It's really like, AAH! For 45 minutes there's a respite. I once said onstage, 'Thanks for participating in the only time we're really free'. I wouldn't say it's that bad. But . . . it's close."

"Because it's narrow-casted in the market, it's expected that black musicians will be narrow. That they won't understand other music. It's amazing. I'll sit and talk with some thrasher kids, and we'll be talking about Metallica. And they'll be shocked that I know who Metallica is. And that's so – I mean, why should you be shocked that I know who Metallica is? Because I'm *black*? Is that what that is?"

"It shouldn't be this monolithic thing, like, 'If you're not doing this, then what are you doing? Why aren't you George Benson? Why aren't you Michael Jackson?' That's the thing that I take issue with."

PIC: PENNIE SMITH

WAR

NONA HENDRYX

PIC: ROBERT ELLIS

IKE TURNER

THE BLACK ROCK COALITION

"The BRC had started when I went to see Melvin Gibbs' band I & I, with DK Dyson, and I was listening, and I said, this is *great*. Great songs. I mean, in my opinion. And it was like hardly anyone in the audience. And I said, God damn it, there's gotta be a reason why this is happening. And I started calling people up. I just kind of flipped out. I was thinking, we can't go on like this.

"I started asking people were they experiencing the cold shoulder from record companies? Was it really hard for them to get bookings in clubs, hard to get a crowd, get people interested, get people writing about it? I wanted to find out if it was just something in my head – you know, am I tripping, is it me? And to find out, No, it's not."

(The BRC's been in existence now for perhaps two years. It has a membership of some 70 people, and the support of many others. It's funded by membership dues from bands and individuals, as well as arts funding sources. The name was subject to much discussion – one possibility, the 'Black Rock Collective', was rejected as too communist (!) – but the word 'Rock' was agreed over 'Music' because, as Reid told Rolling Stone *magazine: "I said that 'black music' was too all encompassing. We needed an image to make people sit up, to upset them."*

Bands that are members range from the Mike Hill Blues Band and the JJ Jumpers (a straight R&B guitar band) through to Andre Anthony's The Deed (which mixes Caribbean, hardcore JB funk and Ulmer-tinged avant garde blues) and Steve Coleman's Five Elements, a natural descendant of Defunkt.

"Some people refused to join because it was called 'black rock', not 'black music'." That's true and it may be a fault, but then again, some who decided against joining are still prepared to support the organisation from the sidelines.)

(Reid on the Decoding Society: "There was so much freedom, with responsibility. The music was very open, and very complex – a lot of different times and polyrhythms. We were playing at the limit of our ability, not just throwing notes around, so you had to listen. A five year period of challenging yourself every day."

Reid on Harmolodics: "I definitely use some elements, really improvisational elements. When I perform, I go for something different every time I play: feedback, tremolo arm, noise/dissonance, but in a context of rock or pop, not jazz."

Reid on Hendrix: "I'm a descendant, but NOT a disciple.")

THE ANTI-CRAFT TRADITION IN ROCK?

"That's legitimate! That's absolutely legitimate! I think that technique for technique's sake is bullshit. If you don't have anything to say, don't bother. For me, the issues of technique and playing in a forceful way have always been about catharsis, never about *Wow!* I wanna slay the guitar player coming up next, I wanna be it. That's so empty.

"I think one of the things that's making things funny in rock is that the level of actual musicianship has just gone in leaps and bounds. Guitar players now play incredible, impossible-to-believe things. Unbelievable, and impossible to play. But what do they have to say, as artists? . . . That whole anti-craft punk thing, the ideal of bang it out, I'm with that . . . I really don't believe that the two things should be exclusive. Both have something. Studied musicians that have something to say, that's great. And someone that just picks up the guitar, bangs it out, and gets to the spot, that's great too."

(The original dark flash and dazzle of '40s bebop – before it turned into an athletics meet, a technique shootout

PIC: LAWRENCE WATSON

FLAVOUR FLAV

– undermines much of the myth of black music as a wholly upful, healthy, affirmative programme. There's darkness there, and pain, and tragic self-destruction – the death-flare of the bright erotic star through drugs or sick despair. And there's an unstable destructive power there, too. No Wave was self-destructive, in the end – Defunkt's Joe Bowie was a near-casualty for several years – but it blasted out a space for genuine motion. And its sarcasm and blank flirtation mirrored an emotional complexity that only jazz – and Black Rock's forebears – had achieved till then.)

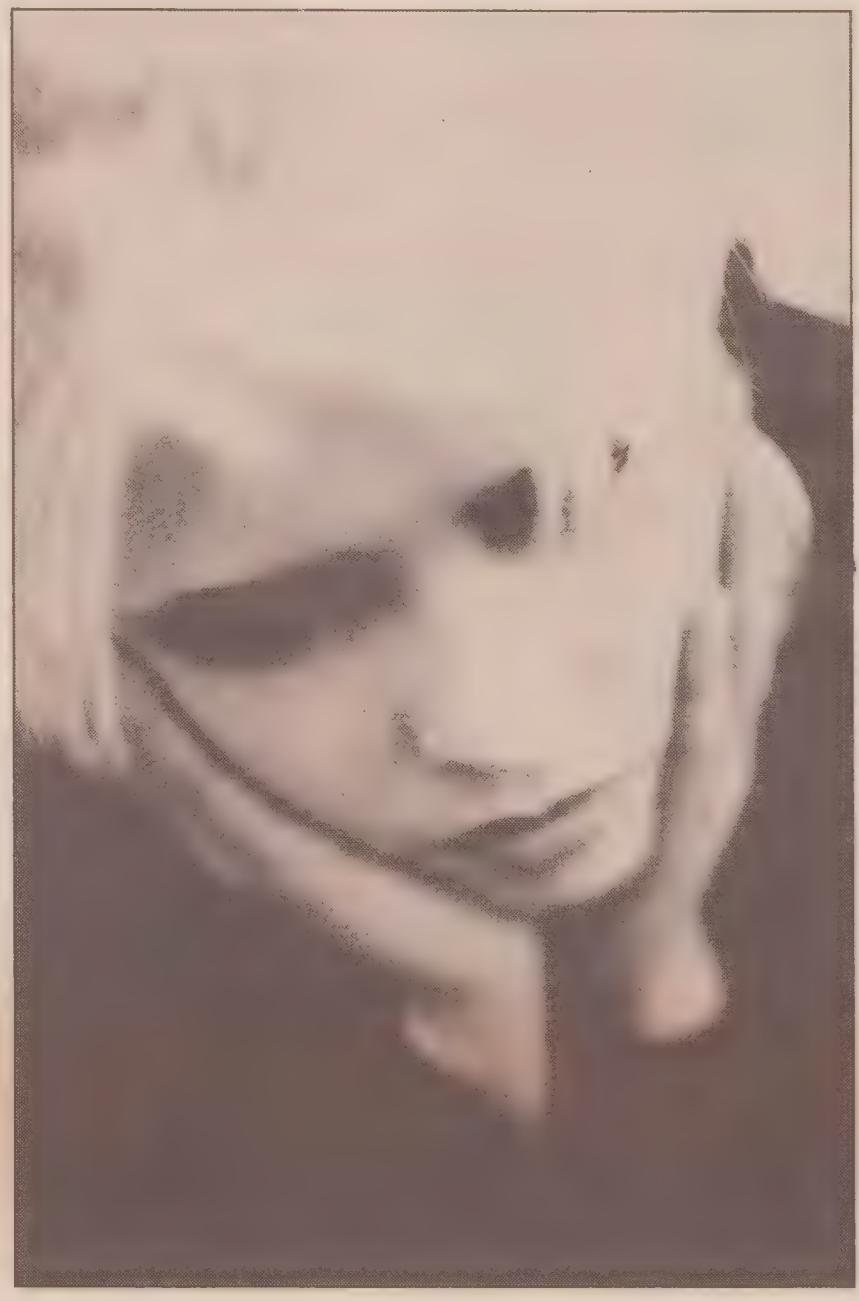
NARROWCASTING:

"For me R&B is so narrow. And it doesn't have to be. Because it's narrow-casted in the market, it's expected that black musicians will be narrow. That they won't understand other music. It's amazing. I'll sit and talk with some Thrasher kids, and we'll be talking about Metallica. And they'll be shocked that I know who Metallica is. And that's so – I mean, why should you be shocked that I know who Metallica is? Because I'm *black*? Is that what it is?"

(There's encouragement to be drawn from recent disturbances. Bad Brains make their mark in hardcore. Robert Cray and Anita Baker and Run DMC have all altered radio perception – the fixity of segmentation is being blurred. But how it pans out remains to be seen. After all, Prince was a victory for Black Rock forces, in principle. In the event, he was more like the exception that hardened the ruling.)

CONTINUES OVER

TONI HALLIDAY



weekday

DEBUT SINGLE
available on 7" 12" CD

ANXIOUS
RECORDS

INTERNATIONAL POP HAS A BLACK FACE:

"Part of that comes back to a notion of how black people are seen in the world, a notion of *entertainment*. Diana Ross has for years been seen as the epitome of the black female glamour queen, the *fabulous*, the diva. Whitney Houston is now becoming that. But the world will still look at Diana Ross, because she has a history. Same with Sadé. There's been a love affair and it goes way back, to Sarah Vaughan, Billie Holliday, Josephine Baker, the world has had a love affair, from time to time, with a black chanteuse.

"And sometimes you can become popular if you smile a lot. There's a whole notion of blacks, American blacks, being really entertaining. They can really dance great, they've really got a lot of rhythm – you know, that thing has *permeated*. I was in Taiwan with the Jay Hogarth Quintet, and we were sitting in a bar, in a jazz club. And there was this student, a young Chinese woman, an American language student, her and her friend. And we started talking about this stuff. And it was amazing how her friend viewed black people.

"She felt compelled to say how much she liked black people because they could really sing great, really dance well. It was so instructive as to how black as an image is that – rhythm and dance, having a good time, shucking and jiving. That's an idea that's permeated the world. The smiling, satisfied entertainer.

"This stuff, it's you and it's not you. Because I'm black, it's me. But because I'm *me*, Vernon Reid, with my experiences and history, there's no me there, just this (indicates skin on hand). And whether that manifests itself in a positive way – you know, selling records – or a negative way – getting hung on a tree in the park, it's almost, it's all aspects of the same type of thing.

"There's things about Michael Jackson I don't particularly like or agree with, but when he gets a Number One record, I feel a little bit of pride in there. But that shouldn't be the entire ball of wax, that idea of being what black is. It shouldn't be this monolithic thing, like, 'If you're not doing this, then what are you doing? Why aren't you George Benson? Why aren't you Michael Jackson?' That's the thing I take issue with."

(*BLACK ROCK is as open as rock is. "We don't mean to make a separate category away from rock . . . BLACK ROCK is from a unique perspective. Black Americans in black neighbourhoods making rock which dovetails with where white people have taken rock, not with 'roots': with dealing honestly with your experiences . . . BLACK ROCK: white and black listeners are both into it . . . There's still the idea that when I'd walk on stage people would do things, instinctual things. People say, to a rock song, 'Hendrix' or 'Let's get funky': these are reactions to my skin colour. They don't do it to be mean. But they've integrated that feeling into their lives . . . Black performers fit a certain role. The 'funky' role."*

The BRC is demanding the right to rock. It's demanding rights of undifferentiated access. It's about rights of choice about how society sees you, and the recognition that any perception can calcify into a new prison. It comes at a time of renewed pride and militancy within the Black American community. It's a complex, exhilarating, sometimes contradictory development.)

"I HATE ROCK'N'ROLL"?

"Schoolly D, he might be making points to position himself opposite Run DMC, to say, 'F—— that bullshit, man. That bullshit ain't really down, man, that's white shit.' That's his perspective. I mean, I'm obviously totally opposite to that, because I feel it's ignorance on his part. A lot of people just don't know. They think rock'n'roll is white music – they think that, they feel that, they get upset. And they're gonna get upset until they find a way to not get upset. What can you do? You've got to live with it.

"In terms of hostility from rap people, they've been cool. The rap people I know, they've been cool with me, I've been cool with them. But they're as different as everybody else. Some of them aren't going to like loud guitars, some of them are going to live for it. It's like MC DJ Flavour Flav, when we did 'Sophisticated . . .', I did the solo, he turned to me and said, 'Yeah, man, *the guys on my block that don't like rock can bite my jock*'.

"It was really great, for him to just say that spontaneously, it was a real vote of your shit is *down*. You're down. Who knows? Schoolly D? He's got an opinion. (He laughs.) Just like everybody else."

BAD BRAINS

SHANNON JACKSON

"His thing was, 'I want to know, I want you to play what you're hearing, I want you to pass the limit of your ability, I want you to play the blues, I want you to play something no one has ever done, I want you to play like you don't know how to play the guitar. It was hard. I remember one particular tour where nothing I was doing was satisfactory. And I had to work very hard at it."

(*Brit-punk, purging itself of its pub-rock R&B cliches, more or less linked hands with the anti-disco fanaticism of the times. Blues-tinges were out. Guitar outside flat-out ramalama was taboo, self-indulgent, evil. American hardcore – with its ancestry in Oi! – rendered itself opaque to black expression. No Wave grew up in the shadow of Ornette Coleman's Prime Time, the original cyber-punk New York Texas noise-blues band.*

The Contortions and Defunkt and Prime Time and Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society all shared and swapped players and rehearsal space. And James Siegfried – AKA Black – constructed his art on a fanatically perverse identification with the Godfather of Soul, deliberately upending perceptions and playing with stereotypes. If the cross-fertilisation still continues and continues to baffle, there's been room in all the welcoming New York noise for a rediscovery of the future roots of Black Rock.)

NO WAVE SOUL? PUNK FUNK? TEXAS-NOISE-BLUES?

"The postpunk thing is complicated, because the references of where it was coming from, was really – in its inception – 'Anarchy In The UK'. It was about the fact that all of this gentility is a sham, all of this 'civilisation' is bullshit. You know it, I know it, let's just let it out. And when you go for that, you've got to be really careful. Negative energy tends to feed on itself.

"But in terms of black music being really different, well, I feel like the punk aesthetic has come alive in the black community. The whole thing of 'No Future' is here. It's happening all over in the cities, you know. The frustration of being a black 'entertainer', and doing these incredible things, these things that are important to people's lives, and then being spat on by society. It creates an ugly schism between the public life and the private life you lead, and that *has* to manifest itself in somewhat ugly behaviour, in dope.

"There's very little catharsis in black music, as there was, with Otis Redding, Sly Stone, Jimi Hendrix – where they were shedding all of that. Even performers that were known as being cool, like Miles Davis. I just wonder where all the anger went. I mean, is everything cool now? Is everything OK? Someone forgot to tell me. And not even to say that the music has to be *protest music*. I'm not even talking about that. I'm just talking about the blues.

"Jackie Wilson would sing a song and cry, and you know, it's a love song, but it's also about other stuff. Otis Redding singing 'Cigarettes And Black Coffee', it's about the lyric, but it also transcends the lyric to his place in society. The mainstream is not dealing with our place in society, it's dealing with, I think, a bourgeois notion of entertainment. Which is ultimately shallow and unfulfiling . . . For me it's a cathartic thing to pick up a guitar, plug it in, and go for it. It's really like, AAH! For 45 minutes there's a respite. I once said onstage, 'Thanks for participating in the only time we're really free'. I wouldn't say it's that bad. But . . . it's close."

THE LONG GOODBYE

From presenting the only four nights a week show to play the Primitives next to Prince, JANICE LONG has felt the cold shoulder from the Beeb ever since the birth of her son, Fred. STEVEN WELLS investigates the chill winds that blow no good through Broadcasting House and believes the fallow '50s are with us again. Picture: STEVE PYKE.

"I don't know if you know this, but when you're a woman and you have a baby, your brain comes out with the afterbirth and you suddenly can't think.

"I still can't believe that on one television programme I did I was told to cover up my lump and could I stand at an angle because it looked disgusting. I am not a different person . . . I haven't lost my capabilities. For God's sake, this is 1988!"

There's a buzz going around Commonwealth House. So cool is this, the throbbing heart of London's rock media, that visits by mega-stars are usually studiously ignored. Today's guest is different. With her rugged toy-boy and pink bairn in tow, Janice Long is surrounded by eager hacks, like worker bees flocking to worship their queen.

Janice hosted the only four days a week show on Britain's only national pop station that dared to feature the rap and indie bands. She has been the voice of the cutting edge of pop.

Then she decided to have a baby. Rumours flew – was Janice for the chop? The *NME*, as usual, was first with the story. Contacts at the BBC suddenly started talking in whispers – *Christ! How did you know that?*

"I was asked before I had Fred, I was about six or seven months pregnant, what I wanted to do. I said I wanted to return to work six weeks after he was born and I was told that I must have four months off. I thought that was a bit excessive but I was told that I would probably get post-natal depression and would want to breast feed and how could I possibly want to return to work?

"Then I got a letter – 'you're probably wonder where your broadcasting career is going, you will not be returning to your evening show because under Simon Mayo it's taken a new direction . . .' They asked me whether I could be a Mum and fit it in with doing a half hour on Sunday . . ."

BLAND AHOY

Everybody in the media, other than mercenary Tory skunks, is worried about the way the wind's blowing. Thatcher may not yet have ushered in a Victorian era but the steady erosion of 'controversial' journalism and broadcasting is seen by many as a return to the stodgy 'respectful' 1950s.

For pop this means the axing of *The Tube* and *The Whistle Test* – programmes that looked outside the charts.

The 'current affairs' section of the *Janice Long Show* annoyed all the right people.

"After the first programme on AIDS – it was about the same time as Anderton had made his 'cess-pit' speech – I was asked at a press conference what I thought of Anderton and I said that I found him totally unchristian. The next day I was inundated with mail from people telling me that I was leading people astray and I was encouraging people to have sex.

"A guy phoned – 'It's about her outspoken remarks about James Anderton. How dare somebody who is barely out of nappies criticise the chief constable of Manchester. I hope she gets AIDS! . . .' and hung up.

"I dedicated 'Really Stupid' by The Primitives to Edwina Curry after she said that really stupid thing about people in the North eating pie and chips. I said she should concentrate on the NHS and allocate more to buying kidney machines. I was pulled in for that."

A recent *World In Action* traced the increasing sheepishness of the BBC back to the appointment of reactionary and right wing stooges to the Board of Governors. Whilst avoiding a conspiracy theory, their governships are doubtless far more comfortable with the mindless (but often racist and sexist) 'humour' of the daytime jocks than they ever were with Janice's too-human face.

Thus far, an impartial BBC mole tells us, there has been no pressure on replacement DJ Simon Mayo (27) to drop the politics. Mayo, however, is far more in the mould of the traditional 'balanced' (sic) BBC Presenter than Janice ever was. Mayo was being groomed for the nauseatingly zany *Morning Show*. He was hardly likely to rock the boat.

Nor, says my mole, has the producer Phil Ross – mainly responsible for the show's musical content – yet been given the push. Mayo himself is allegedly "a massive punk rock fan".

Janice is certain that the show is still beyond the ken of most people at Radio One.

"What makes me cross is I was watching *TOTP* last week and somebody said – here's a group, The Primitives, that we've been going with for ages . . . And I thought, Hang on, no you haven't, *I've* been going with them for ages, Peelie's been playing them for ages and all of a sudden it's like, here's a new band, come out of nowhere!

"'That Morrissey chap – he's done awfully well' – somebody at Radio One actually said that to me the other week."

"I think there's an awful lot of people who assume that night-time radio is weird. Night-time radio is actually listened to, it's not just there in the background. The people tune in because they want to hear what's happening, because they want to know if the Primitives have got a new single out, they want to know if gigs are taking place, they want to know what Morrissey's got to say.

"The audience is a lot more intelligent than the daytime audience. That was proved by a survey we did, we found out that they wanted an element of current affairs, they wanted interviews with new bands. The favourite feature was one where I spent an evening out on the streets with homeless kids. They wanted to know about South Africa, they read the *Daily Mirror* and they read the *Guardian* and their ages ranged from 14 to 25."

Arrgh! An entire generation weened off taped-up tits, furry dice and Government lies! But even if the format of the show isn't altered, there still remains the attitude of Radio One Controller, Jonathan 'Johnny' Beerling.

"Er, um, everybody here thinks he's behaved extremely badly," squeaked my mole.

DJ WANTED: MUST BE A PRICK

There are over 25 Radio One DJs. Only six are women. Of the 135 hours Radio One is on the air every week, only five are broadcast by women.

Is the station sexist?

"They will say to you that women don't go down well with the audience. Johnny Beerling said that . . ." claims Janice.

How many of the management at Radio One are women?

"None."

Doesn't that strike you as absurd?

"Of course it does! But there's this myth, isn't there, that women aren't interested in music . . . Someone at Radio One came up to me and asked me if I had any real interest in music. I mean, what can you say? Can you believe that?

Does being a parent stop you being able to DJ?

"You should ask Steve Wright or John Peel that. I don't think they had any problems. The thing is that they can do what they want because we're all on three month contracts. I'm damn sure the same thing wouldn't happen to a man . . ."

"I have raised this point and I was told I was being 'cared for' . . ."

Radio One seems to pull its DJs from a bottomless pit of Steves and Garys.

"That's true, but there's a massive audience for that, isn't there?"

What do you think inspires Radio One's Blandkrieg other than a total lack of taste?

"Figures, I suppose. Going for the lowest common denominator."

IF I RULED THE WORLD

If Janice hasn't been plucked out of the way in preparation for a further bland out, then Johnny Beerling's letter must have been telling the truth – she was sacked because it wasn't felt proper for a mum to have a full time job.

The BBC's liberal veneer has been badly scratched. The present atmosphere, with the Alton Bill and Clause 29 festering in the background, has seen a number of spineless functionaries drop the liberal facade that they've always been uncomfortable with and come out as the reactionaries they are.

What would you do if you were controller of Radio One?

"I'd fight to broadcast 24 hours a day. I think it's a myth that people are only into pop music. I think you can do a lot more. What's wrong with putting a really good play on? What's wrong with putting comedy on the radio? What's wrong with current affairs, what's wrong with phone ins? I would scrap the pigeon-holing, I would not have a reggae programme or a heavy metal programme.

"Why can't you have programming that has a hip-hop record next to a heavy metal record next to a Smiths record next to Kylie Minogue? I think at the moment people don't get to hear this stuff so they assume it's going to be weird and offensive but it's not, it's all pop music in the end. I'd take more risks with presenters, I'd have more individuals, more accents . . ."

Are you going to miss doing the show?

"For me it wasn't just one huge ego trip. I felt there was a point at the end of it. That somebody else was going to get something out of it, whether it was Fred Bloggs listening at home who would hear stuff that he wouldn't normally hear because I was the only person playing these little jangly guitar indie bands or for these bands because I'd played a record or a tape or gone to a gig and they'd done a session and perhaps got a recording contract at the end of it.

"Then there was a speech element. You always got a stack of mail after – thousands upon thousands of letters, you could have carried on making programme after programme about the subject. It wasn't just me sat there thinking – *Heeey!* I'm a really brilliant DJ and aren't I wonderful and . . . what was the question?"

Janice has already turned down the offer of Radio One's half hour Pick of the Week spot. As yet no major acne cream manufacturers have beaten a path to her door.

"I still can't believe that on one television programme I did, I was told to cover up my lump and could I stand at an angle because it looked disgusting."

Report by DENIS CAMPBELL

Pictures by CHRIS CLUNN

BAD ATTITUDE

New York's Beacon Theatre sits at the corner of Broadway and 74th Street, a few hundred yards west of Central Park. It doesn't play host to rock 'n' roll gigs very often and it's easy to see why. Cavernous, dilapidated and with row upon row of tightly-packed seats, it's got about as much charm and personality as Van Morrison on an off-day: a shitty venue for performers and audiences alike.

Tonight, though, a ticket for the Beacon is a very desirable item indeed. If you want one you'll have to talk three-figure sums to the gentlemen outside in cheap suits. Business is good. Everybody wants to be there. The reason? The reason is Terence Trent D'Arby.

Terence is hot, *very* hot, a rapidly rising star who has had American critics, like their British counterparts last year, dusting down their dictionary of superlatives in his honour. The Beacon show is his first New York appearance since his packed showcase debut at the trendy Ritz club last October.

Stars like the Beastie Boys, Robert De Niro and Faye Dunaway were out in force at that show and tonight's no different. De Niro's here again, but undercover; one of Prince's sisters has been spotted; and most of Manhattan's chic young things seem to have showed up.

As have about 900 employees and friends of CBS Records, whose worldwide HQ is just 20 blocks downtown. It's like a ludicrously large company outing to inspect their latest acquisition. Their block booking takes up most of the ground floor of the theatre. Terence is furious.

"This is just like a CBS Records convention," he jibes, stalking the stage in visible anger. The crowd downstairs don't know how to react and squirm uncomfortably in their seats. Some people mistake the sarcasm for bonhomie and clap accordingly; a few even cheer. A bizarre incident.

"Typical Americans," Terence confides later, "they can't even spot a joke. No sense of humour."

The first half an hour of the show is uncharacteristically lacklustre. Terence's voice is functioning at only about 60 per cent of its usual strength and range; it sounds frail, strained, lifeless. He is quite badly ill, it later transpires – a nasty combination of 'flu, asthma, exhaustion and temporary deafness in his left ear.

Things improve, however, after the back-to-back double helping of steaming funk cover versions – Fatback's 'Wicki Wacky' and James Brown's 'Soul Power' – which show just how tight the Bojangles, sporting a new drummer and percussionist, have become since the patchy British shows last December.

Terence stops 'Wicki Wacky' briefly and instructs the crowd to start dancing. A few people obey, but most remain sober and detached in their appreciation. Then he starts to liven things up with his mix 'n' match JB meets Michael Jackson dancing: twists, turns, shuffles, splits, hands-on-crotch, the lot. The girls start to scream and the heat starts to rise.

It's only about half way through that Terence starts to push himself, and the soaring voice goes into full flight. 'Wishing Well', sitting just outside the Top Ten and the track that everybody knows, brings the loudest cheer of the night.

It's been getting extensive airplay on all the radio stations, both black and MOR, and all-powerful MTV have helped push the track, anxious to be seen backing a guaranteed star, albeit a black one.

Terence's debut, 'If You Let Me Stay', was a different story though. Released last October, the official reason it bombed is that it got lost amidst the pre-Christmas singles deluge by major artists.

The real reason is that white stations wouldn't play it because of the spoken intro – it was too black a record – while black stations gave it short shrift because it wasn't black *enough*. Welcome to American radio, folks.

One noticeable feature of tonight's show is the cosmopolitan make-up of the paying customers: young and old, black and white. Terence already has that precious commodity in the US music business, across the board appeal. CBS must be pleased.

Terence encores with a rowdy version of the Stones' 'Jumping Jack Flash' before bringing the show to a dramatic close by smashing his guitar Pete Townshend-style. Forget notions of Terence as a modern soul man; this is rock 'n' roll.

Afterwards myself and photographer Chris Clunn join the CBS bigwigs at the backstage party. It's sponsored by Michelob the beer people so we partake gratefully. Everybody's waiting for Terence but he doesn't show up. Everyone has another drink. The Bojangles arrive but still there's no sign of Terence. 'Where is he?' is the unspoken question on everyone's lips.

"He wants to see you, nobody else. He's not coming down here. He hates all this sort of thing." It's Claudine, Terence's publicist, a woman with unrivalled talent for sweet-talking journalists and getting her temperamental charge out of difficult situations.

Upstairs in a barren dressing room I met Terence. He is relaxed, animated, inquisitive. He fires off question after question. "What did you think of the

show?" "What's been happening back in England?" "What you been up to?".

He puts the blame for the poor show on the stuffy audience of CBS people. "You need a reaction to make you want to push yourself, to try things out, to be a little dangerous – you feed off that – and I just wasn't getting that tonight," he explains.

"Every time I play New York it's like a f——ing CBS convention. I feel like I'm on trial. I can almost hear them sitting there saying 'Well yes that bit's just like Sam Cooke and doesn't he remind you of Marvin Gaye.' I don't need that shit. F—— them.

"Next time I play this city I'm gonna play the dirtiest, funkiest, heaviest place in the Bronx I can find and see how many of them come then."

He directs most of his considerable anger at Marilyn Laverty, CBS America's Vice-President of Publicity, who has joined us, before apologising after recognising that it's not her fault.

But his friendly attitude towards me changes briefly when he discovers that I expect an interview during my trip. He even reaches over and rips my jacket open in search of a hidden tape-recorder. He doesn't want to do an interview.

He says he's got nothing left to say after his over-exposure last year. More important, it seems, is his seemingly insatiable desire to always give much away.

She does confirm, though, that Terence is the most exciting talent to hit America in a very long time. *Everybody* wants to meet him, it seems.

"At the reception after the Grammys" – where Terence performed and stole the show by common consent, despite appearing straight after Michael Jackson – "it was incredible. He walked in the door and everyone turned to look at him. They just kept staring at him.

"Loads of people went over and talked to him; they just wanted to see what he was like. It took him 45 minutes to reach where we were standing. I've never seen anything like it."

Terence is busy conquering his native country with almost the same ease as Britain last year. His rise has been rapid; he is that rare phenomenon in American music, an 'overnight sensation'. A hit single and album, a Grammy nomination and appearance, and the cover of dozens of publications *without* giving interviews, he is already a fully-fledged star.

How much of this is down to the homeboy factor – the return of the talented Prodigal son – is hard to tell. Few writers have fallen into the trap of proclaiming Terence's tour as a 'homecoming', which is wise; he is currently applying for British citizenship. Born in Harlem, resident in Camden; the critics just can't figure this boy out.

Fresh from getting the rough side of Terence's tongue last night, Marilyn arrived in work today to receive another barrage, this time from senior figures in the company. Claudine tells me that Terence has really wound them all up and that poor Marilyn has been getting the blame – again.

I tell Marilyn that in Terence she's dealing with a very different sort of artist, one who will have nothing to do with the everyday absurdities of the music business – unless it suits him. He values his integrity, both personal and professional. He's going to be a difficult customer. He won't play by the rules, I warn.

Marilyn doesn't agree. She says she's "dealt with all sorts of kooks before" and that Terence will be OK. I promise to remind her of what I've said in six months time and see if she thinks any differently. She smiles.

"Rock and roll is about attitude, not tape recorders"

wind people up.

"I might not do any interviews around the next album . . . Mighty mouth has become quiet mouth," he muses with a sly grin, "that'll shock them."

Claudine reappears. She has brought a delegation of CBS top brass to a room one floor up and assured them that Terence will be with them right away. Terence seizes his chance and escapes out a side door, shunning both the party and the waiting executives. Earlier that day he even refused to meet Walter Yetnikoff, worldwide President of CBS. "He never sees anyone before a show," Claudine explains simply.

The young star is refusing to play by the rules. This is the hardline according to Terence Trent D'Arby (US version).

Next morning I spent two hours with Claudine trying to work out the chances of an interview. She's not hopeful.

"He'd rather talk to you for hours as a friend than for half an hour in a formal interview. He says that 'rock 'n' roll's about attitude, not about tape recorders'."

The prospect of having to face my editor without having got an interview fills me with something approaching terror. I start to look for other angles.

Three blocks away down Sixth Avenue lies CBS HQ. Marilyn Laverty's office is on the 12th floor. We meet for a chat about Terence. She is suspicious of my motives and won't

One reason Terence is reluctant to do an interview with me is that he's still smarting over a *Village Voice* cover story that seemed to suggest that he was a fraud.

Journalist Daisann McLane was struck by Terence from the first time she saw him on the cover of *NME* in February last year under the headline 'New Prince Of Pop'. But reading the piece, something wasn't right.

"The bio(graphy) seemed too brilliant a creation, too Legendary Soul Man to be true . . . none of the legions of British journalists (who wrote about Terence last year) had made so much as a phone call to check this guy out," wrote McLane. She decided to investigate Terence The Myth for herself.

Stan Whitted, Terence's favourite black teacher at De Land High School, Florida, where he studied from age 11 to 18, directly contradicted his numerous claims in the British press last year that he had a rough time at school because of his colour.

"I don't think that being black in a predominantly white school affected him so much as the fact that he had to compete as a singer with four other young men who were as good as, if not better than, he was. Any one of those boys I worked with could have become a superstar," he said.

And similarly, Terence's apparently dramatic court-martial by the US Army in Germany is also fictitious, if an army spokeswoman contacted by McLane is to be believed. There is apparently no record that Terence was court-martialled at all, and he was simply discharged on April 15, 1983.

And so on. Merely by talking to Terence's family and friends, McLane appeared to demolish many of the crucial elements of Terence's well-publicised Exciting Life Story.

If she's right, then Terence has been the biggest and most successful pop con for years. She has certainly offered a fresh and challenging insight on the young star, and raised many questions which Terence will have to answer in detail one day.

But not today, not with me. Asked for his reaction to the piece he simply says: "She wanted a f—— . . . I haven't even read it."

The show that evening at the Roseland Ballroom is superb. There is an atmosphere bordering on hysteria and Terence is loving every minute of it. The show is packed and very, very hot. Girls scream. Terence throws off his T-shirt and they scream even louder.

"Testify, Terence, testify," urges a black woman standing on the seats at the back. Terence obliges, and shows what a potentially great instrument his voice is. I pass Robert Palmer smooching with a mystery blonde during 'Sign Your Name'. It is a great gig.

Afterwards Terence does an all-night interview with *Rolling Stone*. He has only agreed on condition that they put him on the cover. Not because he's vain or arrogant, he insists, but because he wants to break the stranglehold of safe, white, mega-successful acts appearing on their cover; he wants to shake things up a bit. Remember that this is the magazine that conducts surveys into the state of public taste before deciding which act to put on the cover.

But it is also the most prestigious and influential music magazine in America. Terence has been winding them up, taking a chance, trying to get them to take a risk by putting a new, relatively unknown act on the cover for the first time in years. They agree. Terence is jubilant: another victory for the D'Arby Attitude over American music biz conservatism. Next night, after the show at Washington's Warner Theatre, I meet Terence again. He explains that he's happy just to talk but not to do a proper interview. "Just observe. Write what you see," he says. "People *expect* me to talk . . . What do you want to talk about anyway?"

America.

He laughs. "There's nothing to say. I haven't changed my mind what I think of it."

I give up hope of getting an interview.

Next day, Terence is more expansive. We're in the back of a limo heading to Capitol Hill to take some photos of him outside Congress draped in a Union Jack flag. He only agreed because he liked the idea.

We get talking about Jesse Jackson, about whom Terence has some no-nonsense views.

"People shouldn't vote for him just because he's black. People in the Democratic Party are afraid to confront him in case they come over looking like racists. But he should be asked the same tough questions as everyone else."

Terence says he wouldn't vote for Jackson because of his allegedly anti-Semitic remarks in the past.

"I don't trust the guy. Until he answers hard questions about what he's said about Jews, I won't be satisfied."

He may have reservations about Jackson, but he's equally critical of white Democratic Presidential candidates Michael Dukakis and Albert Gore for trying to use Jackson to 'hoover up' black votes and deliver them to whichever white eventually gets the party's nomination.

The photo-session isn't great. Terence is tired plus he isn't into the idea of doing his next task: another photo-session, this time for the cover of *Rolling Stone*. He has decided exactly how he wants to look: black leather biker's gear, sitting astride his Harley-Davidson, clutching a favourite guitar. He is a perfectionist.

In the car on the way back from Congress he asks Claudine about his guitar. "It's in Philadelphia," she replies.

Can't you get it?

"Not in the time we've got. We've already postponed the session with *Rolling Stone* twice today so you could do one with *NME*".

Right, I'm not doing the session then, Terence announces. He's got to have his black and chrome guitar or the session's off.

"It's too late for that," says Claudine.

Terence is adamant: no guitar, no *Rolling Stone* photo-session. Claudine has seen everything before – but not this. She looks dumbstruck.

Back in our hotel room Terence relaxes after agreeing to a few more shots for Chris Clunn. He's meant to be with *Rolling Stone* but he's happier here just shooting the breeze. He may now hate interviews, but he still loves to *talk*.

The second album "will be a double or maybe split into two parts – CBS will hate either of those."

He's determined to produce himself because he wasn't happy with certain aspects of the 'Hardline' album. Parts of it were too smooth, it seems.

"There were things on the first album that I didn't do too well, both lyrically and musically," he admits. "My lyrics especially have come on in giant leaps. The demos I produced myself of tracks like 'Seven More Days' and 'Let's Go Forward' felt much better than the eventual LP versions.

"I'm a bit worried about producing myself because I don't know too many musicians, but I want to get people like Bootsy Collins in to help out. And it's going to have lots of strings on it. I've been listening to too much Stravinsky and shit," he laughs.

He correctly assesses that CBS will "freak out about it".

Is that because they're expecting a 'Hardline Pt 2'?

"No, because the second album will sell as much as the 'Hardline' no matter what it's like. It's the third album that won't sell. There are definite singles on it, but it will be a bridge between the first and the third albums, though people might not see that at the time. I can't wait to get the tour over so I can start work on it."

Terence hints that, apart from a few commercial tracks as singles fodder, the album could well prove to be quite a weird affair. He refuses to spell out exactly what he means but gives a big clue about what it may sound like when he says that he's listened to the Beach Boys's 'Pet Sounds' album every day for the last three months.

"Without that album there would never have been a 'Sgt Pepper'. It's full of songs which sound weird on the first couple of hearings but start to reveal deeper meanings after a few more listens."

If 'Pet Sounds' is his inspiration, the second D'Arby album could well be an interesting, innovative set. That's not what the record company will want, but it's the minimum Terence has to do to start gaining the recognition he craves as a 'True Artist' – and he knows it.

While we're talking the phone rings. It's Marilyn looking for Terence. It seems the entire D'Arby camp is in turmoil over his refusal to do the *Rolling Stone* pictures. They've told the photographer that Terence is ill; they dare not tell her about his real reason – the missing black and chrome guitar. They're playing for time, trying to find Terence and persuade him – force him, if need be – to do the session.

"Tell them you haven't seen me," he asks. Marilyn rings off, even more worried than before.

Terence relaxes again. He tells me about how, a few months ago, he was doing a photo-session at Prince's European management offices. While he was there one of the staff told Claudine that the Mighty Midget himself had all the press cuttings on Terence sent to him every week.

He also relates how, on a recent trip to Paris, he got the same driver that Prince had for his 'Sign Of The Times' tour last year. After Terence asked him to put a tape on, the driver told him: "The only person that's done that to me before was Prince – and it was your tape he asked me to put on."

A few months later, another coincidence. Terence went to the opening of a new club in Hamburg where Prince's 70 year old pianist father was special guest. The two got on well and Mr Rogers Snr said to Terence: "I saw your video. My son does a lot of the same moves as you."

To which Terence replied: "Well it looks as if we've been ripping off the same people then."

Terence says that just watching Mr Rogers play, listening to him rearrange standards like 'My Funny Valentine', lets him see where Rogers Jnr got his offbeat genius from.

Terence says it's inevitable that he and Prince will meet and maybe work together one day soon. It's fated. They were meant to jam together recently at New York's Nell's club, but Prince couldn't make it.

"We're getting closer and closer. It's bound to happen soon".

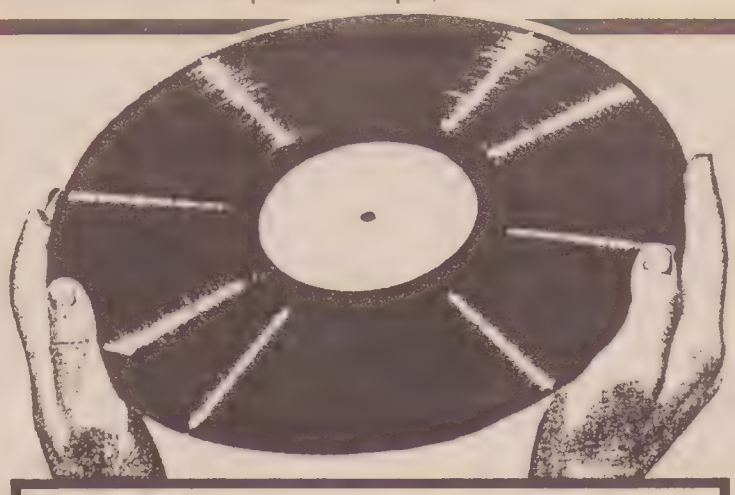
In personal conversation Terence drops his public mask of arrogance. Although hard to believe after his series of outrageous interviews last year ("I am a genius" etc), he is actually quite shy. He says he was deeply flattered when several artists bothered to talk to him and congratulate him at the Grammys.

"People like Larry Blackmon – who's one of the few people that I respect, who's really doing something different – came up and said 'I like your stuff. You're doing something different.' That's really great."

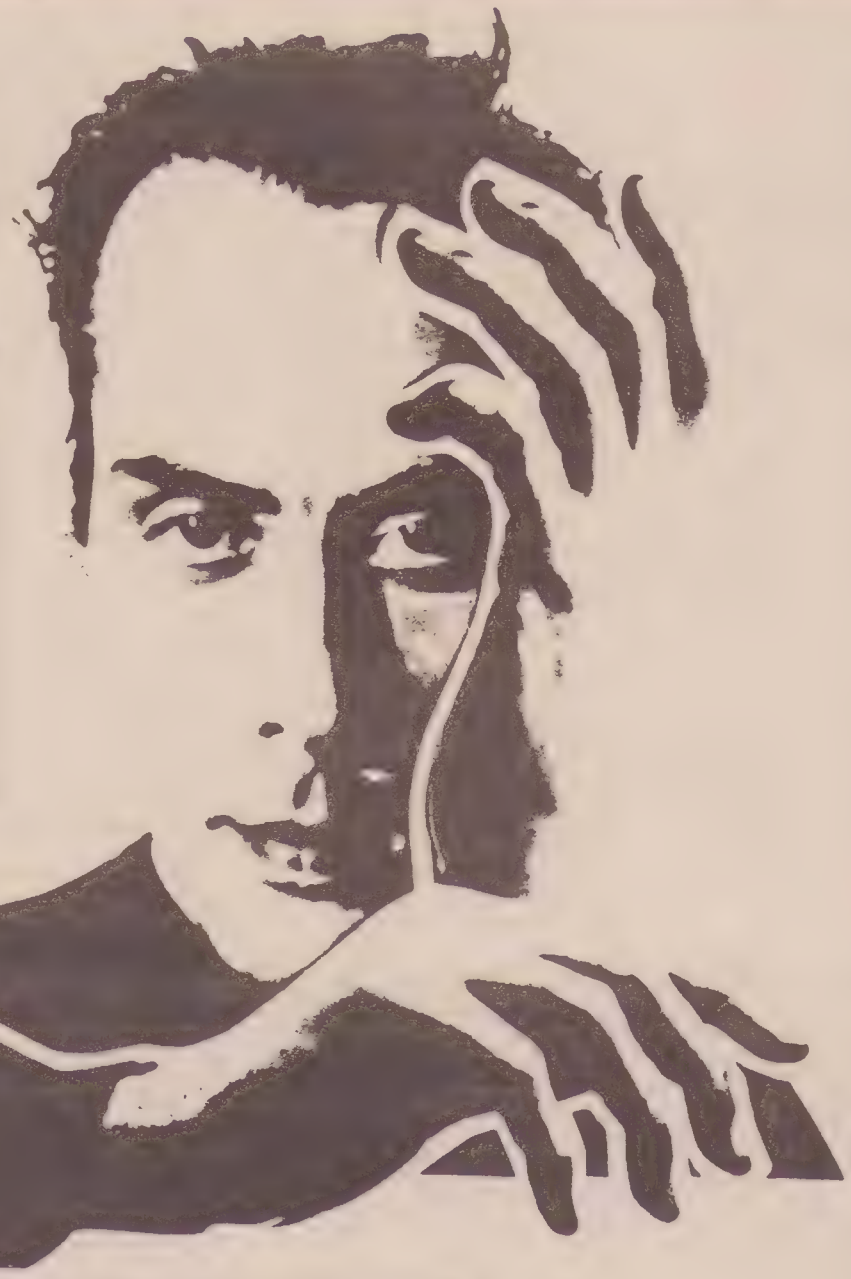
Terence's looks, talent and big mouth have meant that he's been flooded with offers of film parts. Apart from wanting to finance a movie about the life of assassinated black leader Malcolm X, the only part Terence is considering at the moment is that of bluesman Robert Johnson in a filmed biography. The only thing stopping him is that "I'm not ready to get my hair cut yet."

Just then the phone rings again. Marilyn is more desperate than ever. They can't find Terence anywhere and are running out of excuses for *Rolling Stone*.

"Remember what you said to me the other day about Terence being a difficult artist?", she asks. "Well you don't need to ask me in six months time. I know now."



Singles



REVIEWED BY JANE SOLANAS

THE HOUSE OF LOVE: Christine (*Creation*)

A phone call to Creation Records suggesting that this record is Alan McGee's and THOL's revenge on the treacherous Reid brothers, elicits the response (paraphrased): "No, 'Christine' doesn't sound like the collected works of the JAMC. They are just working in the same area of noise. There is no conspiracy theory . . ."

Ah, go teach yer granny to suck eggs, mate! Alan McGee probably does wake crying after nights dreaming William and Jim are still his dutiful sons, and probably there was much malevolent giggling in the studio when this was recorded, but it's a wonderful record all the same; a reminder that JAMC are as much about the innocent sun-kissed harmonies of The Beach Boys (and Surf music in general) as they are about the dark, drug-depressive force of The Velvets. While others merely sample, THOL lift lock, stock and barrel with glorious accuracy.

DEREK B: Bad Young Brother (*Tuff Audio*)

If nobody actually rapped on Rap records, I would really like them. Like some lumbering dinosaur, I just can't adapt to a world of popular music where nobody *sings* anymore. 'Butch' guys spluttering violent nursery rhymes into a microphone leaves me cold; and yet, sociologically, Rap is to the '80s what Doo Wop was to the '50s: a black, street-corner celebration of improvisation. But Doo Wop played the white man's game by its lyrical content: moon-in-june garbage. Only the beauty of those voices (and most of the Doo Wop boys were as bad-assed as any of the hip-hop brothers like to claim they are) made Doo Wop unique and an art form.

Rap, rightly, directs black urban anger back at the white man eager to earn bucks from it. But Rap's annhilation of the aesthetic of the human voice, and predominant misogyny pisses me off. The latter is an aspect I cannot, and will not ignore.

Musically though, hip-hop's blasted the cobwebs of serious musicianship and forumla songwriting deservedly sky high; proving, finally, that music is no one's exclusive province, and that the concept of originality is non-existent in music. 'Originality' simply means possession and a good lawyer.

Derek B, of course, is far from your average thug-rapper waving a Magnum at crotch level. This is basically a provocative taunt to his myriad imitators, and underlying Boland's braying is an awesome inventiveness and control of his medium.

One more shiny nail in the coffin of the poor old pop singer . . .

THE PRIMITIVES: Out Of Reach (*RCA*)

As usual, the record company has included no press sheet with the record, because they are under the delusion that all journalists are psychic. This has 'limited edition' printed on my 45, so I guess RCA are aware that this produce is indeed 'limited'. In fact, as a marketing exercise its a bad move, as the b-side reveals just how godawful The Primitives are live.

One listen to The Primitives thrashing hopelessly through 'Dreamwalk Baby', 'Really Stupid' and 'Crash', and anyone considering shelling out ackers on a Prims concert would instantly bury the idea. 'Out Of Reach' can be heard on The Primitives album (though it sounds slightly different to me – ?), so unless you're an investor in collectable vinyl, give this the elbow. A nasty crash to earth after the glorious high of the LP.

YEAH GOD! So Far Down EP (*Chapter 22*)

McCARTHY: Should The Bible Be Banned? (*September*)

Yes, it's blasphemy corner. Yeah God! are an average furious guitar band with an above average vocalist. Crazyhead remain the best exponents of this raw-power genre, but Yeah God! suggest a similar humour approach. I particularly enjoyed their choice of song titles: 'Eat Plutionium Death' immediately followed by 'Love Is Like The Sun'. Aggressive hippies . . .

McCarthy may be riding high in the Indie chart with 'This Nelson Rockerfellere', but if they think that a controversial song title will earn them single of the week I'm afraid I'm far too ancient to find anti-christ sentiments shocking. Besides,, this will go straight to the top of the Indies of its own accord, as it's an appealing, if feeble, '60s pop pastiche *à la* Primitives. The irony is, the vocalist has got about as much threat in his voice as a choirboy.

HEADS! Sin Bin (*Virgin*)

Oh bloody hell, it's Gareth Sager. It's impossible for me to be objective about Head! as Sager it was who in '76 humiliated me out of wearing flared trousers. I remember him as others might remember the first person they had sex with . . .

I've watched the Bristolian upstart's progress from Punk to neo-Beatnik with grudging admiration. From the pretentious darkness of The Pop Group, through the bookish Kerouac/Cassady 'jazz' posturings of Rip, Rig & Panic, Sager has, with Head! finally emerged as a simple beer-swilling, bird-pulling LAD rifling through his '70s funk collection.

'Sin Bin' is a raucous, insidious and cunning funk pastiche with lyrics that use the game of football as a metaphor for life's experiences (a typical tongue-in-cheek Sager touch).

All of the Bristol class of '76 are united by their sheer arrogance, but whereas Mark (God) Stewart has let it drive him loopy and esoteric, Sager is still prepared to play the jerk. With 'Sin Bin' he has made an excellent dance floor stomp for Casuals.

KILLING JOKE: America (*EG*)

Hit the deck quick, Killing Joke are back! "We are about to unleash the most explosive mode of Killing Joke imaginable. The power in our music is now so concentrated and vital that it demands to be listened to. We have dedicated ourselves to the creation of a supreme work. We have mastered and completed our own production conceiving a sound that will inflame the senses and inspire the imagination. We shall wage Holy War on the pop song . . ." (Jaz Coleman).

Good old Jaz, never backwards in coming forwards. He's currently up to his neck in theories about "hidden forces in music", which probably means that prolongued listening to this single will cause you to spontaneously combust. I'd love to see Jaz Coleman and Genesis P Orridge singing 'Cinderella Rockerfeller' or some other suitable duet. I'm sure Genesis would be game for it, but Jaz is, unfortunately, a humourless sod. Still, the pop world would be a boring place without either of them, and both have occasionally made excellent records. This is not Killing Joke's finest hour, but Coleman-acolytes won't give a toss, will they?

AZTEC CAMERA: Somewhere In My Heart (*WEA*)

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN: In The Meantime (*Virgin*)

Doesn't Roddy Frame make you want to throw up? So cute looking he could have effortlessly carved himself an instant career as a teenybop idol, Frame has, instead, bided his time, kept his looks and his sanity, and emerged as a songwriting star with the really lucrative market of mass acceptance at his feet. As with 'How Men Are', this single narrowly escapes drowning in a glut of sentimentality and grows upon the listener like virulent fungi. It will have the knickers off many a courting couple before the month is out.

The Railway Children, I see, have put Janice Long house band status behind them and are also making a bid for mega-bucks. Unfortunately, they still sound twee and directionless, and I wouldn't put a note on them romping home past Roddy Frame in the chart stakes.

LEN LIGGINS: A Headful Of Ants (*AAZ*)

This four track EP should have been reviewed weeks ago, but as Len Liggins is a definite cult figure (ie John Peel dubbed him 'legendary', which is the commercial kiss of death for anyone . . .), I guess it doesn't matter. Len records on a portastudio in his front room in Leeds, and the results put a lot of bands with unlimited studio time to shame.

18 months ago, Len caused faint rumblings with his 'A Remedy For Bad Nerves' EP and this – as befits a cult artist – is only his follow up. At times, Liggin's voice and style veer uncomfortably close to Billy Bragg-land, but he's far too maverick to wind up the oafish cliche Bragg has. The pop-orientated 'Bye Bye Brenda' is worth the EP alone, though the ballad 'Life In Leeds' will certainly stand as a classic observation of Northern malaise.

If record shop assistants stare blankly at you try contacting: AAZ Records, 47 Brudenell Mount, Leeds LS6 1HS.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

PETER MURPHY: Indigo Eyes (*Beggars Banquet*)

Like the songs of The Lilac Time, Murphy's long awaited single is deceptive in its simplicity and mood. It's a 1,000 miles from the dance floor, and a 1,000 miles from the trendy dictates of the music press.

If Stephen 'Tin Tin' Duffy has to live down the memory of teeny bop success (the unforgettable 'Kiss Me'), then Peter (cheekbones) Murphy has to contend with the considerable cult status of Bauhaus and the albatross of 'Bela Lugosi's Dead'.

Where Duffy experienced pressure as a 12 year old's wet dream, Murphy was, and still is, the cadaverous wet dream of many a pre and post-Goth. The mourning of Bauhaus and their particular strain of histrionic gloom continues all over the world, and – unlike Duffy who has simply gone from extremes – Murphy has a tough job on his hands if he really wants to escape the constraint of fulfilling a waiting market's expectations.

'Indigo Eyes' requires a number of spins before the gentle beauty of it hits you. After that, again like TLT's LP, you just want to leave it on the turntable for a solid week. It's the revenge of the sensitive soul . . .

BMX BANDITS: In Her Hair (*53rd & 3rd*)

This is actually Track 1 Side 2 of the BMX Bandits' 12" EP. In a rare flash of lucidity, BMX Bandits produce an almost perfect recreation of psychedelic Garage music circa '67; largely thanks to the repetitive use of a badly tuned piano, but the acned whine of the vocalist is pretty spot on too. A must for *original* Punk music fans (though quiet, we are legion . . .).

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY: Nothing Wrong (*Situation Two*)

At *NME* liking RLYL is equivalent to stepping in dog-shit and refusing to remove it from your shoes . . . Quite what RLYL have done to deserve such critical abhorance is a mystery to me. They are one of the best live bands I've ever seen, generating a seriously mind-altering atmosphere without recourse to Gothic theatrics. Their sinister wall of noise continues with this latest release. Joy Division victims would do well to check it out.

THE VULTURES: Good Thing EP (*Narodnik*)

Much as I'm dedicated to championing women's efforts to dent the male fortress that is the music industry, I've got to say that this women's band from Edinburgh provide fuel for those men who claim women cannot play their instruments. I thought we had heard the last of crass amateurism when Punk went for a burton.

If you think I'm being unnecessarily brutal to The Vultures it's because I think they are irresponsible idiots for reviving the Screaming Lord Such hit, 'Jack The Ripper'. *That* is the last thing I want to hear from women on vinyl.

JIH: Take Me To The Girl (*Jungle*)

Jih is the vehicle used by Grant McNally, who this time has roped in old Associates pal Billy Mackenzie. It's gentle, subtle synth-pop made distincitve by Mackenzie's idiosyncratic crooning (he really is the closest thing we have to a Scott Walker of the '80s). Of course, it's totally unfashionable and would be laughed out of nearly anywhere these days. But I've always approved of McNally and Mackenzie's attitude, which is to quietly get on with work regardless of the changing climate. A welcome re-appearance too from Soft Cell 'genius' David Ball, who contributes production on the track 'Wake Up'.

ANNIE HOGAN: Each Day (*Dinamo*)

My copy had cat's hair all over it! Clearly, in a record pressing factory somewhere a pet has gone missing . . .

Marc Almond fans will know Annie Hogan as the brilliant and striking looking keyboard playing with The Willing Sinners. This is Hogan's tentative attempt to be recognised as a songwriter and performer in her own right. But I'm afraid it's a bitter disappointment. 'Each Day' is a weak, forgettable cocktail-bar number (although this does mean *Face* readers will buy it), and Hogan's voice is alarmingly bland. If anything, it reminds me of those arch poseurs Everything But The Girl.

TONI HALLIDAY: Weekday (*Anxious*)

Dave (Midas-touch) Stewart launches his own label with this. Being one whose better instincts have always been for the overtly commercial, he's made a typically canny choice in signing singer/songwriter Toni Halliday. Halliday is female, young, 'pretty', with an attractive (ie to punters of every age) pop voice.

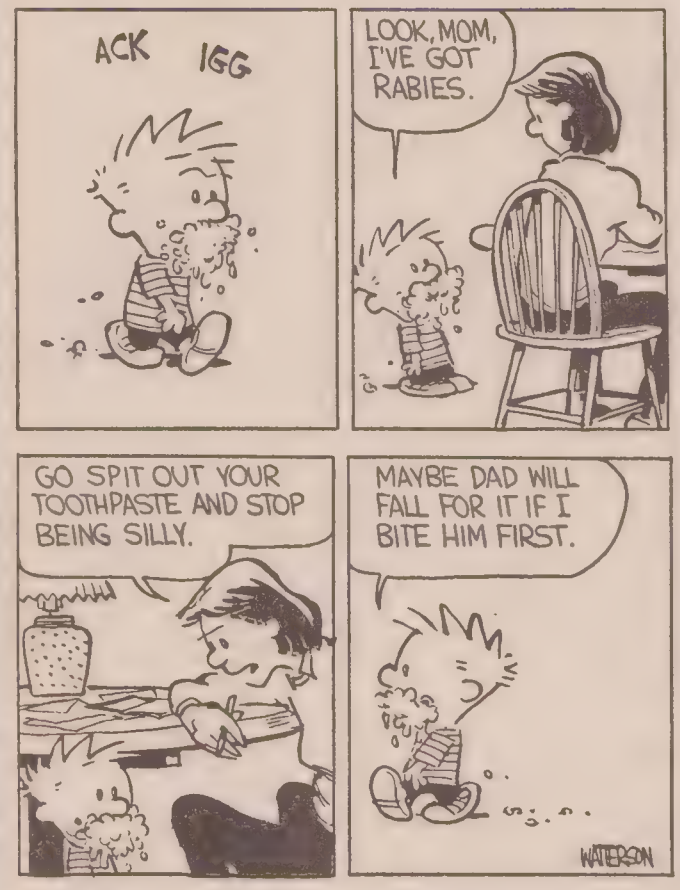
To my eternal shame, after writing a diatribe against the new breed of white 'chart crumpet', I suddenly grew to like Belinda Carlisle's singles. 'Weekday' is in a similar vein, and must surely chart. It will be interesting to see what Halliday has to say for herself, as somehow I doubt if she is just another music industry puppet with a great cleavage.

ROKY ERIKSON & EVILHOOK: You Don't Love Me (*Fundamental*)

I'm sorry about the lack of hip-hop and House in this week's column. I'm sure normal service will be resumed as soon as I'm shown the door. But it gives me the opportunity to plug Garage greats such as Roky Erikson who, surprisingly – given his well documented propensity for leaving the planet at frequent intervals – is back on terrific form. This 12" is part of Fundamental's catalogue of 'Hardcore Folk Weirdness'. Other appetising product they have on offer is a band called JFA or Jody Foster's Army (screech!).

WORD UP

EDITED BY SEAN O'HAGAN


ACK IGG
LOOK, MOM, I'VE GOT RABIES.
GO SPIT OUT YOUR TOOTHPASTE AND STOP BEING SILLY.
MAYBE DAD WILL FALL FOR IT IF I BITE HIM FIRST.
WATTERSON

BRAT OUT OF HELL

SOMETHING UNDER THE BED IS DROOLING
Bill Watterson *(Andrews And McMeel £5.95)*

READING THIS, the second Calvin And Hobbes collection, is a dangerous experience. Honking furiously on a commuter packed tube train, my fellow passengers became alarmed and prepared to smash me to death with their rolled up *Standards*.

How to convince you serious-type rock'n'roll fans that the adventures of a boy and his stuffed tiger are funny. Leave it out, you are thinking, we're too grown up for this soppy Winnie the Pooh nonsense. WRONG. This is none of your twee anthropomorphic biz. *This* Christopher Robin is a cultureblitzed '80s raggamuffin. Calvin's idea of an outrageously sexy time is to wolf down eight bowls of Chocolate Frosted Sugar Bombs whilst watching Saturday morning cartoons. By noon he's so hyperactive he makes Billy Whizz look like Dylan the Rabbit.

Newspaper comic strip books are usually to be avoided. Those that feature 'kids' are usually the worst—cloying, or in the case of *The Perishers*, incredibly dated.

Calvin and Hobbes is different. For one it is FUNNY. For two the wee brat Calvin is a total and utter bastard, the destruction he wreaks apon his material surroundings is awesome. Two thirds of his life he spends locked inside the crazed trashcave of his own skull as a spaceman, a Tyrannosaurus Rex or a giant, cookie-munching amoeba. He's a rock'n'roll kid, constantly trying to look 'cool' or 'new wave', dancing 'round the house in a pair of Raybans to 78 rpm classical music at three in the morning.

Whilst doing his homework, Calvin suddenly turns into a bog eyed zombie. Whilst having a bath he transmogrifies into a giant, prehistoric sea monster. He thumps down stairs into the kitchen with a mouth full of bathwater which he spews over his mother (who has just become his ancient arch-rival, Megalon). This is why little kids don't need drugs. He talks to his stuffed Tiger, Hobbes. To Calvin, Hobbes is real, the reader is constantly forced to shift perceptions as Hobbes changes from tiger to toy to tiger again in the space of a few panels. It's very much like the guy with the dummy in *Soap*—has this kid just got a good imagination or is he freakin' nuts? What should we give Susie for her birthday?—asks Hobbes. How about a mouth full of broken teeth?—says Calvin.

Both bathos and pathos are used to pace the normally frantic terrorkrieg that Calvin inflicts on his environment but sentimentality is rigorously avoided. Calvin exists outside the twee, artificial bubble or 'childhood' that was invented by the Victorians shortly after they stopped stuffing toddlers up chimneys. Neither is his the idealised American family.

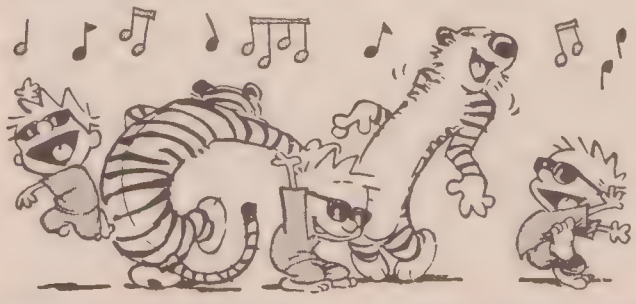
His liberal, lower-middle class parents bicker and fight and probably fool around. The claustrophobia, frustration and violence that the nuclear family produces is always lurking in the background. In reality Calvin would stand a good chance of being a battered child.

Calvin is one of those bored, alienated, pissed off and spunky little bastards that we *all* know. Despite being hyper intelligent, extremely articulate, possessing a massive vocabulary and an indestructible thirst for both empirical and spiritual knowledge, Calvin flunks all his exams because he hasn't yet learnt how to kiss arse, knuckle down and stop asking awkward questions. This is real life. Anyone who's ever been dosed with sleeping pills by a parent close to tears, anyone who's ever been thrashed, anyone who's ever wondered why adults are such f—ed up people—will know what I'm talking about.

A very funny book.

Steven Wells

Calvin And Hobbes and *Something Under The Bed Is Drooling* can be ordered from Comic Showcase, 76 Neal Street, Covent Garden, London WC2 (240 3664). Each book costs £6.50 inc. p.p.



SOFT SELL

MARC ALMOND
The Angel Of Death In The Adonis Lounge *(GMP, £3.95)*

WITH NICK Cave's novel nearing completion, and Morrissey's underway, today's rock stars seem to be displaying an impulse towards the literate unseen since the best forgotten opuses of Bob Dylan *(Tarantula)* and Leonard Cohen *(Beautiful Losers)*. In the case of the current crop, though, it's at least motivated less by egotistical belief in their status as Renaissance Men of the Modern Age (only Sting seems stupid enough to believe that nowadays and hopefully he's too intent on pursuing David Bowie's guide on how to make a dickhead of yourself on celluloid) and more by concerns too broad for songwriting to contain.

Equivalently we've seen the absurd pretension of rock lyrics presented as poetry before, but rarely has a rock star had a way with words strong enough to suffer presentation on the printed page. Marc Almond is different, an individual who has dedicatedly pursued a path of his own obsessions, he has seen a world which he made his own, from the sad sham of English sleaze to the drag theatrics of New York's Dockside. It's a world that's now dying out and these poems are its elegies.

Creeping through the stanzas is the sense of unease that settles in the search for late-night thrills when disease is cutting its swathe through the back rooms. They're often short on literary polish, which will no doubt upset the Oxbridge educated but nobody else, but strong on emotion (a quality that's in much shorter supply). Like his lyrics they display an ability to capture both the tragedy and the humanity of life in the gutter, catty humour clawing its way through between the lines.

Uncompromising, extreme, this collection is everything you could expect. Almond is still a voice apart.

John Munro

BEST SELLING COMICS

1 **THE KILLING JOKE** (DC)
2 **VIZ 28** (House Of Viz)
3 **MARSHAL LAW 3** (Epic)
4 **THE X-MEN 231** (Marvel)
5 **X-FACTOR** (Marvel)
6 **NICK FURY VERSUS SHIELD** (Marvel)
7 **ACTION COMICS WEEKLY** (DC)
8 **HELLBLAZER 8** (DC)
9 **SILVER SURFER 13** (Marvel)
10 **THE PUNISHER** (Marvel)

Zapped in from Comic Showcase, 76 Neal St, London WC2

THE RISE OF THE NEW WRITE

ADRIAN TIERNEY-JONES believes *Granta* to be the Elvis Costello of literary mags. Here he examines its Attractions.

Against designer culture. Against fashion. Against fickleness. For the word. That's the public face of *Granta*.

Granta is the paperback magazine that began its current run of success in 1979. Previously *Granta* meant a sporadically published Cambridge University journal launched back in 1889, when Oscar Wilde was the Morrissey of his day. In 1979 Bill Buford became editor and *Granta* currently sells something over 120,000 each quarterly issue. reprint after reprint abound. In the tradition of John Lehmann's *Penguin New Writing* of the 1940s it has forged for itself both critical and commercical acclaim.

"The first issue was motivated by my own Transatlantic prejudices for American writers," Buford once said. "We wrote to 22 American writers who we considered of worth, expecting three or four to answer. We received some 19 different manuscripts which meant we started in the paperback format so as to get them all in. We were not meant to be a long term operation. Our first issue was supposed to be in the perfunctory publishing tradition of the former *Granta*. However, when we discovered how well the magazine had been received we took it far more seriously."

To date there have been 23 *Grantas* and the latest displays a collage cover of home-sweet-home rose gardens and an Afrikanner hard man with black SA army recruits. From its seventh issue which featured "The Best of Young British Novelists" (many of whom were disappointingly close to 40 years old), Penguin stepped in to aid with distribution. Success, with this mighty publishing giant's muscle, was ensured.

Part of *Granta*'s appeal is that the majority of pieces in one issue is devoted to a theme. It's not simply a case of plonking together a collection of stories and articles and hey presto!—a lit mag. For instance *Granta* was early in picking up on that emerging strain of American literature, the so-called 'Dirty Realism', a kind of Husker Du and R.E.M. of fiction. Way back in 1983 writers such as Richard Ford *(The Sportswriter)* and Raymond Carver received their first UK exposures. Other themes have included science, travel writing, the story-teller and autobiography. There seems to be a desire to grapple with and update certain modes of writing which have not been regarded as 'modern', or 'post-modern' as the case maybe. Non-theme pieces have included James Fenton on the downfall of Marcos, fiction and fact from Hanif Kureishi, writer of *My Beautiful Launderette* and *Sammy And Rosie Get Shafted* etc, plus the time-warping but nonetheless gripping revelations of Stanley Booth in the *True Adventures Of The Rolling Stones*.

The latest issue takes *Home* as its theme. The blurb succinctly states its case: "Prague, Beirut, Des Moines, the ugliest village in Essex. What is home for an Arab in Israel? For an ex-patriot returning for the Iowa County fair? For a man surrounded by chickens?"

Within its covers, Jonathan Raban charts the apocalyptic progress of last year's hurricane; Norman Lewis recalls and badmouths Essex and Anton Shammas remembers the Israeli invasion of Galilee in 1948, a piece which has particular resonance in the light of current events taking place on the West Bank. And outside *Home*, Nicholas Shakespeare searches for the Sendero Luminoso guerrillas of Peru. Enthralling stuff.

So what else makes it different?

Bill Buford: "We publish in a very aggressive and ambitious manner. Literature should have an immediacy that currently a lot of it doesn't have."

There are certain things *Granta* isn't though. It is not a forum for new untried writers. its contributors have mostly been published before. But for some first-timers it's probably their debut before a wide audience. The request for manuscripts to be accompanied by SAEs "or they cannot be returned" on the imprint page speaks for itself.

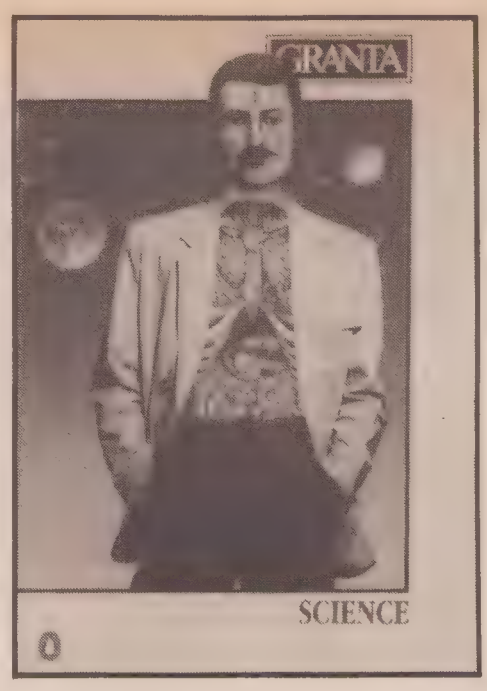
Still there is much to be gained from the appearance of such regulars as Milan Kundera, Ryszand Kapuscinski, Martha Gellhorn and T Coraghessan Boyle (whose hilarious *The Miracle at Ballinspittle* is a standout in the current issue). *Granta* is not a forum for experimental writing of the cut-up mode. It is free of Ackeresque post modernism shillyshallying and the resulting narrative log-jams.

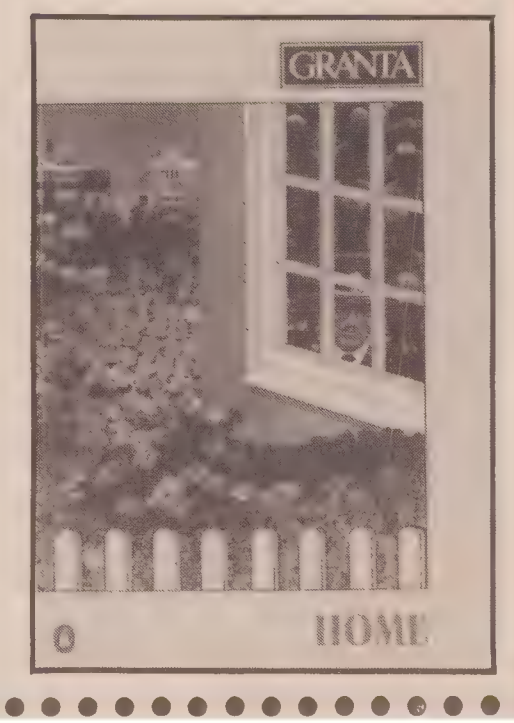
A slight disappointment is the perception that the transatlantic prejudices of Buford are indulged too much. Writing from Ireland, Scotland and Wales and the regional areas of England is rare. Despite the general leftist slant the Thatcher years and Yuppie culture have yet to be really dissected and dealt with. The latest issue has a piece on the Crash, but you get the feeling that *Granta* still needs a special issue to get to grips with writing in late '80s UK.

Some would regard *Granta* as the Dire Straits of literary mags. They would be wrong. A more pertinent comparison would be Elvis Costello. Constantly innovative and contemporary within an orthodox context. It is a flagship for intelligent and entertaining fiction and what Buford has called 'cultural journalism'. And thankfully it doesn't provide space for any of the 'controversial' New Right polemicists, who seem to pop up in other publications with the regularity of Boy George at a charity function.

Finally, its A5 size means it's not easy to slip into your hip pocket like other well dressed but badly written modern fictions, so you have no alternative but to read it.

Granta, available from most book-stores (Penguin £4.95).





THE WONDER STUFF

GIVE ME MORE
GIVE ME MORE
GIVE ME MORE

THE NEW SINGLE

IS YER BANK BIG ENOUGH ?

COMING READY OR NOT !

2 TRACK 7" GONE 3
4 TRACK 12" GONEX 3
4 TRACK C.D. GONCD 3

THE FAR OUT RECORDING COMPANY 1988

DON'T FORGET!

YOU CAN NOW BOOK YOUR CLASSIFIED AD IN NME BY ACCESS CARD.

PHONE 01–829 7797.

EDITED BY GAVIN MARTIN

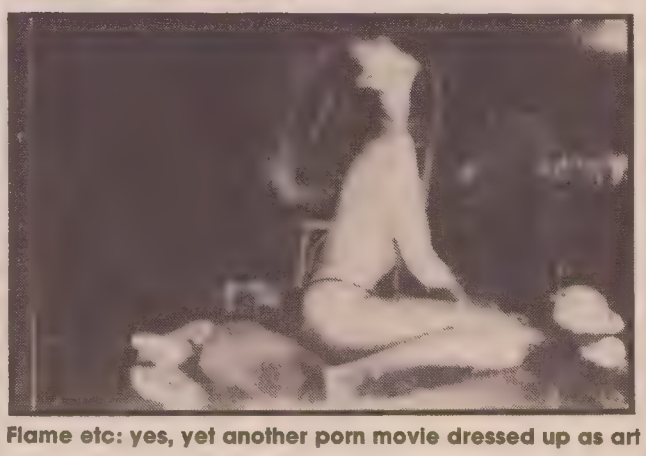
Film

A GOOD SEEING TO

A FLAME IN MY HEART
DIRECTOR: **Alain Tanner**
STARRING: **Myriam Mezieres, Aziz Kabouche and Benoit Regent**

AS CELLULOID currency, desire has been monopolised by the art house flick. The blurb for *A Flame In My Heart* doesn't, thankfully, mention *9½ Weeks* preferring to hark back to *the* art-angst (s)existential moment, *Last Tango In Paris*.

A Flame In My Heart is a bleak exploration of sexual obsession



Flame etc: yes, yet another porn movie dressed up as art

written by, and starring, Myriam Mezieres. Alain Tanner's direction is of the low budget, fragmentary, disconnected sort; all spartan rooms and bleakly lit interiors. He follows the actress, Mercedes, through a tortured end-of-affair with the boorish Johnny (Aziz Kabouche). Enter the silent, sensitive Pierre, picked up in the Metro by Mercedes and taken home for a good seeing to. So far, so good.

The film takes on a more disturbing sub text when Pierre goes abroad for weeks on end and Mercedes descends into a domestic sexual cold turkey.

Neither copious helpings of breakfast cereal nor a prolonged self-help session with her index finger assuage Mercedes' uncontrollable needs. Thus, Tanner and Mezieres posit desire as disease, obsessive sexual love as madness. It's not a new idea but something about Myriam Mezieres' doggedly disconnected performance lends the film a kind of tenuous, painfully articulated authenticity.

The film is disturbing and disturbingly facile by turns and, no doubt, will cause a stir amidst the bastions of new morality that stalk both the left and right of Brit stiff upper lip politics. Whatever, the film's determined pessimism means it is unlikely to deprave or corrupt, more likely to depress. Despite Mezieres' performance, a cold shower of a film.

Larry Flynn O'Hagan

BLOOMING HILARIOUS

FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC
DIRECTOR: **Jeffrey Bloom**
STARRING: **Louise Fletcher, Victoria Tennant and Kirsty Swanson.**

IT MUST mortify the makers of *Flowers In The Attic* – the film of the bestseller by Virginia Andrews – that their *baby*, their chic, little horror 'classic' will doubtless wind up overflowing cheap video bins before the season is out.

Director Jeffrey Bloom has dubbed the film: "A modern day fairy tale with a lyrical, sensual style." In actuality *Flowers* . . . is just another trippy, spooky, low IQ chiller for Teen-Lolitas to neck to. A horror flick so dire only sissy Scaredy Cats and the odd chronic bedwetter will need a change of underwear.

The plot is terrifyingly puerile. When her husband dies, the beautiful Corinne takes her four blond, ethereal children to live with her parents in their huge, gothic mansion. Gramps has never forgiven Corinne for making an incestuous marriage so kindly ol'Granny – sympathetically depicted by Louise Fletcher as a cross between Myra Hindley and Hitler – hides them in an attic room for months while mommie tries to win back the love of her dying father, and subsequently inherit all the readies.

Unfortunately for the children Mommie's marbles roll out of her ears one day and are next seen rattling off down the luxurious corridors to the sinister tune of: *'Who wants to be a Millionaire – Mommie does!'* One day the eldest son – a budding scientist – discovers with the aid of one dead mouse, one dead brother and the contents of an old chemistry set that mommie has been lacing their cookies with arsenic. The rest of the film deals with the onslaught of their new found maturity, mommie developing into a sterling loopfruit and The Great Escape. The climax of *Flowers* . . . . . is actually a minor classic; but in a comic sense, not horror.

Barbara Ellen

PIPER AT THE GATES OF HELL

THE PIED PIPER
DIRECTOR: **Jiri Barta**

JIRI BARTA'S Piper, a stern ghoul in a billowing cape, stalks through a Hades of nastiness and degeneracy, the rats—real and stuffed—have sharp teeth and greasy fur, and are thoroughly unpleasant to behold.

The rats are a symptom of the town's festering malaise, with its money-grabbing, hogshead-guzzling inhabitants, who speak in metallic chirrups and do their marketplace bartering with gold coins flying out of their mouths.

Barta tells his story mainly in wood, with clanking, dehumanised robot-effigies playing the burghers of old Hamelin. The humour throughout is queasily macabre such as the town council gorging themselves on slimy roasts while the rats swarm round their ankles. Apart from being a remarkable technical achievement, it's scary as hell, like a nightmare cooked up by the Brothers Grimm in collaboration with Fritz Lang.

The programme is the centrepiece of an animation festival starting its rounds at the Everyman Cinema. Also featured are Claymation's *Adventures of Mark Twain*, a Bugs Bunny biopic, and a Bob Clampett/Frank Tashlin programme.

Jonathan Romney

The Animation Festival is in London at the Everyman Cinema, from April 24-30, and will later be travelling to Manchester, Edinburgh, Bristol, Cardiff and other major cities.

JONATHAN ROMNEY charts the troubled odyssey WERNER HERZOG, and reviews his new film *Cobra Verde*.

FATAL OBSESSIONS

Most directors take up cinema because they have a Busby Berkeley complex they want to exorcise; or because they want to get next to the world's glamour pusses from the comfort of a Hollywood casting couch.

This is not the case with Werner Herzog. He's made 25 films, and all of them bear the mark of a man obsessed with the integrity of his art to the point of extremity (some have said, of insanity). He's famous as the man who reputedly forced Klaus Kinski to complete a film at gunpoint; as the man who not only hypnotised his entire cast (in *Heart Of Glass*) but also once tried the same trick on an audience; and as the man who hauled a 340-ton steamer up a Peruvian hillside in *Fitzcarraldo*.

This is the fantastic, and traumatic, experience recorded in Les Blank's *Burden Of Dreams*, and it's a telling clip from that film that starts his *Guardian* lecture at the NFT—a frazzled Herzog declaring, "I shouldn't make movies any more, I should go to a mental asylum."

At the NFT, he responds to questioning with sometimes alarming frankness. There's the inevitable question of Klaus Kinski, who plays the lead in Herzog's new film *Cobra Verde*.

Kinski, he says, is "over the cliff", he'd rather see him die now while he's still a prodigy, rather than undergo an undignified ageing process; they'll never work together again: I don't love him and I don't hate him. I feel pity for him. What saves him is he commands a great deal of natural stupidity."

The next day, Herzog's sitting by the window in his Savoy suite, facing out across a desolate view of the Thames. Meeting him close up, you begin to have an inkling of his paradoxical nature.

Danger, disturbed artist at work: Herzog

Ah that All-Bran worked: Kinski gives a hand

You have a reputation for absolute commitment – do you ever have any doubts?

"People in film-making normally don't end well – look at Orson Welles, he was strong like an animal, and how his last 20 years were. They all end like that, with a few exceptions. If it was only sad, I would accept it easier, but this lack of dignity is so worrying.

"Doing films for a very long time is always messing around with illusion, and I have the suspicion that this is one of the elements that destroys people in this profession. I will try to leave it when I see that I become an embarrassment.

"I'm trying to do other things now, I've started to direct operas, I'm walking on foot, very long distances—I mean *really* long distances, all alone, and I write while I'm walking – and I want to become a professional cook, so that I might work at night in a restaurant."

What does Kinski have to say about you?

"Probably just insulting things, that I was incompetent, and that he made all the films.

"I know he's the biggest nuisance and a real pestilence, but at the same time, he is a wonder of this world."

Do any other screen 'monsters' attract you?

"Jack Nicholson said, 'I want to play in one of your films, what's your next project?' I said I have a wonderful project and a great part, but not for *you*, and that was *Stroszek*. And of course, he understood—you don't have to cast Nicholson just to have a star in the movie, and he would be ridiculous."

But you've never been attracted to Hollywood culture?

"No, I've not. I like some Hollywood films very much, I like all Fred Astaire movies, in particular *Broadway Melody Of1940*—such an insipid face and such insipid stories, but a great film."

What were the problems of filming in Africa?

"I didn't want to do a social study on contemporary Africa. How has Africa been depicted so far? As a primitive continent full of savages, or with the Hemingway nostalgia. That Africa has created its own high cultures is unknown in cinema so far. And I take a pride in showing that. The Africans don't have to be ashamed of what they did in my film. I was very explicit in telling them my perspective is the perspective of a white European, period."

For the scenes in which Amazon warriors do battle, 1,000 women were trained for ten weeks in a stadium in Accra. Their military discipline apart, they were apparently fairly unruly – Herzog tells hair-raising tales about bungalows crushed in the rush for lodgings, and about even more hectic scenes when the pay was being doled out after shooting: "It was like the Heysel Stadium."

Doesn't the film come dangerously close to presenting Africa as exotic sectacle?

"Not as a spectacle, it's a fascination, that's all. But of course everyone, wishing me bad, is ready to misinterpret and say it's a colonialist view of Africa."

Herzog denies that he puts himself, or his crew, in extreme situations for the hell of it, but you have to wonder. This is a man who, travelling in the Sudan at the age of 18, spent five days alone in a barn with fever, being gnawed by rats. After an experience like that, what *couldn't* you take in your stride?

"It's always for the sake of the film. I'm always extremely well prepared, I'm not a blind gambler." The one exception, he says, was when he was making a documentary on a volcano that was just about to explode.

You seem to have an elevated idea of art that's unusual these days, that it requires extremes of effort.

"Not necessarily – it doesn't need to go into any adventures. I hate adventurers, it's an embarrassment."

Then it's a question of intensity?

"Yes, to describe our inner chronicle is what I am after. One has to learn to beome fearless to do so.

"I just do what becomes an *inescapable necessity*, and I don't consider too much what is expected from me."

Herzog maintains a belief in the film-maker not as *showman* but *shaman*. And yet maybe this insistence on his own involvement runs the risk of excluding the audience. He admits, "I cannot speak for the audience, nor do I understand who they are." Herzog's renowned for taking himself – and his crews – out to the edge. What's worrying about *Cobra Verde* is that this time, he doesn't seem to be taking the audience with him.

COBRA VERDE
DIRECTOR: **Werner Herzog**
STARRING: **Klaus Kinski, King Ampaw, Jose Lewgoy, His Royal Highness Nana Agyefi Kwame II of Nesin.**

WERNER HERZOG'S films are always somehow bigger than themselves – not just events, but movies that somehow leak into life, inseparable from the conditions of their making. *Cobra Verde* is a return to the epic style of *Fitzcarraldo*, but here the adventure and spectacle seem to have eclipsed the vision. For all its blazing colour and intensity, *Cobra Verde* is a film of surfaces, uncharacteristically short on dream.

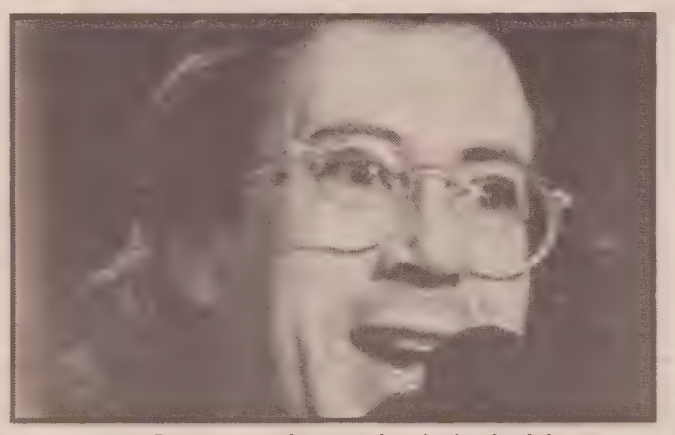
Da Silva, alias Cobra Verde, is a Brazilian bandit who gets taken on as overseer on a plantation and promptly impregnates his boss's three daughters. As a result, he's sent on a mission of certain death to re-establish slaving contacts with the mad King of Dahomey, but succeeds in establishing himself as part-entrepreneur, part-warlord.

With Kinski in the lead, there's once again ample opportunity to speculate on his role as Herzog's double, especially in the scenes where he 'directs' his army of Amazons in battle. But herein lies the problem: firstly, because Kinski, for all his lip-twisting and eye-rolling, has never been less impressive in a Herzog film, emerging as a hapless victim of circumstance rather than a galvanised visionary; and secondly, because by setting him as the focal point, amid a sea of African pageantry, Herzog can't avoid presenting a tourist's-eye view of Africa.

Despite such striking visuals Herzog neither touches on the reality of Africa nor constructs a convincing identity for it and certainly never engages with the question of slavery in anything more than a superficial way. *Fitzcarraldo* may have been an epic exploration of the *futile*; *Cobra Verde* simply looks a little pointless, which isn't the same thing at all.

OFRA HAZA
IM NIN'ALU 7" & 12" PLAYED IN FULL MIX
wea

BARBARA ELLEN investigates behind the scenes at *Friday Night Live* and finds BEN ELTON has loadsaexcuses.



Ben Elton: an anchorman beginning to sink

FLAMING FRYDAY OR FADING FIZZLE?

*"**DID YOU** ENJOY TONIGHT'S SHOW?... YOU DID... GOOD, GOOD, GOOD... THING IS ERM ...I CAN'T GIVE YOU 10 MINUTES JUST NOW IT'S LIKE... ERM. THERE'S SOME PEOPLE HERE I HAVEN'T SEEN FOR A WHILE AND ..."*

Ben Elton is trying to convince me that sometimes 10 minutes can seem like an eternity. Especially to a *working man* who has just endured a strenuous night hosting a live TV show. I smile and nod understandingly, then I reassure him that I'd be gone again before he knew it but that certain questions needed to be answered if I was ever going to sleep easy again... besides, the show ended *over two hours ago*. It doesn't work. Elton hears me out politely but remains reluctant to talk at this—the post *Friday Night Live* weekly party.

The fact that I'm no rogue journalist, that I *have* earned some stripes of sorts by waiting around for most of this long and terrible day matters not a jot. Elton seems reluctant to talk to me whatever the circumstances, sucking excuses from thin air with such energy I'm beginning to think that he hates me. Positive and alert when I first cornered him, he now looks bedraggled and depressed. Perhaps panic has set in: What if I *did* decide to trail around after him through the soup of celebrities. What the hell could *he* do about it?

"NOW... I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... YOU'RE THINKING—OH... WHAT A BASTARD HE WON'T GIVE ME 10 MINUTES BUT ... I WILL... COME TO REHEARSALS... LIKE YOU DID LAST WEEK... IT WAS YOU WASN'T IT? YEAH, I THOUGHT SO. WE'LL DO IT THEN... NOT NOW... ANYWAY, WHY AREN'T YOU TALKING TO HARRY (ENFIELD)?... HE'S THE ONE EVERYBODY WANTS TO TALK TO NOW..."

...Elton looks relieved. But... when I glance back I discover that he is still glaring at Enfield. Not only that. As I stare, something very macabre happens to his face. It may have been the lights but I swear to god that—just for an instant—Elton resembled a very large and very bulbous bunch of *sour grapes*...

Aha... the rapier-witted amongst you have already begun jamming the switchboards, hailing that last paragraph as a particularly fine work of fiction. Or, in short, *a lie*. Well spotted readers. I'm not really prone to bad acid flashbacks and I'm... 78 per cent certain that Elton isn't overtly jealous of Enfield's much deserved celebrity but...

Those who do happen to catch *Friday Night Live* this time round know that Elton and Enfield are the show's only real anchormen. As buffers for newer—often hyper ventilating—comedy acts they have a responsibility to keep the momentum going. Especially when—as so often happens—some greenhorn without a punchline manages to singlehandedly devastate the carefully honed 'Party' atmosphere.

The majority of new acts on *Friday Night Live* are credible enough. But it's invariably Harry Enfield who excels, with Starvros and Loadsamoney receiving applause and laughs. Talking of laughs, those privileged enough to become part of the studio audience have their preconceptions blasted into orbit by Ben Elton's genuinely wicked warm up act. A display of wit totally contrasting with his usual, rather pedestrian armchair politics. Routines that have led to Elton being universally dubbed as the most boring Labour voter since Paul Weller.

Enfield would think nothing of introducing a new, addictive character every year but Elton is still too busy pulling Edwina Currie's pigtails to really get his hands dirty. A man only *too* often pitifully unrecognisable as the genius behind the cranium crunching *Blackadder* series. It's not that humour and politics don't mix, it's just that Elton never did have the recipe.

Only in weeks that Enfield teams up with bands like The Primitives and genuinely insane American comediennes like Judy Tenuta does the show begin to gel. Bands like the Eurythmics limousining their bloated egos around the studio can only be seen as a sign that too many middle aged professionals are involved in producing the programme. The irony is that if *Friday Night Live* was moved to a more accessible slot it could easily become the most popular 'youth' programme on the box. Its strengths lie in its unpredictability, its unflagging allegiance to the indie charts—at least one lesser known band appears on each show—and that curious chemistry often generated by a programme that dares to send music and comedy out live. On the minus side the show often loses impetus, fainting at the starting post when it should be entering the marathon.

Much of the blame for this lethargy and unbecoming sloppiness can be put on Elton, his routines often discolouring, even rotting the rest of the show. Nevertheless, I eagerly await the day the show is re-titled *Monday Night Live*. Only then can I be sure that people other than me and the odd curious babysitter are watching. It gets lonely up here.

NME's essential viewing guide

COUCH POTATO

YOU'D GET none of that sampling litigation lark in China. There has been no notion of private intellectual property there since way before Mao. Pirating the work of others is seen as a compliment. However, ***The Media Show*** (9.00pm, C4, Tuesday) shows that pressure from the West is forcing the country to consider introducing copyright laws. Over on BBC1, the first of a series of six Alan Bennett monologues (***Talking Heads*** 9.30pm) has your man himself running through ***A Chip In The Sugar***, a middle-aged man talks of his mother's late fling with a Mr Turnbull.

It's Wednesday, 11.00pm on Channel 4 and it's back. ***Who Dares Wins*** in its third series would seem to have come of age. Jimmy Mulville, Rory McGrath, Julia Hills, Tony Robinson and Philip 'Chicken Song' Pope romp through a series of smartly-targeted sketches: disgusting English parents running an Asian-free school, the dorks that join The Territorials, and those dumb acres of public information broadcasts. Any light-heartedness this may induce will be quickly dispelled by ***The Late Shift. Art Pepper—Notes From A Jazz Survivor*** (C4, 12.20am) is a portrait of the saxophonist who died shortly after the filming, depicting his lifelong struggle with a heroin addiction. ***Joe Albany—A Jazz Life*** (C4, 1.20am) continues the theme. Another jazz musician with a heroin problem. What are C4 trying to do to us?

On Thursday BBC1 (9.35pm) are repeating ***The Lenny Henry Show***. Andrei Tarkovsky's celebrated film autobiog ***Mirror*** rounds off the day on C4 at 12.30am. No junkies in that, thank heavens.

Review (Friday, BBC2, 9.30pm) prods the contents of Andy Warhol's house the day before it gets auctioned off at Sotheby's. Bags I get the carriage clocks... Squeeze appear on ***Friday Night Live*** (C4, 10.30pm) and that's followed at 11.50 by Fritz Lang's ***The Big Heat***. Over on ITV Pia Zadora embarrasses herself in ***Butterfly*** (11.05pm). Twerp.

Saturday gets pretty steamy, so be warned. Edna O'Brien's ***The Country Girls*** (C4, 9.00pm) is adapted for film by the author herself then over on ITV at 11.05, ***Maria's Lovers*** stars the foxy issue of gorgeous, pouting Klaus Kinski.

It's Sunday, it's Channel 4, it's 10.50pm. It's ***Phew, Rock 'n' Roll***. Unique live performances from a dozen *artistes* including Alexander O'Neal, the ghastly Sting and the, er, remarkable Tom Jones. The delightful Al Jarreau is featured in concert on ***Night Network***.

Daniel Cohn-Bendit is still squeaking away in the capital ***Revolution Revisited*** (C4, 9.00pm). Fernando Gabiro and Alfredo Sirkis chinwag with Danny Le Rouge about their experiences under the military dictatorship of Brazil of pre-1985. And there's more 1968 to come, chums. However, back to 1988. Emma Thompson present five minutes of her personal fave readings in ***Five To Eleven*** on BBC1. Why can't all programmes be so logically titled?

Myrna Minkoff

HEADLINE

an
everyday
tale
of
love
and
football
on
7 inch VS 1073
and
12 inch VST 1073

Tony Robinson: Black Adder's doormat

HERE'S TO YOU MR ROBINSON

A HELMETED spectacle in worn, red nylon waterproofs rustled into the Bacchanalian cosiness of the reception that heralded a third series of the er . . . the er . . . programme *Who Dares Wins* (Wednesday, C4, 11pm. Repeated Saturday 9.30pm).

Actors by tradition aren't supposed to remotely resemble the characters they've immortalised. But then again, anyone who walks around dressed like their moped's just left them would have a hard time *not* looking like *Black Adder's* Baldrick.

When our household first came across Tony Robinson (waterproofs man) we were convinced it was all a big mistake. Some kind of rogue transmission. An intensely animated man was locked in a preposterous mime wherein he was being beset by a swarm of bees, represented by windmill sail motioning of distortedly clenched fingers. He was wholly absorbed in the monstrosity of his own creation. He was telling vaguely distasteful stories to children based around the character of *Fat Tulip*.

Once your Robinson-consciousness is raised you notice he gets everywhere. He kind of updated *Fat Tulip's* format to produce *Odysseus – The Greatest Hero Of Them All* aimed at slightly older kiddybinks which won him some super swanky award.

He's popped up in several more sober productions, including a part in the chorus of an operatic version of the *Oresteian Trilogy*, made earlier episodes of *Who Dares Wins* worth watching with his characters that are always on the brink of a hangdog expression. Then he rose to the top of the public consciousness with his depiction of the greatest victim of them all, Baldrick, the amoral doormat.

He's just finished filming a half-hour programme telling the story of *Boudicca* with Toyah Wilcox, again exercising his wildly-animated, charming narrative technique.

"I wanted the approach to be rhythmic rather than the traditional prosaic approach of English story telling which begins 'Once Upon A Time . . .' and *then* the story begins. *Boudicca* is set to music, the rhythm starts *dh-ch-dh-dh* and *then* the narrative begins. Toyah's husband, Robert Fripp . . ."

Something small, cold and clammy tugs at my entrails . . .

". . . wrote the music. The filming was outdoors and in order for Toyah and I to keep in synch with the backing track without yards of cable being visible, we had to be fitted for deaf aids. It was such a *sexy experience*! They put this little suppository thing in your ear, like a tiny tampon with a bit of string attached and then they squirt warm plaster of paris into your ear canal."

Is there no end to this perversion? Back to *Fat Tulip*. Was it aimed solely at children?

"We were aware there were people at home watching who weren't children, who were forced to be at home, and also those who were watching with their kids. It did have undertones which would appeal to an adult audience but it was presented in a language that children could understand. But it wasn't a cynical process."

It has the same appeal as *Rainbow*, vaguely unsavoury . . .

Who wrote that sketch . . .

"He did!" (indicates McGrath).

. . . that sketch where you ended up with your dick in the toaster?

McGrath: "I wrote it. Anything to humiliate him."

The sketch in question is a corking observation of those public information films that depict the kitchen as a death-trap. Robinson is depicted using a toaster as a masturbatory aid, ending up blissfully frazzled. It inspired the need to share with someone those Great Masturbatory Deaths Of Our Time stories. The man who was electrocuted when his ejeculate shorted the electric shoe-buffer he was using. He was found three days later with a giant hole being buffed in his thigh. So what inspired the sketch?

McGrath: "There's hundreds of stories about guys arriving in Casualty with vacuum cleaners on their dicks and saucepans on their heads . . . Besides, we don't call it his dick. We call it his *throbbing member*."

Oh, have it your way . . .

Myrna Minkoff

FREEBIES-A-GO-GO : *ELM STREET* WHITESNAKE AND *RAISING ARIZONA*

Video

Cradle-snatcher Nic Cage

VIDEO OF the week is the Coen brothers' ***Raising Arizona*** a mindwarped comedy featuring jailbirds, baby burglary and apocalyptic vengeance. Nicholas Cage is the hangdog convict loser, Holly Hunter the prison warder who befriends and marries him. In the isolated American landscape peopled with absurd clowns and cranky mavericks first shown in *Blood Simple*, the brothers Coen combine superbly eerie and vivid cinematography with a clever and cutting script that takes a scalpel to parental ownership and modern day consumerism.

NME in conjunction with CBS/Fox video has 10 copies of *Raising Arizona* to give away. The movie hinges around the story of how Nicholas Cage steals a baby to bring happiness to his 'barren' wife. Put yourself in Nick's position. Had you to steal a baby any time in history who would it have been? And what difference would you have made in their upbringing? We're looking for *funny* answers. Answers on a postcard to Baby, *NME*, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1. Closing date April 29.

WIDELY REGARDED as the best of Wes Craven's *Nightmare* series ***Numero 3, The Dream Warriors*** has the sons and daughters of Freddy Kreuger's earlier victims in a psychiatric ward where their dreams are taking over from reality and the man with the scalpel fingers and burnt omelette visage is getting closer and closer.

We have five copies of this gruesome, multi-shockerama to give away. For runners up there's three Elm Street alarm clocks. Just tell us the name of the actor who plays Freddy Kreuger. Answers on a postcard to the address above. Closing date Friday April 29.

ALAN PARKER'S *Angel Heart* (Guild) pitches **MICKEY ROURKE**'s existential private eye into a New Orleans netherworld of sensuous deceit and brooding malcontents. A weird pot pourri of symbolism and general sleight of hands which nonetheless coax forth Rourke's most impressive screen performance to date.

Gavin Martin

WHITESNAKE (*PMI, £6.99*)
CARNAL INDECENCIES suggested, cocktales from a man who knows how to hold his microphone at odd angles and replicate Robert Plant's mid '70s shriek. Bigsnake David Coverdale—the biggest champagne blonde slut I can think of—parades through promos for whoppers like 'Give Me All Your Love' and 'Here I Go Again'. Sexual imagery is the lifeblood but images of ladies gyrating on shiny streamlined vehicles rarely titillate, much less the man with the pout, the leather strides and the frizzy barnet.

Could you do any better? Or is real eroticism a dying art? To find out we're offering five Whitesnake videos for the most sensual and elegant portrait of Dr Lovebomb Cove himself. Entries to *WHITESNAKE* Competition, same address as above.

Gavin Martin

Dave 'snake

a re-recorded **45rpm** seven, twelve with poster and limited seven featuring 'really stupid' 'dreamwalk baby' and 'crash' live, out now

lazy recordings RCA

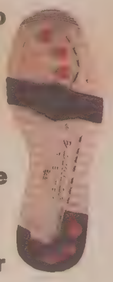
Pout Pouf
reach

To appreciate the FLEXIBILITY of a Dunlop running shoe, simply close this paper.

Before you double up in amazement, this is the Dunlop Whirlwind.

It's one of a range of three running shoes with an exclusive Dunlop sole called Flextek.

The rubber sole is formed with a series of horizontal flex lines across the forefoot. These respond to your natural running action and so allow the foot total freedom of movement. This not only reduces fatigue, but lessens the risk of injury.



And Dunlop have also bent over backwards to increase your comfort.

The Whirlwind incorporates an air-flow system within the cushioned sole which cools your foot as you run.

So when it comes to choosing your next pair of running shoes, it looks like it could be an open and shut case.

DUNLOP SPORTS SHOES

Winners in Action.

A Behind-The-Scenes Guide to the *NME* Marking System

10 Kiss ass!
9 Smooth as a baby's
8 Jostled by buttockheads
7 Driven by the seat of its pants
6 Anal retentive
5 Half-assed
4 Rectum? Well, it didn't do 'em any good
3 Arse over tip
2 Bum deal
1 The bottom line

Long Play

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Barbed Wire Kisses *(Blanco Y Negro LP/Cassette/CD)*

THEY BEGAN like a train, on a domesticated Rock Island Line, something wonderful yet to be animated. 'Upside Down' looms morosely as an aesthetic marvel but you wish its wheels would go round. This is a ripping retrospective, mainly b-sides and offcuts, compiled by the group themselves. The tracks happen in non-chronological order. That way things make an awful lot more sense.

Here they come, picking up a little bit of speed. The pedestrian whimsy of the first single shakes itself loose from its moorings to hover, apparently motionless, in other songs. But it's a hazy suspension, in the way that a distant stampede, with all its attendant hullabaloo, appear to be ominously still. Having likened them to a train, one can't go on to label them a garage band. Besides, most garage acts – notably those happening in recent years – are no more than car-ports on bad drugs. These noiseballs knock spots off that lot.

Having likened them to a train – the ultimate rock'n'roll vehicle, for when did a chain gang ever chorus their blues constructing a *freeway* for heaven's sakes? – it figures that they must be a *station band*. They are. They are. So many other people are glimpsed passing through their work. Yet it always seems they do so of their own volition.

If there's any derivation happening, J&MC are taking from the source rather than the corpse. 'Head', for instance, shows that they understand what Suicide were getting at. They go back to the source and *invert* what they find. The silvery architecture of their finely pre-meditated feedback makes you see just how pig-stupid they, sorry, pigs . . .) are the many bands that came in their wake.

You know, those people who ham-fistedly pawed those self-same silvered harmonic-streaks thinking it would help them out of their wretched lives of bad drugs, flat beer and nylon undergarments. Our heroes can sing of Bad Drugs – 'Psycho Candy' and 'Mushroom' (not on the LP) invoke a different kind of drowsy numbness, as though of hemlock they have drunk, etc.

Sometimes it's like happening upon *Saville's Travels* conducting a seance. Strains of the Kinks and the Bonzo Dog Band nestle uneasily beside the ectoplasm-spattered diaries of Reed and Dylan ('Happy Place'). Other times, the Reid Bros' Station Of Life itself plays host to malevolent winos taking three minutes and twenty six seconds to cadge ten pence ('Hit').

As the Noise Train picks up even more speed they take a particularly scenic route through Nashville. 'Don't Ever Change' should have been a collaboration with Johnny Cash. They *are* Johnny Cash.Johnny Cash with his carriages put together the wrong way round.

The majestic swagger of 'Sidewalking' (oh sublime joy, etc) brings them full circle back to where they began, songs moving a whole lot faster than they appear to be. Good grief. This is a wonderful record. Anyone suggesting otherwise will be punched. **(9.999)**

Myrna Minkoff

ERASURE

The Innocents *(Mute LP/Cassette/CD)*

MANY MOONS ago, a young man called Martin Fry told the world that his pop group ABC were going to create "a soundtrack for the '80s". Fry soon disappeared up his own backside, but seven years on one of his contemporaries can stake a claim to that '80s soundtrack tag – Vince Clarke, come on down!

'The Innocents' is Clarke's sixth LP, his third with Andy Bell, and it will effortlessly keep him in the Top 20 until the end of 1988. Play spot-the-single with this LP and 'A Little Respect' will be your first choice for sure.

Possibly Erasure's best shot yet, Andy's vocals whoop, swoop and climb a couple of octaves in all the right places. *"Soul I hear you calling,"* he wails, *"oh baby please give a little respect to me!"* Maybe it's the lack of pretence, maybe it's the leotard, but Erasure can get away with such utterings while top 'soul bands' like Wet Wet Wet and Hue & Cry fall flat on their smug faces.

The instrumental 'Sixty Five Thousand' seems purpose built as backing music for *Grandstand* – it's impossible to listen to without Desmond Lynam's leering fizzog appearing in your mind. Other standouts include 'Heart Of Stone', which is 'Victim Of Love' Part Two, and the Christmas carol-like 'Witch In The Ditch' with its (very) vague politics. 'Yahoo!' would also be a rave if its chorus wasn't so damn reminiscent of the execrable Red Box – *"Yahoo! Ah higher higher higher, yahoo!"* Vince will never get a job filling in greeting cards.

It's a shame the perv dress sense is never reflected in the songs – the musical equivalent of Andy Bell's rubber outfit ("Rather fetching" Anne Robinson) – would be quite an experience. Also, there isn't another 'Ship Of Fools', that one sublime moment being surrounded by hi energy boppers. Shame.

Vince Clarke's combos have never been regarded as album artists. But when 'The Innocents' is a collection of eleven potential hit singles he'll hardly be bothered by that. Music for the VDU generation, Erasure are so consistent they could yet create a soundtrack for the '90s. **(7)**

Bob Stanley

THE SOUP DRAGONS

This Is Our Art *(Sire LP/Cassette/CD)*

DRAGONS THEY may be, but we shall refer to them as snakes, slinking off to major leaguer Sire Records and shedding their skins *en route*.

Leaving behind their C86 scales, 'This Is Our Art' finds the Scots admitting to previously hidden intentions. They're moving deliberately towards the verges of rock's swamp without fear or trepidation. They have poison in their mouths – filthy talk of passion and power – that shoots out spasmodically.

There's no comparison between the *now* Soupies and the tatty little charmers they once were. You know they would sell every flexi they own to become The Monkees and Prince all in one, and they eat raw guitars for breakfast, *whole*.

Opening track 'Kingdom Chairs' is the most striking song they've ever written. It lurches out with exploratory guitars and recoiling drums, while Sean's vocals crawl out of his gullet and pounce and a string section lurks in the grass.

It's in good company. There's the hoary old 'Great Empty Space' and the sneaky 'Turning Stone' and then there's 'Vacate My Space' which is like being hit between the shoulder blades with a cricket bat.

There's some sickening old rubbish here too, it should be said – the swing-ding 'On Overhead Walkways' and that ugly brute of a single 'My Majestic Head' (*off* with it). But Side Two redeems things with last year's gushy 45 'Soft As Your Face' preserved in jam and the bloodbath of animal emotions that is 'Plastic Protein'.

It's the final two tracks that set the seal on The Soup Dragons' new-found confidence though. 'Family Ways', with its festering bass-line, and the menacingly hypnotic vocals of 'Another Dreamticket' show just how far they've come. Anyone who has followed the band's progress up until now will be unsurprised by their turn in direction – the sharper guitars, the meandering, venomous vision and the sand-blasted finish. It had to happen.

They've gone *wild* in the country. **(8)**

Steve Lamacq

ILLUSTRATION: SAVAGE PENCIL

PSYCHIC GRAFFITI

BUTTHOLE SURFERS

Hairway To Steven *(Blast First LP/Cassette/CD)*

JUST AS on *Elm Street*, this nightmare continues. A nightmare on wax that seems to get more deranged and slithery at every turn. The Freddy Kruegers of acid blare are back with a vengeance to rake their razor-edged talons through your ruined, bleeding brain just one more time. And this time they're out for the kill.

'Hairway To Steven', as its anagrammatically perverse title suggests, is the Buttholes's heartfelt tribute to rock chiselled out as lasting monument – the kind of no-holds-barred, bombastic creation that Led Zeppelin hammered out on their epochal, untitled, fourth album.

Further fuel to support this theory comes via the fact that each of the eight hallucinations here has been labelled only in the form of a crudely-scrawled cartoon rune (a mystical device that Zep used on '4' to identify the members of the band). 'Hairway' attempts to ape the diversity of that godly record and suck in souls with its power.

What appears to be a naked woman holding a baseball bat while taking a leak standing up is the first kick in the head that 'Hairway' delivers. It's a stomach-churning guitar grinder with Gibson warbling through his gills in an underwater mix, his voice tied to an anchor and thrown overboard to reach depths where angler fish blindly feed. A bell chimes gently during this dream. *"You rang?"* he enquires, Lurchlike. Suddenly we're hauled back on to dry land where an acoustic guitar replaces the electric and we hear the sounds of mother nature – a baby's distant cries and the gargled garble of Gibby.

It is the kind of off-the-wall experimentation that they've toyed with before, but here the creature lives and breathes. Those who have hung around long enough to witness this thing being stitched together will undoubtedly be impressed with the finished result. Those new to such sonic sorcery will gasp in disbelief at the monster.

Track three, side one, turns out to be 'I Saw An X-Ray Of A Girl Passing Gas', a former 12" EP project that never bubbled to the surface. And hell! If pigs really could fly I hear a 'hit single' farting out of my speakers at me. One that is filled with Novocaine dreamy dread, flying ten feet tall down some cotton wool walled hospital corridor, foaming fiendishly.

This slice of disco-surgery unpeels another layer of the Buttholes' eternal promise – they want everybody to join them in their wiggly shaped swimming pool. "C'mon in . . ." they seem to be saying here, ". . . the water's lovely".

'Hairway To Steven' is a cautious development from their previous work, if a giant leap forward from the first record and a step weirder than the last. They continue to make the kind of noises and statements that rattle of originality and they have yet to pale. And although it's their biggest splash to date, a further 'Hairway To Steven' styled concept could be their downfall. Another direction (which will probably manifest itself in the upcoming Jack Officers project) would work wonders and stop the current nightmare from becoming nothing more than a recurring dream. (9)

Edwin Pouncey

PICTURE DEREK RIDGERS

Refreshed – the Three Wize Men

MADE IN BRITAIN

THREE WIZE MEN
GB Boyz *(Rhythm King LP/Cassette)*

LET'S FACE it, British rap hasn't had much to be fresh about in its short history. Whether it's originated from Bodmin or Brixton, our homegrown hip-hop has always dealt in terms of received images of New York rap culture – Krush Groove style in Death Wish landscapes decorated with graffiti-art spray-appliques. All this liquidised mess has ever said is: "SPLAT!! we're here! but we sure as hell don't know why!"

But at last, with the release of 'GB Boyz', we've got a new starting point. Ever since the Wize Men unleashed their first singles, 'Urban Hell' and 'Refresh Yourself' (both extensively reworked on this album) upon the world, it's been obvious that they've considered rap an end in itself. Rather than wait passively for America to carry the guiding light forward, programmer/producer Fil Chill and the rapping trio of Jemski, AJ and Danny D have snatched up the torches. A wired mesh of hardcore-electro-future-rap, 'GB Boyz' is, quite simply, the most significant British rap album yet.

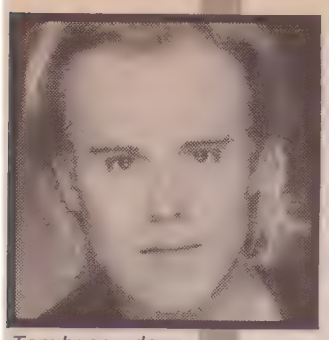
This is where rap grows up. Just as US masters like Mantronik or KRS-1 have never sought complete expression in an existing hip-hop language, so the Wize Men move beyond current limitations. This album's eight tracks affirm something much wider than a neighbourhood approach to rap. The acidic phase-outs of 'Hard Bop' or the electro-stutters of 'What It Is' could grace any dance-floor, while the single 'Cruising For A Bruising', complete with a dirt-guitar solo courtesy of Chief Of Relief Matthew Ashman, hits like a bolt between the eyes.

Although not a rapper, Fil Chill is an integral part of the band, sampling, scratching and producing. His style is one of economy over clutter. Whatever else happens across the face of the music – Transvision Vamp's Wendy James' heavy breathing routines on 'Hardcore Lover' or the sampled digital telephones that provide the central motif of the new look 'Urban Hell' – Chill's production allows room to move. Torrid it's not.

But, 'GB Boyz' is never in danger of becoming a producers' album. The presence of machine-treatments doesn't preclude the possibility of a raw-edged human presence. Mixing unashamed south London accents (*"We're out here from Peckham Rye / The Three Wize men are in your eye!"*) delivered in a snarl with the dalek-voices of 'Urban Hell's *"burn it down!"*, 'Boyz' is an album made by thinking enthusiasts, not slavish imitators

Phase one of GB rap is over; it's bands like this that point a clear way ahead. (9)

Louise Gray



Tom beams down

THOMAS DOLBY
Aliens Ate My Buick *(EMI LP/Cassette/CD)*

LET ME wear the trousers of obscurity. Once there was a great B-side by Shriekback's Barry Andrews called 'Win A Night Out With A Well-Known Schizophrenic', six-minute rockabilly synth-jazz word-blast epic. Its music, title and lyrics remind me massively of Thomas Dolby's latest LP.

From the lyrical rollercoaster noun-check of the title track and 'Airhead', to the musical jitters that are Dolby's too-much-aspirin idea of arrangements, 'Aliens' is the sort of record that shouts "Look up there!" while trying to steal your wallet and also tap-dance. By the end of the first song, I was exhausted.

Its less manic rhythms left me fitter but baffled – old Tom launches a barrage of misogyny at some apparent devil woman then cops out by telling us that it was *"men made her that way"*. Smart move, Tom. A take on George Clinton ('Hot Sauce') offers even more respite, mild dance fun with additional lyrics by Tom. Sadly neither Tom nor George will own up to the authorship of the line *"I was gagging on the shag"*.

Our night out continues on 'Pulp Culture', slow Prince-y electrofunk and lyrics that offer a critique not entirely supported by the LP's horrid yuppie '50s postcard sleeve. 'My Brain Is Like A Sieve', Tom boasts, then comes close to redeeming himself with the rather fine 'The Ability To Swing', which is a deffo Spring hit and manages to avoid psychological chaos by simply being about dancing. A lyric that suits its tune and indeed vice versa. It also seems unsmug, a first for Tom.

Then hoopla! the big strangeness of 'Budapest By Blimp', a languid, melancholy, Ferryish affair which starts out as the usual lost-glories-of-Europe travelogue and then turns into an imperial guilt trip. *"See the priceless antiquity frozen in time/ Built on the ashes of the Jews"*, mutters Dolby, *"And for your curiosity, beauty sublime/Signed in the blood of the Zulus"*. A Hungarian aria drifts through and some rock funk ensues. Blimey. Win a night out with an idiosyncratic minor talent. **(5)**

David Quantick

SON OF SAM
Rich And Famous *(Rouska LP only)*

THERE ARE no Bulgarian women on this record. No James 'Big Gob Of Soul' Brown either. Don't Son Of Sam know anything about 'getting down'?

Obviously they do. 'Rich And Famous' is a curiously terrific little record. It's resolutely and irredeemably odd. It can't make up its mind whether it wants to dance or talk politics, so it sulks, it pouts, it stomps around the house muttering to itself.

Son Of Sam's music is firmly rooted inthe best traditions of Yorkist Industrial disco, yet they manage to avoid the stupefying tedium that this can sometimes entail. They take their name from a mass murderer, their chic from Situationism and their beat from Giorgio Moroder. I love the vicious low-tech, the moribund wit. Most of all I love that big, sexy drum machine.

The LP is full of little treats, like 'Cain' which wants so badly to be a pop song but can't get the sails quite right. Or 'Moan Bloody Moan' the deffest thing Cabaret Voltaire never did. Old hat, you scoff. Well maybe, but it's so cute. Defiantly dowdy disco contraptions constructed out of things Son Of Sam found in the garden shed, an old Human League LP, *Das Kapital* and some six-inch nails.

Loads of barbed wire glamour and ideological grooviness. This is a record of no great significance whatsoever. Fab. **(7)**

Stuart Maconie

WIM MERTENS/GLENN BRANCA
The Belly Of An Architect – Soundtrack *(Factory LP only)*

IT'S USUALLY best to forget the visuals that go with movie soundtracks but when the soundtrack's from a Peter Greenaway film, the images have a way of playing merry hell with your unconscious. This can sometimes work to the detriment of other music by the same composer. I once went to a Michael Nyman concert and spent most of the evening hallucinating snails rotating at high speed over the band's heads.

Greenaway is one of the few directors around today who realises the unexplored possibilities of film music, so much so that he and Nyman, his usual collaborator, have more or less devised a whole new science of the soundtrack. This LP's probably as good a place as any to test it out, since for a change it's not by Nyman at all – which is useful for weaning us devotees away from a knee-jerk identification of the two – but the principles behind it hold good and to stunning effect.

The first time I saw *The Belly* I found the music a little colourless – now I'm inclined to see it as a perfect match for the film's lyrical austerity. This is the only Greenaway film that could conceivably make you cry, and Wim Mertens (sometimes known as Crepuscule act Soft Verdict) performs a brilliant balancing act between dewy-eyed sentiment and precise mechanical sobriety.

In complete contrast, Branca eschews his usual sonic overkill to produce a set of hair-raising tone poems – originally devised to accompany a series of Roman monuments, they breathe a chilly air of stale history and deserted space. Complete with a few pieces that didn't make the big screen, this is a fine record, but you have to see the film – without the Pantheon, and without Brian Dennehy's quivering girth, this is only half the story. **(8)**

Jonathan Romney

IGGY AND THE STOOGES
Metallic 2X KO *(Jungle Double LP/Cassette/CD)*

"WHO HATES the Stooges out there? Well, we don't hate you, we don't even care . . ."

By 1973 time was running out. In Detroit, death city gangs of marauding bikers had skinny blond punk Iggy Stooge trapped, like a rabid puppy dog hunted down to a final restless ground. What could a poor boy do except sing for a rock'n'roll band? What other way could he rave against mediocrity, knucklehead crowd mentality, incipient future fear and the ever-present, ever-sickening HIPPY THREAT?

If Jagger and Richard had written the book, Iggy was living out the gospel – he couldn't stand to see it taken over, drowned in a maze of opiated fantasies and mystical musings. Iggy wanted the raw truth, the black heart and the ugly burning side of desire. At the Michigan Palace on June 10, he and his henchmen took one last lunge at the heart of the beast . . .

Available for years as a single bootleg, 'Metallic 2X KO' is the ravaged, taunting malfunctioning "last ever" Stooges show, available in its entirety for the first time. Some 15 years after it all happened its up-to-date application is immediately obvious – this is the perfect subtext/soundtrack to Paul Verhoeven's nightmare, dehumanised Detroit of *RoboCop*.

This is a document of a man at the end of his tether while his patrons, like a mob of Muslim stone throwers, bay for blood and require Music From The Combat Zone. Unfortunately too much of the power and the screeching, visceral glory has been trapped in the sewer pipes of low tech. There are moments when Iggy rides out the guitar sawmill to produce a diamond glint or captures a blazing momentum. But mostly it's the ad libs and the boasts between the aural sludge that provide the entertainment.

These pearls run the gamut from commonsense ("A riot isn't going to do anybody any good") to insatiable lust ("the day I don't see your eyes is the day I die"). There are the tears behind the mask ("sometimes it's so hard being a Stooge") and inexcusable misogyny and execrable racism ("this is for all the Hebrew ladies in the audience, it's called 'Rich Bitch' "). Masochism too: "Thank you for the eggs, more eggs! Light bulbs too! Well, we *are* getting violent." Petulant abuse: "Bet you wish you weren't so fat". "You've got a vacuum between your ears", and the killer racial twister – "You think you're bad because I'm white and you're not? I know, I know – I'm such a prick."

Just a pity that he failed to fling some abuse towards his band. They certainly deserved it. **(music 3/Audience Performer Relationship 10)**

Gavin Martin

PICTURE DEREK RIDGERS

Mal – content

CABARET VOLTAIRE
Eight Crepuscule Tracks *(Giant Records LP only)*

50
Horseshoe In The Glove *(Parlophone LP/Cassette/CD)*

WELL, HERE comes the pairs of serious young men, but do you care where they've been? The flip-side of all the good looking chart-pop visibility (Pellow, Goss and Datchler etc) are those sullen duos The Pet Shop Boys, The Communards and Erasure – bands who have bided their time and are now miles ahead.

God knows the Cabs have bided their time – patience in the extreme. And the less you hear them, the more it seems they're snapping at the heels of Kraftwerk and DAF in the furious backtracking towards the foundation of House. And then you hear 'Eight . . .'. 'Your Agent Man' may ply the usual disinterred 20-rpm Cabs vocal and some whining over a diet-Public Enemy slow southern club beat, but I'd be willing to wager extreme personal suffering and violation that a larger, more significant fraction of the population could get off better on the clattering of this typewriter than the three parts of 'Sluggin' Fer Jesus', 'Yashar', 'Theme From Shaft' and the three other tracks contained herein.

Once prime purveyors of sonic architecture, the Cabs (for the duration of 'Eight . . .' at least) have forsaken pummelling away on the edge to doodle in the margin.

So make a noise that can best be described as agreeable – though one that becomes less so after 15 minutes. 'Are You Sure', their single, will also be Pete Wylie's single the year he spends more time in the studio than the nightclub. It's really 'quite' good, even if its lyrics make this review read like Nabokov by comparison.

But mostly they sally round that 'intellectual' pop playpen supervised by Black or Godley and Creme with the occasional Bono vox-pox. Every note is perfectly played or plucked but as the emperor said in *Amedeus* – there are too many notes. So are more soundtrackish than cinematic; and whereas the Cabs explore every tangent with their sampled dialogue, So's little bit of Michael Caine really does bang hammer on nail: *"Now hold still, very slowly, don't move at all . . ."*. In theory the Cabs should run out winners every time but in practice So walk it. **(1) and (4)**

Jack O'Neill

GROOVE IN THE SHADE

JESSE JOHNSON
Shades Of Love *(A&M LP/Cassette/CD)*

THE GAMEPLAN according to Jesse Johnson, the ex-Time guitarist who cut his teeth playing Hendrix and AC/DC in bikers bars in smalltown America, dictates that this album be ablaze with berserkoid guitar mayhem. But when posters predict their future sounds they're usually porking the pie in a big way, and the riffola madness of 'Shades Of Love' is not so much a pervasive roughness of attitude, as a lone voice screaming in a politely decorated room.

In many ways the whole LP is a metaphor for the studio it was recorded in. Jungle Love studios is in fact the basement of Jesse's Minneapolis house in which he has installed a 52-track studio and so much equipment that the space left for any actual playing is about the size of a large wardrobe (the drums are in the garage). His music reflects this set up. Here we have a major league player, who plays everything on his albums, and lets the metronomic conventions and technology of dance music box his talents into a tight corner.

Technology can of course be the musician's greatest weapon, but it must be handled with imagination. For someone who loves '60s music – Hendrix and Funkadelic – Jesse has surprisingly, in his quest for a state-of-the-art sound, cleansed his music of the loose roughness that made the aforementioned so appealing. This is not to say that there aren't great songs and moments on 'Shades Of Love'. Side One is non-stop widescreen funk with some delicious fret-tickling and 'Everybody Wants Somebody To Love' and 'I'm Just Wanting You' are class A ballads – the latter featuring beautiful acoustic picking but spontaneity and the unexpected are in short supply. There may be a couple of big hits here, but no surprises.

Jesse Johnson: major league, minor success

Because of his voice and Minneapolis sound, Jesse will continue to be compared with Prince. Whether this is fair or not there's a lesson to be learned in the way Prince bust out with fantasy and a few left-field moves. 'Shades Of Love' is an album that gives me plenty of good listening. But overall it sees Jesse furrowing an increasingly familiar groove, and if he wants the world to view him as more than a Prince clone, or a second division funkateer, he'll have to stretch his creative horizons dramatially and take a few risks. (6)

Simon Witter

THE MEMBRANES
Kiss Ass Godhead *(Glass LP/Cassette)*

STOMPING AROUND the seafronts of the EEC in their big floppy boots, The Membranes are the UK's Grateful Dead. Well, sort of. *("Jack yer amp up to full blast and scream 'I'm here you bastards' ").* From a towering West Didsbury world HQ they spread the word, and the word is 'Cor blimey, ain't England snidey.' The Membranes however are determined to make the best of it, flowers in their hair and Ninja training schools in their cellar.

Primal forces are at work here, the forces that can lurk even within a packet of reduced-price ginger biscuits. This record is a strange, ugly, sand-blasted wind-tunnel of guitar noise and fragmented wisdom. 'Kiss Ass Godhead' is a typically moderate aspiration, but with two added noise-veteran axemen no one could accuse The Membranes of being all mouth and no trousers. 'F— My Old Boots' for example is a great big deranged carnival which leaves John Robb shouting *"Stop it, stop it,"* to little avail.

Scary horrorscapes alternate throughout with the jolly ferocity of 'The World Acclaims Eternal Protein Man'. Best of all, 'Tatty Seaside Town' is a careering, sad and gleeful dog-eared anthem which shows that The Membranes are still better at being English than anyone else is. It's even better than 'Almost China'. Brimming over with fear and kindness and Wallis Tadpole's heroic backing vocals, the Membranes are still trying to get out of B ackpool.

If you listen to this record twice all the way through you might well get a headache, but then again you'll deserve one. This band are the gravel in your trainer, mutant life-forms crawling out of the Lake District, as good for you today as they've always been. **(8)**

Ben Thompson

VARIOUS
London Pavilion Volume Two *(él LP only)*

FOR THE uninitiated, this is the second compendium of alternative chartbusters from the labelchild of Michael Alway, a co-founder of Blanco Y Negro who spent Warner Brothers' money and ran. Charmingly unhinged, Alway is a man out of time – part Kim Fowley, part a pop traitorous Kim Philby. él is his unashamed indulgence.

On this singles collection, él amply demonstrates both its strengths and weaknesses. Taking little heed of '80s chart mores, it opts for the '60s and beyond, when Millicent Martin was more newsworthy than Militant Tendency, when Dot Parker was more sociologically significant than Dot Cotton and when any knowing media brat would rush out for Saint Trinians rather than stay in for *Saint And Greavsie.*

London Pavilion is a jamboree bag of style-hopping delights that is at times graceful and guileless, though Alway would claim even his failures to be glorious ones. Among the graceful are Marden Hill's groovy fake jazz takes and the Would-Be-Goods' and Bad Dream Fancy Dress' Shangri-las/Pebbles mesh of Home Counties gymslip punky-pop. Glorious failures are the King Of Luxembourg's Bowie circa Kooks argot and Always (the band)'s Cherry Red school of ineffectual strumming. Without a doubt, each track, bar the latter pisses on Raw Sex.

el is a labour of love, and if the album sounds too rich a concoction there are five 10 inch accompanying singles to opt for, all in exquisite sleeves. In fact, if the singles were half as accomplished as the artwork we could sit back and await the imminent él takeover of the charts. As it is, London Pavilion conceals a select few classics no doubt destined for a select few classic record collections. **(8)**

Bruce Dessau

PETER TOSH
The Toughest Peter Tosh *(Parlophone LP/Cassette)*

IN THE wake of the assassin's bullets comes the compilation album – admittedly maintaining a respectful distance for once. This one, compiled by ex-*NME* editor Neil Spencer, provides a reasonable selection of Tosh's later work, but really tacking the description 'The Toughest' on his last 11 years of output is stretching the truth a little.

Although he never went as soft at the core as his one-time band leader Bob Marley (Tosh played the role of the bad man of mainstream reggae to the point of self-consciousness), he was certainly courting commercial success over the period.

His duet with Mick Jagger on Smokey Robinson's 'Don't Look Back' might have brought him a wider audience among the white rock crowd but it's difficult to see any other justification for its existence. And much of the rest of Side One seems symptomatic of a transition from the quirky originality of earlier solo work to a more well-rounded studio sound, better suited to the blander tastes of the millions of rock fans whose idea of reggae was 'Exodus'.

The single track to come anywhere near living up to the title in 1978's 'Bush Doctor', a co-production with Robbie Shakespeare which despite its lyrical content (the inevitable legalisation of marijuana) is the only contribution more suitable for dancing to than lying flat on your back to. However the remix of 'Mega Dog' which follows is a horrible example of the cross-breeding of rock and reggae, the spritely original re-rendered with sluggish rhythm, fussy, decorative piano parts and hideous intervention by a slide guitar. The rendition of 'Johnny B. Goode' doesn't bear commenting on.

Cop 'Legalise It' instead. **(4)**

John Munro

THE ICICLE WORKS

AVAILABLE NOW

12" CONTAINS TWO ADDITIONAL NEW SONGS

LITTLE GIRL LOST

ON TOUR IN MAY — 5TH NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY · 6TH GLASGOW STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY · 9TH BRISTOL STUDIO 10TH NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY · 11TH SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC · 12TH LEEDS POLYTECHNIC · 15TH BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE · 16TH LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON · 17TH PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL · 18TH NORWICH U.E.A. 20TH MANCHESTER APOLLO

It used to take 5 months to sound good. With Axe it takes 5 minutes!

That's right. Within five minutes of opening your brand new Axe package, we'll have you sounding like you've been playing for years.

Just place the unique Axe back-up tape in your hi-fi and you'll be playing along with some of the best music you have ever heard.

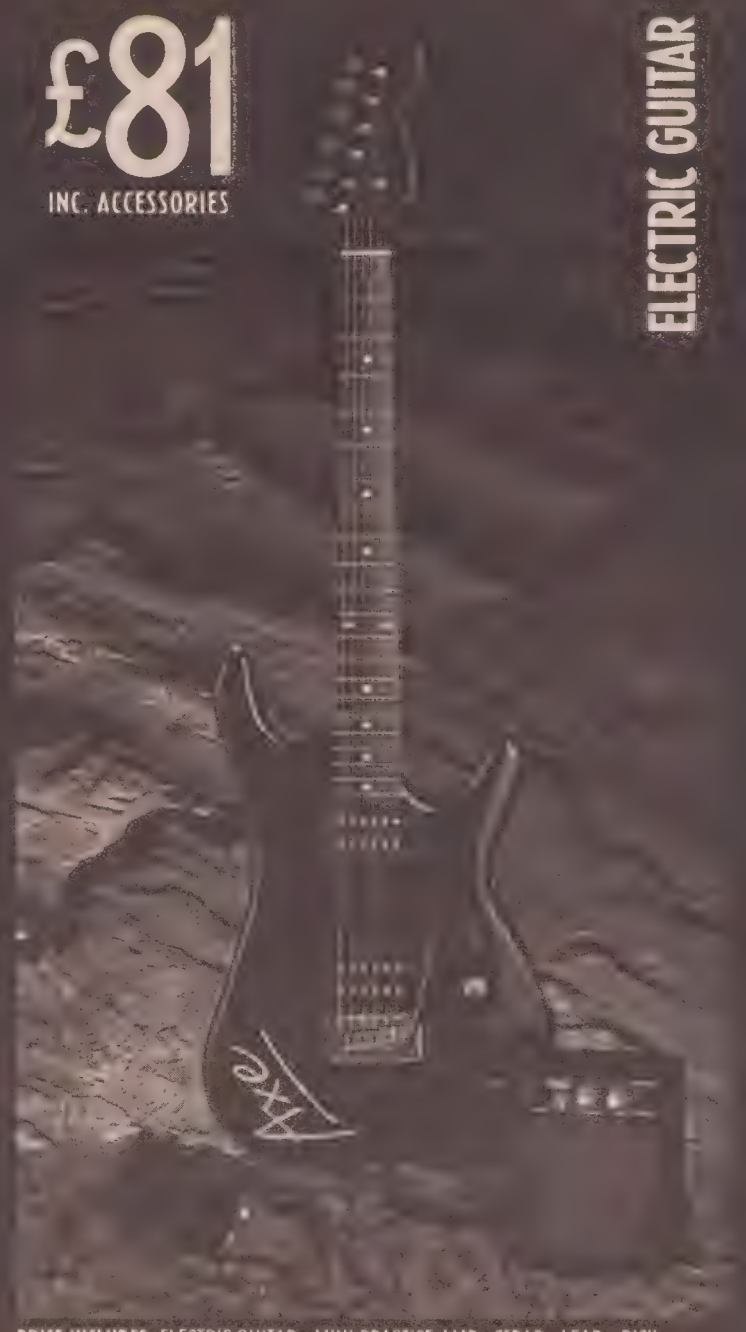
You can even choose your own musical style; Chart Rock, Soul Funk, Reggae or Heavy Metal, the choice is yours. There's no need to read music and no reason to know music theory, our brilliant books will show you how with their easy to read notation.

And if that's not enough, we give you nearly all the vital accessories you'll need on your way to fame.

So stop listening and start playing . . . it will take you minutes.

£81
INC. ACCESSORIES

ELECTRIC GUITAR



PRICE INCLUDES: ELECTRIC GUITAR · MINI PRACTICE AMP · STRAP · LEAD · PICK · CARRYING BAG (not shown) · BRILLIANT BOOK + TAPE SET · TUNING NOTES · P+P. **FEATURES:** TREMOLO SYSTEM · 2 HUMBUCKER PICK UPS · 22 FRETS · FINE ACTION ADJUSTERS · VOLUME & TONE CONTROLS · ONE YEAR GUARANTEE.

£84
INC. ACCESSORIES

BASS GUITAR

PRICE INCLUDES: BASS GUITAR · STRAP · LEAD · PICK · CARRYING BAG (not shown) · BRILLIANT BOOK + TAPE SET · TUNING NOTES · P+P. **FEATURES:** 2 PICK UPS · 20 FRETS · FINE ACTION ADJUSTERS · VOLUME & TONE CONTROLS · ONE YEAR GUARANTEE.

£199
INC. ACCESSORIES

DRUM KIT

PRICE INCLUDES: DRUM KIT · DRUMMER'S THRONE · DRUM STICKS · BRILLIANT BOOK + TAPE SET · P+P. **FEATURES:** COMPLETE FIVE DRUM KIT COMPRISING · 22" x 14" BASS DRUM WITH PEDAL · 14" x 5½" CHROME SNARE DRUM · 12" x 8" TOM TOM · 13" x 9" TOM TOM · 16" x 16" FLOOR TOM · 16" CYMBAL · 14" HI-HAT · ALL STANDS · ONE YEAR GUARANTEE.

Axe
MAKING MUSIC'S NEVER BEEN SO EASY

Please send me one of the following (tick boxes): All prices include accessories.
Electric guitar at £81.00 ☐ Bass guitar at £84.00 ☐ Drum set at £199.00 ☐

The colour must be (Please make 1st and 2nd choice)
Black ☐ White ☐ Red ☐ Grey (Not available for drums) ☐

I want to learn (tick box)
Soul/Funk ☐ Chart Rock ☐ Reggae ☐ Heavy Metal ☐
please send me part one FREE.

If I pay by postal order, credit card or cash my order must leave the Axe warehouse within 24 hours. If I pay by cheque my order must leave within 7 working days. If I am not completely satisfied I can return the goods immediately and I will get an immediate full-refund. Callers and telephone orders welcome.

I enclose a cheque/postal order, made payable to AXE Limited, for £ _____
Name _____
Address _____
_____ Postcode _____
Or debit my Access or Visa for £ _____ Account number
Signature _____

Dept. 1, AXE Limited,
3 Star Works, Salter Street, London NW10 Tel: 01-969 7070

AXE Limited, 3 Star Works, Salter Street, London NW10. Tel: 01-969 7070. VAT No. 408 308 51. Reg. No. 2054049. Reg. Office: 386 High Road, Wembley, Middx. HA9 6AH.

3

COLD COMFORT

TRACY CHAPMAN
Tracy Chapman *(Elektra LP/Cassette/CD)*

SHE COMES from the wilderness, as prophesised, with a voice like molasses, hair like an ink blot and a heartful of tears. She comes with decent references (Maniacs, Stipe), solid comparisons (Armatrading, Mitchell, Vega), and a whirlwind reputation for chilling songs about racism, broken romance and revolution. *"Poor people gonna rise up/And get their share"*.

Despite all this, Tracy Chapman is rather good. Yes, we're definitely talking early Armatrading – 'Fast Car' and 'For You' could pass as prime Joan – and doubtless Trace'll be a Vega-like after-dinner conscience-comforter in lofts from Manhattan to Maida Vale for many years to come. But there's more to her than quaintly observed "right on" tales from the other side of the tracks, *"that separates white from blacks"*.

It's become unfashionable to celebrate political songwriters; if Woody were alive today he'd probably be written-off as a self-righteous preacher, and I'm sure many people silently blame Billy Bragg for Five Years More rather than applaud his commitment. Is it that we're embarrassed by our inability to change?

Rather than shoot from the mouth, Tracy tries to understand and tackle our political inhibitions and imperfections, our '80s downtrodden reluctance to speak out in Orwellian times. "Don't you know/They're talkin' about a revolution/It sounds like a whisper".

PICTURE: EMILY ANDERSEN

Tracy Chapman: rather good eponymous LP

And, in 'Mountain O' Things', she balances our disgust with rampant materialism against the acquisitive streaks in our ad-age characters, our desire to live together in harmony against the realities of competition and oneupManship.

It may sound complicated but it's really simple self-searching, *"amidst all the questions and contradictions . . ."* Her leaving home songs, her price-of-love songs seem to raise the Shelley (PB not Pete)-like question of whether commitment to one person involves deserting, condemning the rest of the human race: *"I follow my heart/And leave my mind to wonder/Is this love worth/The sacrifices I make"*.

Chapman writes strong songs, not in the earth-moving finger-pointing sense, but in a personal open-soul style. Production wise it all tends to stray towards Niceville – hence the Suzanne, Joni slurs – but, like Vega and Mitchell (check 'The Beating Of Black Wings'), she's able to rise above the mellowness and pierce hearts with her pain. (Chill factor 8)

Len Brown

BEAT HAPPENING
Jamboree *(53rd And 3rd LP only)*

IN AMERICA there is a dark underswell of tape culture, bucking the popular current, intent on placing the emphasis of music back onto the identity and humanity of the creator. Led by Olympia's Beat Happening, diverse names like Canada's politic Mecca Normal, Australia's winsome Cannanes and Britain's anorak cheerleaders the Flatmates scratch each others throats out in determined attempts to be the last on their block to lose that mono. Calvin, boss of all he surveys, one-man label, letter-writing entrepreneur, exists on the very cutting edge of all this with his group, Beat Happening.

Aided by fellow revolutionaries, Heather and Bret, he creates a music which is deceptively violent in its shyness. More Pastel than purist, tracing back remnants of such sources as the Velvets, Marine Girls and the original meaning of 'shambling', Beat Happening are the unwritten underside of suburban America. A solid breakfast of warmth, hostility and gladness straight out of an AA-rated version of *Huckleberry Finn*. Poignant in their directness, this trio mix metaphor with fuzztone and swell all over. (*"Breakfast in cemetery/boy tasting wild cherry/touch girl apple blossom/just a boy playing possum/welcome back to Indian Summer"*: 'Indian Summer').

It's the precarious mixture of the two extremes: frailty and violence, that makes 'Jamboree' so endearing. Where the percussion is dropped to a bare minimum and the girl or boy open their hearts ('In Between'/'Ask Me') you can sense that pounding yearning burning deep inside. But tempered with such songs as 'Crashing Through' (*"back burner is on fire/freeze-dried, cooled and re-tyred"*) where harshness threatens to swallow the whole world, or the amazing 'The This Many Boyfriends Club' (a completely live vocal track to the background of tortured guitars), the album becomes extraordinary, a vivid exploration into the hidden recesses of human emotion. Not even vaguely for wimps, this is for axe-murdering Primitive-hating freaks. **(9)**

The Legend!

WILL DOWNING
Will Downing *(4th And Broadway LP/Cassette/CD)*

AS A rule, albeit an unsatisfactory one, I only buy modern soul LPs which *NME*'s vinyl finals have declared Album Of The Year – and John Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme' 'cos it sat on Gregory Hines' mantlepiece in *White Nights*, Will Downing's solo debut will not constitute my year's ration but it does make for an interesting curio.

You see, in between the inevitable and oft-pointed out thanks to the number one Soul Brother up there (essentially a byword for formula – and there's plenty of that here) and the lashings of more mortals (Luther, Marvin etc), the former Wally Jump Jr vocalist really does veer from the ridiculous to the sublime.

It's questionable whether Downing's neutering of the helium high that was Deniëce Williams' 'Free' or half of the other ultimately worthless silk purses he proffers here should be given the time of day. But his courtship of Coltrane's stark and tonal instrumentation on 'A Love Supreme' (also out on single) is one very good reason to own a Will Downing record.

His lyrics have been added "with permission", and although it might at first seem there's little in the way of common ground between Coltrane and Downing, the result is close to perfection.

Ultimately, Downing's is a good voice let down by (mostly) poor material – new wine in old skins. 'A Love Supreme' towers above everything else on this record and suggests that Downing should attempt with Coltrane what Jennifer Warnes did with Leonard Cohen and annotate an entire set of tunes. That's the challenge! **(5)**

Jack O'Neill

THE SMITHEREENS
Green Thoughts *(Engima LP/Cassette)*

IN THE average week, around 40 albums get played in the *NME* office. Sometimes it's less, as the occasional nostalgic obsessive commandeers the turntable to play The Clash compilation for 48 hours solid.

With more than a dozen hacks haggling over needletime, a lot of the stuff that actually finds its way through the speakers is absolute shite. To hear something in the same quality bracket as The Smithereens' 'Green Thoughts' is very, very rare . . .

Last year's 'Especially For You' was such a perfect LP, it was difficult to imagine The Smithereens coming anywhere close with the follow-up, but 'Green Thoughts' is, if anything, an even better collection.

Sure, there's a fair helping of crunchy guitar anthems like 'Only A Memory', 'Drown In My Own Tears' and 'The World We Know' (the latter featuring Del Shannon), but the surprises come when The Smithereens step out of The Shadows.

'Especially For You' (an out-take from the last album?) blends Burt Bacharach with The Turtles, while 'Something New' is pure lightweight Los Lobos flamenco pop.

'Elaine' is the type of bouncy three minute heartbreaker that Nick Lowe excels at, but the strongest track has to be 'If The Sun Doesn't Shine' with the whole group giving their best Beach Boys Impression, a fitting epilogue to an endless summer.

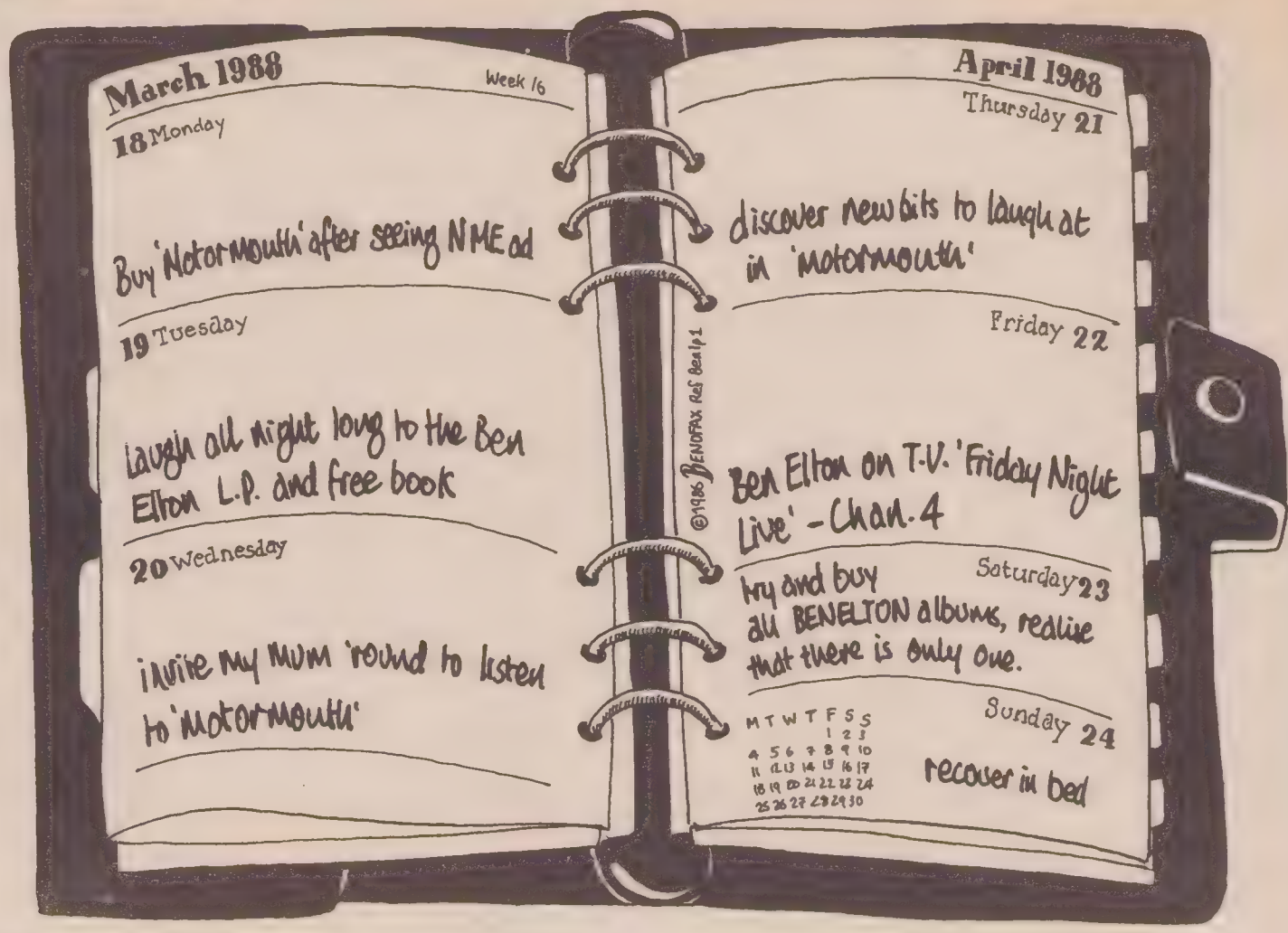
In fact, throughout the LP DiNizio displays the kind of ear for melody that made Brian Wilson the genius he is (or was).

The pet sounds of Pat DiNizio are essential beachwear this summer, and they'll keep you warm when winter comes. The Smithereens – a band for all seasons. **(8)**

Terry Staunton

ben elton

motormouth


March 1988
Week 16
18 Monday
Buy 'Motormouth' after seeing NME ad
19 Tuesday
Laugh all night long to the Ben Elton L.P. and free book
20 Wednesday
invite my mum 'round to listen to 'Motormouth'
April 1988
Thursday 21
discover new bits to laugh at in 'motormouth'
Friday 22
Ben Elton on T.V. 'Friday Night Live' - Chan. 4
Saturday 23
try and buy all BENELTON albums, realise that there is only one.
Sunday 24
recover in bed
©1986 BENDFAX Ref Benlp1

"motormouth" the one and only album, complete with 12 page book

also available on cassette (BEN MC1) L.P. catalogue code: BEN LP1

mercury PHONOGRAM

GIG GUIDE

WHAT CAN we tell you? Not much that we haven't told you before, actually, as there's next to nothing on the new tours front.

However, WAS (NOT WAS) are back among us, starting in Norwich (Sunday) and Sheffield (Monday). MORRIS DAY plays two nights in Hammersmith (Sunday and Monday), but apart from that it's the same old faces. Those faces are ERASURE, HAWKWIND, THE SOUP DRAGONS, RUSH, MICRODISNEY, THE WONDER STUFF, THAT PETROL EMOTION and THE DAINTEES.

● Send your dates to Gig Guide, NME, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.

PICTURE: MICHAEL HEWITT

Was (Not Was): at a Norwich near year

WEDNESDAY 20

Barking Brewery Tap: **Cinema**
Birmingham Irish Centre: **The Fanatics/Zoo Q/Mr President**
Blackburn King George Hall: **The Soup Dragons**
Birmingham NEC: **Frank Zappa**
Brentford Red Lion: **The Blubbery Hellbellies**
Brighton The Richmond: **Ring**
Bristol Bierkeller: **Martin Stephenson & The Daintees**
Bristol Old Profanity Showboat: **Juice On The Loose**
Cambridge The Burleigh Arms: **Shine!**
Croydon Cartoon: **No Secrets**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Lonnie Donegan**
Edinburgh Kitty O'Sheas: **Muckle Ado**
Halifax Kibbutz: **Victory Mansions**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Kicks/The Mirrors**
Leeds Coconut Grove: **Mike James Band**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Def Leppard**
Liverpool Victoria Hotel: **Dixie Kings**
London Clapham Sun Sessions: **Quilombo Expontaneo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Secretary Bailey/Orinoko**
London Deptford Albert: **Showdown**
London E9 Chats Palace: **The Tofu Twins**
London Earls Court Troubadour: **Tylor**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Opal**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Snatch and the Dead**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Black Worm/ The Wishing Storm/Single Factor/Seq Uniq**
London Islington King's Head: **Supplementary Benefit**
London Islington Rosemary Branch: **Pepe Le Moko**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Cut The Wire/ Derek Nimmo's Blues Band**
London N1 The Weavers: **Alias Ron Kavana**
London N16 New Pegasus: **The Principle/The Moment**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Mighty Flyers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Riffz/Playing At Trains**
London Soho Marquee: **The Adventures**
London Stockwell Plough: **Dooyah!**
London Stratford Tom Allen Centre: **Lol Coxhill/Maggie Nicols/Pinise Saul**
London Town and Country Club Kentish Town: **Johnny Clegg/Savuka**
London W1 Portlands: **Kingfishers Catch Fire/Angels In Aspic**
London WC1 New Merlins Cave: **Waveline/ There and Back/No Sound Bros**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Adrian Legg**
Manchester International: **Roy Harper**
Newcastle City Hall: **Erasure**
Newcastle Zoots: **SE Rogie**
Reading Themes: **The Vaynes**
Rotherham Sub Club: **Into The Storm**
Wendover Wellhead Inn: **Giles Headley**

THURSDAY 21

Aberdeen The Venue: **Cry**
Bedford The Angel: **Guilty Heads**
Birmingham Hummingbird: **Pop Gun**
Birmingham The Junction: **Nicol and Saunders**
Birmingham NEC: **Rush**
Brentford Red Lion: **The Ya Ya's/Red Butane**
Bristol Fleece & Firkin: **Nik Turner's Fantastic All Stars**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Martin Stephenson & The Daintees**
Cardiff Four Bars: **Bomb and Dagger/Harry Becket**
Chester Westminster Hotel: **Phoenix Jazzmen**
Croydon Cartoon: **Hellfire Corner**
Dudley JB's: **FBI**
Edinburgh Kathy O'Shea's: **Ringo**
Exeter Barts Tavern: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Galashiels College of Textiles: **That Petrol Emotion**
Glasgow Henry Wood Hall: **James Blood Ulmer Trio**
Glasgow Riverside Club: **The Groundhogs**
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: **Mega City 4**
Harborne The Junction: **The Hokum Hotshots**
Kidderminster Riverboat: **Poorbooth**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Microdisney**
Lancaster University: **The Soup Dragons**
Leeds Duchess: **The Darling Buds**
Leicester University: **The Hunters Club**
London Brixton Canterbury Arms: **Gutter Bros**
London Camden Falcon: **Benny Profane/ Killdevil Hills**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Flying Tractor Band**
London Dean Street Gossips: **Bad Manners**
London Deptford Albert: **Bicycle Thieves**
London EC1 Surprise Pub: **The Soul Boys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Flaco Jiminez**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler acoustic room: **The Horsedoctors**
London Islington Kings Head: **Back To Back**
London Rosemary Branch: **Some Like It Hot**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Stax Cadillacs**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame: **Cud**
London N16 New Pegasus: **No Corridor/ Partners In Crime**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Lucy The Cat/ Postcard From Tangiers**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Piece of the Action/Mehead**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Nitro Blues**
London Wembley Arena: **Fleetwood Mac**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Sink The Mayflower/Chalk Garden/Bigger Than Blue**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Dusko Gojkovic**
Manchester Boardwalk: **The Mysterious Fifth Member**
Newcastle upon Tyne Broken Doll: **Membranes/Dog Faced Hermans/Crane/ The Nivens**
Newcastle upon Tyne The Pigsty: **The Hot Licks Cookies**
Nutley Shelley Arms: **After All**
Peterborough Norfolk Inn: **Flowershop**
Portsmouth Basins: **The Crazy Pink Revolvers**
Preston Raiders: **Bob**
Pwhelli Rugby Club: **4Q**
Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush: **The Rollers**
Salisbury Arts Centre: **The Morrigan/Chris Quack Foster**
Shrewsbury Buttermarket: **SE Rogie**
Southampton West Indian Club: **The Poison Girls/Flik Spatula/Who's In The Kitchen** (benefit for Rape Crisis Line)
Sutton In Ashfield Library Theatre: **The Tannahill Weavers**
Telford Barons Club: **Surface**

FRIDAY 22

Aberdeen Capitol: **Erasure**
Aylesbury Hop Pole: **The Phoenix Blues Band**
Banbury United Clubhouse: **The Ocean**
Barnet Old Bull Arts Centre: **Zoots and Spangles**
Bedford The Angel: **Jake A Break**
Belfast Kings Hall: **Def Leppard**
Birmingham Moseley Dance Centre: **Bongo Go**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Ellis, Beggs and Howard**
Brentford Red Lion: **Los Pistoleros**
Bristol La Cav: **The Prophecy**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Roy Harper**
Croydon Cartoon: **Fingertips**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Drifters**
Dudley JB's: **The Last Gang**
Edinburgh Kitty O'Sheas: **Kevin Tait and Friends**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **James Blood Ulmer**
Edinburgh University: **Yes Yes Juliette**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Mariam Makeba**
Exeter Barts Tavern: **Four On The Floor**
Glasgow Queen Mary University: **That Petrol Emotion**
Glasgow Rooftops: **The Vaynes**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Fat and Frantic**
Halifax Ackroyd Arms: **The Last Peach**
Huddersfield The Wharf: **Guido**
Kidderminster Riverboat: **Blues Burglars**
Kilmarnock Hunting Lodge: **The Groundhogs**
Leeds Duchess of York: **Freiwillige Selbstkontrolle**
Leeds Tartan Bar: **Drug Free America/Paris In The Fall**
Liverpool Academy: **The La's/Treatment Organisation/Jegsy and Co/St Vitus Dance**
Liverpool Hunts Cross Jazz Club: **Don Rogers Jump Five**
Liverpool Planet X: **The Hunters Club**
London Acton Town Hall: **Skint Video**
London Brixton Canterbury Arms: **Extreme Noise Terror/God**
London Camden Falcon: **The Claim**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Big Town Playboys/The Dance Bureau**
London Deptford Albert: **Laverne Brown**
London Deptford Crypt: **Jr Manson Slags**
London Finchley Torrington: **Bad Influence**
London Fulham King's Head: **Poormouth**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Blue Aeroplanes/I Ludicrous/Parachute Men/ Bandung File**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Rent Party/ The Wild Ones.** Acoustic Room: **Freddie White**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Flying Pigs**
London Islington King's Head: **Bob and Charlie**
London Islington Rosemary Branch: **Tunji**
London N16 New Pegasus: **The Raw Herbs/ Worldleaders Must Die**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Howlin' Wilf & the Vee Jays/The Electric Dream/Dick Heckstall Smith**
London Palmers Green Fox: **Alter Ego/Back From Peru/Pheromone Fudge/Swift Nick and his Sidekick**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Kid Plectrum/East West Effect**
London Town & Country Club Kentish Town: **Microdisney**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Wolfsbane**
London Wembley Flag: **K. State/Chapter Three**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Somo Somo/ Benjamin Zephaniah/Fabiene Miranda**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Section B**
Manchester Boardwalk: **The Skol Bandeleros**
Manchester International: **The Soup Dragons**
Manchester Middleton Civic: **The Boogie Brothers**
Newcastle upon Tyne Broken Doll: **The Clouds/Bob**
Newcastle upon Tyne Jewish Mother: **Beat Crazy**
Nottingham Old Vic Tavern: **Those Rio Snappers/The Cloaca Peckers**
Portsmouth Basins: **Demon/Stone Cold**
Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush: **The Deltones**
Retford Little Theatre: **The Tannahill Weavers**
Southend SAK's: **Steve Hooker**
Surbiton The Southampton: **Repo Men**
Wakefield Sports Club: **Bobby Wellins**
West Bromwich Coach and Horses: **Blue Street Raiders**
Weymouth Bowleaze Pleasure Dome: **Twelve 88 Cartel/Psylons**
York University: **Rodney Allen**

SATURDAY 23

Aberdeen Capitol: **Erasure**
Aberdeen The Venue: **That Petrol Emotion**
Ashfield Golden Diamond: **Nik Turner's Fantastic All Stars**
Barnet Old Bull Arts Centre: **Alexander Technique/Jive Workshop** (morning)/ **Ballet Central** (evening)
Bedford Angel: **Dream Cellar**
Bedford Kent Arms: **Robert Hallward**
Birmingham NEC: **Rush**
Bradford University: **Little Brother/ Somebody's Brother**
Brentford Red Lion: **Kokomo**
Brighton Concorde Club: **JN and the Big Souls**
Brighton University: **Juice On The Loose**
Bristol Le Car: **The Driscolls**
Bristol Moon Club: **The Ogdens**
Burnley Annabella's: **Elysiun**
Cambridge Sea Cadets Hall: **Flowershop/ Surfing Druids/Graham and the Mushrooms**
Carlisle Front Page: **Divorce Brothers**
Cricieth Marine Hotel: **4Q**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Flying Pigs**
Dudley JB's: **The Blues Burglers**
Dundee Grey Lodge: **Disorder/Data Morgana/ Brain Damage**
Edinburgh Kitty O'Sheas: **Denny Swanson**
Edinburgh Lord Darnley: **The Vaynes**
Edinburgh The Venue: **The Groundhogs**
Kings Lynn YMCA: **Shine!/Lemon Men/The Changes**
Leeds Traders Club: **Beat Crazy**
Liverpool Flying Picket: **The DaVincis**
Liverpool Nina's Bar: **Freddie Smith Quartet**
Liverpool University: **Martin Stephenson & The Daintees**
Liverpool World Downstairs: **Exhibit B**
London Bethnal Green Lord Hood: **Mutant Frogs**
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Thomas Lang**
London Camden Black Horse Cellar Upstairs: **Sileas**
London Camden Falcon: **Dogfaced Hermans/ Bastard Kestrel/Gustav Gloves Up**
London Central Polytechnic: **Freiwillige Selbstkontrolle**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Los Pistoleros/Dooyah!**
London Deptford Albert: **Scream Theme**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Boogie Brothers**
London Fulham Swan: **Bloo/The Crazy Nine Mile Flares**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band/The Soul Reviewers**
London Hammersmith Charlottes: **The Landlords**
London Hampstead White Horse: **Officer Dibble and the Top Cats**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Brendan Croker and the Five O'Clock Shadows.** Acoustic Room: **Freddie White**
London Islington Rosemary Branch: **Ian Shaw/ Johnny Miller**
London Kentish Town Hype: **The Ideals/The Lively Arts/The Space Case/UV Pop/Hang The Dance**
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **The Popinjays/The Unspoken Word/Big Q-Fish/Ganja Banjos**
London Lewisham Labour Club: **Maria Tolly**
London N1 Pied Bull: **Abdul Tee Jay's African Culture**
London N16 New Pegasus: **The Rhythm Wreckers**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Hugh Rainey's Jazzband/Campbell Burnap's Sextet/Geoff Simkins**
London Putney Zeeta's: **One Pacific/ November 1st**
London Soho Marquee: **Paddy Goes To Holyhead**
London W1 Central Polytechnic: **TV Personalities/Sea Urchins**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Luddy Samms**
London Wembley Flag: **Paper Toys/Monday Theatre/Big Buildings**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Buddy Curtess and the Grasshoppers**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Brazilian Soap Opera**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Cud**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Miriam Makeba**
Manchester Green Room: **SE Rogie**
Manchester International: **Microdisney**
Newcastle upon Tyne Broken Doll: **Lucyshine**
Nottingham Bingham Centre: **The Tannahill Weavers**
Portsmouth Basins: **Reggae Festival with Repoman/Delroy Ogilvie and Eez/Dennis McKellar/Aldin Hines**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Flatmates/Blind Mice**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Cardiacs**
Sheffield Take Two: **Ronnie's Birthday Celebrations with Rollin' Thunder and the Cardboard Criminals**
Southampton Canute: **Writing Degree Zero**
Stafford Falcon Inn: **Renfield**
Wendover Wellhead Inn: **Blue Aeroplanes**

SUNDAY 24

Bedford Angel: **De Ja Vu**
Birmingham NEC: **Rush**
Brentford Red Lion: **Willy Finlayson** (lunchtime)/**John Otway** (evening)
Bristol Colston Hall: **Miriam Makeba**
Cambridge Coin Exchange: **Was Not Was**
Chester Post House Hotel: **Peninsula Jazz Men**
Corwen Pavilion: **4Q**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Rapiers** (lunchtime)/ **Basils Ballsup Band** (evening)
Dudley JB's: **The D.T.'s**
Dundee Fat Sam's Dance Factory: **Joe Public**
Dundee Stirling University: **That Petrol Emotion**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Erasure**
Falkirk Burns Bar: **The Groundhogs**
Farnham The Maltings: **Folk Day with Martin Carthy/Michelle Shocked/Ali Farka Toure Kathryn Tickell/Sileas/Jali Musa Jawara/ Malcolm's Interview/Maggie's Farm/ Howlin' Wilf & the Vee Jays/Gas Mark V/The Old Hat Concert Party/Calicanto/ Ralph Jordan/Broken Ankles/Al & Jo Fraser/Paul James/Nigel Eaton/Roger Wilson**
Hayes Beck Theatre: **Roy Harper**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Martin Stephenson & The Daintees**
Liverpool Everyman Bistro: **The OnSet**
Liverpool Hardman House: **Dave Saul/Chris Williams Quartet**
Liverpool Old Bill: **Freddie Smith Big Band** (lunchtime)
London Brixton Canterbury Arms: **Dog Faced Hermans/Horsehead**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Late Boys/ Trash Town/Black Vinyl Lust/Eat Don't Hula/Paris In The Fall**
London Camden Falcon: **Laugh/The Claim**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Wild River Apples**
London Finchley Torrington: **Poor Mouth**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Blues Burglars**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Morris Day**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Ranking Roger**
Acoustic Room: **DAB/Double Helix**
London Islington Rosemary Branch: **Lorenzo** (lunchtime)/**Steve Grocott and Paul Rodden** (evening)
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Embers**
London N16 New Pegasus: **Crowforce/The Raindogs**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Ray Gelato's Giants of Jive/Ricky Cool**
London Soho Marquee: **Orange Car Test**
London Soho Ronnie Scott's: **Animal Nightlife**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Decadence Within/Feed Your Head/ Electro Hippies**
London Walthamstow Chestnuts: **The Panic Brothers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Elise and Her Jazzmen**
Manchester Boardwalk: **The Lowthers/ Milltown Brothers/Jean Go Solo**
Newcastle upon Tyne Broken Doll: **Little Mo** (lunchtime)/**Mississippi Sheiks** (evening)
Newcastle upon Tyne Pigsty: **The Three Little Pigs**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **John Denver**
Nottingham Russells: **Solid Air**
Reading The George: **The Tannahill Weavers**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Soupdragons**
Sheffield Take Two: **Pop Icons**
Southampton Gaumont: **Hawkwind**
Wigan Mill At The Pier: **Digby Fairweather/ Stan Barker Duo/Tony Mann Quartet**

MONDAY 25

Birmingham Hummingbird Warwick Room: **Daevid Allen**
Birmingham NEC: **John Denver**
Birmingham Synatra's: **Yeah Jazz/The Cudgels/Steamtown**
Croydon Cartoon: **Big Wing**
Derby The Dial: **R. Cajun and the Zydeco Bros/The Floatations**
Durham The Castle: **Fat and Frantic**
Edinburgh Coasters: **That Petrol Emotion**
Edinburgh Kitty O'Sheas: **Cautherfair Folk Band**
Leeds Warehouse: **Microdisney/Edward Barton**
Leicester de Montfort Hall: **Hawkwind**
Liverpool Hardman House: **Sonando**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Wonder Stuff**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Golgotha/The First/N.V./Headmaster/ Dance of the Lost Souls**
London Fulham King's Head: **Pride and Prejudice**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Morris Day**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Tin Gods**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Earl Thomas Conley**
Acoustic Room: **Slade The Leveller**
London Islington King's Head: **Art Hammer**
London NW1 Portlands: **Nikki Sudden/Apple Boutique**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Egon and the Worms/Manequin Neurose**
London W1 Wag Club: **Slim Gaillard**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Gigseen**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **The Workhouse/Babel Jabba**
Louighborough Charnwood Theatre: **The Happy End**
Manchester Apollo: **Erasure**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Latin Workshop**
Newcastle University: **The Soup Dragons**
Newcastle upon Tyne Broken Doll: **Dan To Dan/Lean Steel**
Nottingham Rock City: **Martin Stephenson & The Daintees**
St Asaph Ysgol Glan Clwyd: **4Q**
Sheffield University: **Was Not Was**
Westcliffe On Sea Cliff Pavilion: **Dooyah!**

TUESDAY 26

Aberdeen The Venue: **The Groundhogs**
Bedford Angel: **Don't Panic**
Birmingham Burberries: **Throwing Muses/ Pixies**
Brentford Red Lion: **If Not Why Not**
Brighton Centre: **John Denver**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **John Hartley**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Levellers**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Engelbert Humperdinck**
Dudley JB's: **The Libertines/First Offence**
Edinburgh Kitty O'Sheas: **Geyser**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Tommy Smith-21st Birthday Quartet/Chamber Ensemble**
Edinburgh University: **Fat and Frantic**
Glasgow SECC: **Rush**
Leeds Polytechnic: **The Soup Dragons/ Microdisney**
Leeds University: **Hawkwind**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Microdisney/Edward Barton**
London Clapham Olde Town Arms: **Sing Sing/ The Top Hats**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Head Dog Bark/Claytown Troupe/Kid Plectrum/ Doo Daa Tsars**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Big Brother/ Mercy Mercy/Solo In Soho/Some Solid Spaces**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Di Meola**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Clever Remarks/Seven League Boots/Call Me Taxi/Bigger Than Blue.** Acoustic Room: **Robert Kean**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Russians/ The Zeros**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Mega City 4**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Blinder/Cry**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Bone Structure**
Manchester Ritz: **Was Not Was**
Newcastle City Hall: **Martin Stephenson & The Daintees**
Newcastle (Staffs) Keele University: **John Dowie**
Newcastle upon Tyne Bridge Hotel: **Howlin' Wilff and the Vee Jays**
Newcastle upon Tyne Broken Doll: **Mississippi Dreamboats**
Newcastle upon Tyne Pigsty: **Left For Dead**
Preston Lamb Hotel: **Preston Jazz Club**
Rainham F.C.: **23**

Tour NEWS

COOLTEMPO, hop out of the house for the Fierce Tour with special guests Kid 'N Play, Taurus Boys and Julian Jonah. They appear at Swansea Martha's Vineyard (April 25), Bristol Spirals (27), Peterborough Videoteque (28), Brighton Savana (29), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (30), Nottingham Rock City (May 1), Manchester Hacienda (2), Ealing Broadway Boulevard (5), Wakefield Rooftop Gardens (6), Brekin Flicks (7), Glasgow Tin Pan Alley (8), Romford Hollywood (9).

ANDREW ROACHFORD is special guest on the continuing Christians tour which kicks off at Brighton Dome on May 24.

LAUGH are out on tour, playing Briston Tropic Club (April 23), London Camden Falcon (24), and then as special guests of The Railway Children on all their UK dates. After that it's back to the top of the bill for a show at Chatham Rochester Rooms (May 7).

AFTER TONITE, the highly rated proteges of Two Tone God-daddy Lynval Golding, make a rare appearance at London Camden Dingwalls on April 23.

SOMETHING HAPPENS, the Dublin based band, are to support the Soup Dragons on a tour which begins at Blackburn St George's Hall on April 20.

ENERGY ORCHARD, a grafting of two cult Belfast bands, Ten Past Seven and Bank Robbers, play a couple of London dates. They appear at Portlands, Great Portland St (April 21) and Seven Sisters Red Rose Club (26)

THE ADVENTURES newly signed to Elektra and with a new single 'Broken Land' heading chartward have been announced as support act for the Fleetwood Mac tour which begins at Dublin Stadium on May 9.

THIS YEAR'S Cambridge Folk Festival looks like being the strongest ever. The event takes place in the grounds of Cherry Hinton Hall in Cambridge between July 29 and 31, and names already announced include Christy Moore, 10,000 Maniacs, Nick Lowe, Tom Robinson, Patrick Street, The Blues Band, Martin Carthy, Kathryn Tickell and The Dinner Ladies. More acts will be confirmed soon.

Weekend tickets, if bought before July 16, are £17.50, Saturday or Sunday £11. After that date weekend tickets are £19.50, Saturday or Sunday £12. Camping passes are £1.50 per person, and a caravan/mobile camper pass is £5.

Tickets are available from PO Box 16, Cambridge Corn Exchange, Wheeler Street, Cambridge CB2 3QB.

Record NEWS

SINGLES

AR KANE: 'Up Home' (Rough Trade) back from 4AD with a new EP – out on Monday ● **BENNY PROFANE:** 'Parasite' (Ediesta) you may have seen them supporting Aztec Camera and the Mighty Lemon Drops recently – out on Monday ● **BELINDA CARLISLE:** 'Circle In The Sand' (Virgin) the third single from the Heaven On Earth' album – out on Monday ● **THE CLASH:** 'London Calling' (CBS) another reissue – out on Monday ● **HUGH CORNWELL:** 'Another Kind Of Love' (Virgin) his first solo single – out on Monday ● **THE CROPDUSTERS:** 'Banjo Hill' (DDT) their vinyl debut – out now ● **DO RE MI:** 'King Of Moomba' (Virgin) Aussie faves, we are told – out on Monday ● **HARRY ENFIELD:** 'Loadsamoney (Doin' Up The House)' (Mercury) the world's funn est *NME* cover star, if you discount Bruce Dickinson – out on Monday ● **EURYTHMICS:** 'I Need A Man' (RCA) a new live version of the current hit, recorded live at the Corbin Hall during rehearsals for *Friday Night Live* – out now ● **GALLAGHER & LYLE:** 'You Put The Heart Back In The City' (A&M) the theme to the Glasgow Garden Fest val - out on Monday ● **DEBBIE GIBSON:** 'Fallen Angel' (Atlantic) the third single from her 'Out Of The Blue' album – out on Monday ● **PAUL HAIG:** 'Torchomatic' (Les Disques Du Crepuscule) a new 12 inch, his first output since the 'European Sun' compilation – out now ● **HOTHOUSE FLOWERS:** 'Don't Go' (London) rerecorded version of their last single – out now ● **LAVINE HUDSON:** 'Intervention' (Virgin) debut from a young South London gospel singer – out on Monday ● **GLENN JONES:** 'Living In The Limelight' (Jive) gospel singer turned pop virtuoso – out now ● **EDDIE KIDD:** 'Don't Let The Day Get Any Longer' (Warners) the debut album is on it's way now, and a bus-jumpin' band of goodies it will be no doubt – out now ● **KOOL MOE DEE:** 'Wild West Jive' (Jive) one of his les risque offerings – out now ● **LOOP:** 'Collision' (Chapter 22) their first for the label after a stint with Head – out on Monday ● **TRINI LOPEZ:** 'If I Had A Hammer' (Reprise) reissue of the '63 classic – out now ● **RICHARD MARX:** 'Endless Summer Nights' (EMI) already a big hit in America – out on Monday ● **THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS:** 'Fall Down' (Blue Guitar) the second single from the 'World Without End' album – out on Monday ● **THE NEUROTICS:** 'Never Thought' (Jungle) new 12 inch – out now ● **POISON:** 'Nothin' But A Good Time' (Capitol) from their soon-to-be-released second album – single out on Monday ● **THE PRIMEVALS:** 'Fertile Mind' (New Rose) taken from the album 'Live A Little', backed by a cover of Captain Beefheart's 'Crazy Little Thing' – out now ● **THE PRIMITIVES:** 'Out Of Reach' (Lazy/RCA) from the 'Lovely' album, the CD version contains two live tracks recorded on digital audio tape – out on Monday ● **R.E.M.:** 'Finest Worksong' (IRS) massive remix from document, as already revealed – out now ● **THE RHYTHM SISTERS:** 'American Boys' (Red Rhino) their first single, following on from the wonderful 'Road To Roundhay Pier' album – out on May 6 ● **KEITH SWEAT:** 'Something Just Ain't Right' (Elektra) follow-up to 'I Want Her' – out on Monday ● **FRANK TOVEY:** 'Bridge Street Shuffle' (Mute) Mr Fad Gadget's first release in two years – out on Monday ● **WAS (NOT WAS):** 'Out Come The Freaks (Again)' (Fontana) the third manifestation of the song, from the album 'What Up Dog?' – out on Monday ● **THE WEATHER PROPHETS:** 'Hollow Heart' (Creation) a return to indiedom after a honeymoon period with Warners – out on Monday ● **WHODINI:** 'Rock You Again' (Jive) from the 'Open Sesame' album – out now ● **THE WILD FLOWERS:** 'Take Me For A Ride' (Chapter 22) five track EP – out on Monday ● **BRUCE WILLIS:** 'Youngblood' (Motown) more from Bruno – out now ● **YEAH GOD!:** 'So Far Down' (Chapter 22) their first for the label – out now ●

KEITH SWEAT: Cool customer

A R KANE: Kane are able

THE MOSSPOLES, whose single 'Shorn' is still catching the ears of all but the hard of hearing, go for a brief jape around London. They appear at Camden Town Dingwalls (May 2), Kentish Town Bull And Gate (12), Portlands (20) and back to the Kentish Town Bull And Gate (26).

LEONARD COHEN, over here to promote his latest album 'I'm Your Man', plays an extra night at the London Royal Albert Hall on May 31.

DANIELLE DAX, BIFF BANG POW and ECTOMORPH, appear at a special benefit gig for the Cat Protection Society at the University Of London Union On April 28.

WET WET WET celebrate the overwhelming success of their debut album 'Popped In, Souled Out' by undertaking a major tour. They appear at Glasgow SECC (June 15), Whitley Bay Ice Rink (17), Leeds Queens Hall (18), Bournemouth Centre (20), London Alexandria Palace (22 and 23), Brighton Centre (25), St Austell Cornwall Colisseum (26) and Birmingham NEC (29).

THE WONDERSTUFF, the gobby guitar grebes who recently graced *NME* cover, take off on tour next week, their tricks to perform. They appear at Aylesbury First Division Club (April 23), London Camden Dingwalls (25), Keele University (29), Sunderland Polytechnic (30), Glasgow Rooftops (May 1), London Marquee (15), Wolverhampton Poly (6), Brunel University (7), Portsmouth Poly (12) and Manchester Boardwalk (13).

THE REAL SOUNDS return to Europe in May for a lengthy tour to coincide with the release of their second album on Cooking Vinyl. They play Swansea University (May 3), Huddersfield Poly (4), Glasgow Govan Town Hall (5), Edinburgh The Venue (6), Aberdeen Victoria Hall (7), Stirling University (8), Kirkcaldy Adam Smith Centre (9), Reading Paradise Club (12), London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (13), Birmingham Moseley Dance Centre (14), Builth Wells Wyeside Centre (15), Galways CJ's (18), Cork De Lacy's (19), Dublin Trinity College (20), Malvern Winter Gardens (21), Leeds Irish Centre (25), Plymouth Poly (27), Exeter Riverside (28), Beaford Centre (29), Bristol Fleece & Firkin (30 and 31).

NANCI GRIFFITH has made a slight change to her UK tour and added a couple of new dates. The Bristol Bierkeller show now takes place on May 15, and the extra dates at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (May 9) and Rotheram Arts Centre (14).

McCARTHY promote their single 'Should The Bible Be Banned?' with dates at London School of Economics (April 22), Bristol Arnolfini (25), Cardiff University (26), Southampton Tinderbox (28), Warrington Legends (29), Manchester University (30), Chatham Chocolate Factory (May 6).

CINDERELLA have pulled out from the support slot on the forthcoming Judas Priest tour because of recording commitments.

ROOMFUL OF BLUES, R'n'B legends who've been nominated for three Grammies and number among their fans Robert Cray, Los Lobos and Count Basie, play a special one-off gig at the London Town And Country Club Kentish Town on April 23.

THE DAVE HOWARD SINGERS, make their first appearance for five months at a special one-off gig at London's Marquee on April 26.

THE BATFISH BOYS undertake a handful of dates while putting finishing touches to their latest album. They play at Buckley The Tivoli (April 21), London Astoria (22), Birkenhead Stairways (23).

WELL WELL WELL are ill, or at least the band's singer is with double pneumonia, so their first series of live dates have been put on hold Their two key London dates will however still go ahead at the Marquee (April 25) and the Astoria (May 4). The postponed dates will be re-arranged for May/June

THE MONTELLAS have been invited as special guests on the Was (Not Was) tour which begins at Sheffield University on April 25.

BOSS, the London based hip hop hybrid, play a one-off charity gig at Heaven on April 24 in aid of Harefield Heart Transplant Hospital.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE get out of their beds in time for a rescheduled date at London Ronnie Scott's on April 24.

THE PRIMITIVES have added an extra show at the Town & Country Club, Kentish Town on May 12, as the previously announced date has completely sold out.

THE BRILLIANT CORNERS, release their first full LP 'Somebody Up There Likes Me' on their own McQueen label on Monday. Following that there are live shows at Frome Memorial Hall (April 29), Basingstoke Caribbean Club (30), Bristol Bierkeller (May 5), Milton Keynes Woughton Centre (11), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (12), Hull Adelphi (13) and Sheffield Leadmill (14).

ELLIS, BEGGS & HOWARD are playing another date, at Coventry Poly Biko Bar on April 30.

THE CROPDUSTERS, low-flying insect killers from Southampton, set out to rid the island of bugs with a massive tour. They're set to exterminate at Manchester Poly (April 23), Leeds Duchess Of York (24), London Charing Cross Hospital (26), London Cricketers (28), Bath Moles (30), London North East London Poly (May 4), Bristol Western Star (6), Central London Poly (7), Poole Mr C's (10), Ashford Wye College (11), Kingston Poly (12), Basingstoke Caribbean Blub (13), Portsmouth Poly (14), Southampton Mayfair Suite (17) and Middlesborough Teeside Poly (21)

THE PURPLE HELMETS take their hats off with a short tour. They play London Camden Dingwalls (April 27), Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (28), London Astoria (29)

THROWING MUSES and THE PIXIES have a change of town and venue on their forthcoming British tour. They play Norwich UEA on April 30 instead of Northampton's Kamikaze Club as advertised.

DO RE MI have lined up some gigs to coincide with the release of their single 'King Of Moomba'. They count their scales at London Hammersmith Le Palais (April 25), London Town And Country Club Kentish Town (28) and London Marquee (May 18)

FAITH NO MORE, the slashing American hardcore band, come back to Britain to raid, pillage and plunder once more. They appear at Nottingham Rock City (May 11), Buckley Tivoli (12), Manchester International 2 (13), Glasgow Strathclyde University (14), Aberdeen Venue (15), Newcastle Mayfair (18), Birmingham Hummingbird (20), Northampton Kamikaze Club (21), Portsmouth Basins (22), Bristol Bierkeller (23) and London Town And Country Club Kentish Town (24)

ALBUMS

BAUHAUS: 'In The Flat Field' (4AD) CD release – out on Monday ● **BAUHAUS:** 'In The Flat Field' (4AD) CD release – out on Monday ● **THE CASSANDRA COMPLEX:** 'Theomania' (Play It Again Sam) their third album – out now ● **CRIME & THE CITY SOLUTION:** 'Shine' (Mute) seven new tracks – out on Monday ● **FELT:** 'The Pictorial Jackson Review' (Creation) one side is eight "classic" pop songs, the other is two "atmospheric" instrumentals – out on Monday ● **GILBERT & LEWIS:** '8 Time' (4AD) eight songs from the Wire men, CD only – out on Monday ●

THE RHYTHM SISTERS: Roundhay Girls

JESSE JOHNSON: Man out of time

JOE JACKSON: 'Live 1980–1986' (A&M) 22 songs recorded over four world tours – out on Monday ● **JESSE JOHNSON:** 'Every Shade Of Love' (A&M) his third for the label – out now ● **EVELYN 'CHAMPAGNE' KING:** 'Flirt' (EMI Manhattan) eight now songs – out now ● **IAN MATTHEWS:** 'Walking A Changing Line' (A&M) a collection of Jules Shear songs – out on Monday ● **THE NAME:** 'Dangerous Times' (China) debut from a band of Stevens (well, three out of five of them are) – out on Monday ● **NARADA:** 'Narada' (Reprise) you've had the single of the same name, now enjoy 11 tracks – out on Monday ● **GERRY RAFFERTY:** 'North And South' (London) a more Celtic feel from the Baker Street man – out on May 2 ● **THE SUGARCUBES:** 'Life's Too Good' (One Little Indian) as previously announced, includes the singles 'Birthday', 'Cold Sweat' and 'Deus' – out on Mondy ● **TOT TAYLOR:** 'Jumble Soul' (London Popular Arts) this is his third LP in a year – out on Friday ● **VARIOUS:** 'Colors' (Warners) soundtrack to a new movie, songs include Salt 'n' Pepa, Roxanne Shante, Bit Daddy Kane and Eric B & Rakim – out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'The Solar Box Set' (Streetsounds) an eight album, 72 track package celebrating the label's tenth anniversary – out on Monday ●

THE MADNESS have their first album issued by Virgin on Monday. The ten tracks on the vinyl version are 'Nail Down The Days', 'What's That', 'I Pronounce You', 'Oh', 'In Wonder', 'Song In Red', 'Nightmare Nightmare', 'Thunder And Lightning', 'Beat The Bride', 'Gabriel's Horn', The CD version has the added bonus of '11th Hour', 'Be Good Day', 'Flashings' and '4BF'.

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7 – 11pm

marquee

LICENSED BARS

90 WARDOUR ST. W1
01-437 6603

Thursday 21st April (Adm £5.00)
LOVER BOY
Plus Support and Martin Ball

Friday 22nd April (Adm £4.50)
Hard Rock
CHARIOT
Plus Tour De Force and Nick Henbrey

Saturday 23rd April (Adm £4.00)
One Night Only
PADDY GOES TO HOLYHEAD
Plus Yin Yan and Monty Zero

Sunday 24th April
CLOSED PRIVATE HIRE

Monday 25th April (Adm £3.50)
Pop Rock
WELL WELL WELL
Plus The Muscle Shoal and Monty Zero

Tuesday 26th April (Adm £4.00)
THE DAVE HOWARD SINGERS
Plus Gatecrash Heaven and Nick Henbrey

Wednesday 27th April (Adm £4.00)
YA YA
Plus Special Guests The Jeremiahs and Monty Zero

Thursday 28th April (Adm £3.75)
Pop Rock Favourites
THE GRIP
Plus Ipanema Katz and Martin Ball

REDUCED ADMISSION FOR MEMBERS, STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS

marquee T-SHIRTS · SPORTS · SWEATS
£4.50 £8.50 £9.50
AVAILABLE BLACK OR WHITE IN LARGE SIZE ONLY. From Club or mail.
45 Broadwick St. London W1V 1FS. PO/Cheque +50 p&p per item.

DINGWALLS

Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967

DOORS OPEN 8PM. BANDS START FROM 8.30PM. DANCING FROM 11.30PM-2AM. THE FRESHEST DANCE MUSIC IN TOWN

WEDNESDAY 20TH APRIL
A REGGAE SPECTACULAR
BARRINGTON LEVY
MAIN ACT ON STAGE 10PM, £6

THURSDAY 21ST APRIL
NO COMMENT - WITH KISS FM D.J.'s MADHATTER TREVOR AND LINDEN C., £3

FRIDAY 22ND APRIL
FRIDAY SOUL SESSION presents
THE TROJANS
MAIN ACT ON STAGE 10PM. D.J. CHRIS WRIGHT, £5

SATURDAY 23RD APRIL
SATURDAY SOUL SESSION presents
AFTER TONITE + P.S.P.
MAIN ACT ON STAGE 10PM. D.J. CHRIS WRIGHT, £5

SUNDAY 24TH APRIL
GILLES PETERSON'S SUNDAY LUNCHTIME JAZZ 12NOON-4PM + IKE LEO SEXTET
FROM 7PM-11.30PM FAR NORTH MUSIC presents FOUR NEW UP AND COMING BANDS, £2

MONDAY 25TH APRIL
PANIC STATION THE WONDER STUFF 11PM THE SEERS 10PM
THE ZEN GANGSTERS 9.15PM
DANCING FROM 11.30PM-2AM, £3

TUESDAY 26TH APRIL
RAVE MUSIC FOR DANCERS WITH D.J.'s CHRIS WRIGHT & GERRY O
ADMISSION FREE BEFORE 10PM, £1 BEFORE 11PM, £3 AFTER 11PM

WEDNESDAY 27TH APRIL
THE PURPLE HELMETS
FEATURING JEAN-JACQUES BURNELL + DAVE GREENFIELD + JET BLACK
+THE IDES OF MARCH
MAIN ACT ON STAGE 10PM, £4

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE (01) 741 8989 OR ANY BRANCH KEITH PROWSE FOR ADVANCE BOOKINGS

Boss Goodman's YABBA DABBA DOO CLUB

ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 267 3334 OR KEITH PROWSE (CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS) 741 8989

SAT 30 (N.B. 7.30 pm – 2.15 am)
CLUB NITE BENEFIT FOR "MARK ASHTON TRUST" AND "STOP THE CLAUSE CAMPAIGN"
In Association with CITY LIMITS
STAR GUEST DJs
INCLUDING. . . JIMMY SOMMERVILLE & RICHARD COLES (COMMUNARDS) · SARAH JANE MORRIS · (EX COMMUNARD) · NORMAN COOKE & WILDSKI (HOUSEMARTIN & FRIEND) · RODDY FRAME (AZTEC CAMERA) · TIM SIMENON (BOMB THE BASS) · SUSAN TULLEY (MICHELLE FROM EASTENDERS) · MARK MORE (S-EXPRESS) · WENDY MAY · ASSORTED EASTENDER TV STARS · LUCY O'BRIEN (CITY LIMITS) · STUART COSGROVE · SPECIAL GUEST STARS (UNABLE TO NAME HERE!!!!) PLUS BOSS GOODMAN'S YABBA DABBA DISCO · TICKETS £6 ADVANCE £6.50 ON NIGHT.
ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 267 3334, KEITH PROWSE 741 8989, STARGREEN 734 8932, LTB 439 3371

SAT 23 APRIL 9PM – 2AM
FROM USA
ROOMFULL of BLUES
INTRODUCING LIVE AT 10PM . . . ONLY £5 ON THE NIGHT
THE MISTREATERS

at THE TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 HIGHGATE ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, NW5 267 3334

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENTS

ZAPP

roger

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

FORCE M.D.'S

PLEASE NOTE POSTPONED FRIDAY 11th, SATURDAY 12th MARCH, AT 7.30

NEW DATES THURSDAY 28TH FRIDAY 29TH APRIL AT 7.30 PM

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

DUE TO UNFORSEEN CIRCUMSTANCES THESE CONCERTS HAVE BEEN POSTPONED (SEE NEW DATES) YOUR ORIGINAL TICKETS ARE VALID: I.E. FRIDAY 11TH MARCH TICKETS VALID THURSDAY 28TH APRIL, SATURDAY 12TH MARCH TICKETS VALID FRIDAY APRIL 29TH, OR REFUND FROM POINT OF PURCHASE.

TICKETS FOR NEW DATES £9.50, £8.50 AND £7.50 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS.

rock GARDEN

BREAKTHROUGH VENUE FOR NEW BANDS

THIS WEEK:
WED. 20. APRIL - *SECRETARY BAILEY + Orinoko*
THU. 21. APRIL - *GUITAR GEORGE + Jerusalem*
FRI. 22. APRIL - *BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS + The Dance Bureau*
SAT. 23. APRIL - *LOS PISTOLEROS + Doo Yah*
SUN. 24. APRIL - *Wild River Apples + Sicilian Kiss + The Patio Affair*
MON. 25. APRIL - *"BREAKTHROUGH I" with Golgotha + The First + Dance of the Lost Souls + N.V + Headmaster*
TUES. 26. APRIL - *"BREAKTHROUGH II" with Batteries + Claytown Troupe + Kid Plectrum + Sister Midnite + Ravenna*
WED. 27. APRIL - *THE FRIDAY CLUB + Don't look now*

Keep me up to date on the best new bands in the U.K. Put me on your monthly mailing list, I enclose an S.A.E. for some privileged admission tickets to the ROCK GARDEN:
NAME:
ADDRESS:
POST CODE: NMEWK16

INFO: music venue:- IS OPEN 8PM till 3AM MON thru SAT AND 7.30PM till MIDNIGHT ON SUN. THERE'S A BAR, COCKTAILS, RECORDS, VIDEOS AND DANCING. YOU HAVE TO BE OVER 18. restaurant:- OPEN EVERY DAY, MIDDAY, RIGHT thru till 1AM OR LATER

BANDS: WE NEED REAL TALENT SEND YOUR DEMO TAPES TO SEAN AT THE ADDRESS BELOW OR TELEPHONE 01-836.1929

CAFE VENUE THE PIAZZA COVENT GARDEN
LONDON WC2E 8HB INFO ☎ 01 240 3961

SUN 1st MAY
THROWING MUSES
Pixies
JNR MANSON
SLAGS
£5adv £6drs.
Nearest Tube Kentish Town.
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5
Box Office 267 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records Rock On Records
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records LTB 439 3371
TICKETMASTER 01-379-4444 (24hrs)

ALLABOUTEVE

PLUS SUPPORT
SAT 14th MAY
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tickets £5 · £6 · £7
DOORS 7.30
Available from
HAMMERSMITH ODEON 748 4081 / STARGREEN 734 3982 / PREMIER 240 0771 / LTB 439 3371
TICKETMASTER 379 4444 / RHYTHM 267 0123 / ROUGH TRADE 229 8541 / KEITH PROWSE 741 8989

LOVE-WAR-RIOT···LOVE-WAR-RIOT···

PSYCHIC TV

SPACEMEN 3 HIDING PLACE
voodoo acid dance
ASTORIA – 157 CHARING CROSS RD
SAT 30th APRIL
Doors 7 pm
ASTORIA 434-0403 4
RHYTHM - ROCK ON RECORDS - LTB 439-3371 - ROUGH TRADE RECORDS
TICKETMASTER 01-379-4444 (24hrs) - PREMIER 240-0771 - KEITH PROWSE 741 8989 - STARGREEN 734-8932

Asian

YARGO
BRIXTON ACADEMY
Friday May 6th at 7.30pm
Tickets £7 advance. Tel: Box Office 01-326 1022, Credit Cards 01-734 8932 and usual agents (Subject to booking fee)

Kensal Fiddler

24/26/28 HIGH STREET HARLESDEN NW10 Tel 01 961 5490

Wed 20th Adm £3.00
BLACK WORM + THE WISHING STORM + SINGLE FACTOR + SEQ UNIQ

Thu 21st Adm £5.00
FLACO JIMINEZ AND THE **ROCKIN' TEX MEX BAND**

Fri 22nd Adm £5.00
RENT PARTY + THE WILD ONES

Sat 23rd Adm £5.00
BRENDAN CROKER AND 5 O'CLOCK THE SHADOWS
+ SUMMER HILL

Sun 24th Adm £4.00
RANKING ROGER
+ LYPBOX

Mon 25th FROM USA Adm £5.00
EARL THOMAS CONLEY

Tue 26th Adm £3.00
CLEVER REMARKS + SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS + CALL ME A TAXI + BIGGER THAN BLUE

Wed 27th Adm £3.00
POLIT BURO + ELYSIAN FIELDS + STAX CADILLAX + WINTER

Thu 28th Adm £3.00
MARKS BROTHERS + THE PRINCIPLE + TEN

Fri 29th FROM USA Adm £6.00
NANCI GRIFFITH & THE BLUE MOON ORCHESTRA

Sat 30th Adm £5.00
POTATO FIVE featuring LAUREL AITKEN

Sun 1st May Adm £4.00
CRY BEFORE DAWN
+ GANGSHOW

Wed 4th May Adm £6.00
FROM IRELAND
DE DANANN

ACOUSTIC ROOM

Thu 21st Adm £3.00
HORSEDOCTORS + CARL HALLING
+ MANSION SCARLETT

Fri 22nd & Sat 23rd Adm £5.00
FROM IRELAND
FREDDIE WHITE

Sun 24th Adm £3.00
D.A.S. + DOUBLE HELIX

Mon 25th Adm £4.00
SLADE THE LEVELLER
+ JOOLZ + REV HAMMER

Tue 26th FROM NASHVILLE Adm £4.00
ROBERT KEENE

Wed 27th Adm £3.00
THE GUTTER BROTHERS + RAN SCHUMAN
+ DAVE MURPHY

Thu 28th FROM IRELAND Adm £4.00
CHRISTY HENNESY

Sat 30th Adm £5.00
KATHRYN TICKELL & ALISTAIR ANDERSON

COMING SOON—Fri 6th May THE MEKONS, Sun 8th RED WEDGE CLUB NIGHT, Fri 13th THE REAL SOUNDS OF AFRICA, Fri 20th From USA THE BEAT FARMERS, Fri 20th & Sat 21st (ACOUSTIC ROOM) From USA JOHN STEWART, Sun 22nd, Mon 23rd & Tue 24th SWANS

CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 01-961 5490

GUEST DJ'S · VIDEOS

ASTORIA
157 Charing Cross Road London
11p.m. Music Until 3.00a.m.

FRI 22nd APRIL
BATFISH BOYS
FRI 29th APRIL
PURPLE HELMETS
FRI 6th MAY
THE STUPIDS
FRI 13th MAY
Tackhead Sound System
FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS
JAH WOBBLE — THE FUZZTONES
Tickets £5 members £6 non members
ASTORIA 434-0403/4—LTB 439-3371
ROCK ON RECORDS— ROUGH TRADE RECORDS—PREMIER 240-0771
RHYTHM RECORDS—KEITH PROWSE 741-8989—STARGREEN 734-8932

NIGHT CLUB

ASGARD PRESENTS

Nanci Griffith

and the BLUE MOON ORCHESTRA

May 1st Norwich, U E A
May 2nd Nottingham, Rock City
May 4th Birmingham, Irish Centre
May 6th Leeds, Astoria
May 7th London, Victoria Palace
May 8th Folkestone, Leas Cliff Hall
May 9th Manchester, International 1
May 11th Newcastle, Riverside
May 12th Edinburgh, Queens Hall
May 13th Glasgow, Govan Town Hall
May 14th Rotherham, Arts Centre
May 15th Bristol, Bierkeller

"LITTLE LOVE AFFAIRS" IS THE NEW ALBUM FROM NANCI GRIFFITH AVAILABLE FROM MCA RECORDS

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

Outlaw Present

the sugarcubes!

PLUS SUPPORT

LEICESTER UNIVERSITY WED. 11 MAY
Tickets £4 from S.U. and usual outlets

NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY THURS. 12 MAY
Tickets £4 from S.U. and usual outlets

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY SAT. 14 MAY
Tickets £4 from S.U. and usual outlets

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY MON. 16 MAY
Tickets £4 from S.U. and usual outlets

BIRMINGHAM IRISH CENTRE TUES. 17 MAY
Tickets £4 from Irish Centre, Odeon and Tempest Records

LONDON ASTORIA
THURS. 19th MAY 7.30
Tickets £5 from Astoria, Stargreen, Premier, Prowse and LTB

Tickets for postponed dates valid for re-scheduled dates in Manchester, Sheffield, London

---

SOLO PRESENTS

ICEHOUSE

plus special guests EMPIRE and DO-RE-MI

THURSDAY APRIL 28th
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
TICKETS £6-00
Available from Town & Country Club Box Office Tel: (01) 267-3334

Or by post from ICEHOUSE Box Office P.O. Box 77 London SW4 9LH Please Enclose S.A.E. & make cheques payable to ICEHOUSE Box Office and add 50p booking fee per ticket
Tickets also available (subject to booking fee) from Credit Card Hotline Tel (01) 582 1626 Keith Prowse (Credit Card Hotline) Tel (01) 741 8989 Premier Tel (01) 240 2245 Stargreen Tel (01) 734 8932 Ticketmaster (open all hours) Tel (01) 379 4444 LTB Tel (01) 439 3371

A NIGHT FOR ANTI-APARTHEID with

THE JOAN COLLINS FAN CLUB + SKINT VIDEO

at ACTON TOWN HALL, Acton High St.
Friday 22nd April. Tickets £5/£4.

Tickets available from West London Trade Union Club Tel: [illegible]
Tickets available on regist[illegible]

PANIC STATION Presents For your Listening Pleasure MAYHEM ALL DAY

Mon 2nd May

12pm–8pm DINGWALLS, CHALK FARM ROAD, CAMDEN 8pm–2am

THE JAZZ BUTCHER
THE FLATMATES
boys wonder
THE BRILLIANT CORNERS
THE MAN FROM DELMONTE
THE STITCHED BACK FOOT AIRMAN
THE WALLFLOWERS
THE MOSSPOLES
guest DJs Janice Long, Tony Smith.

PRIMAL SCREAM
THE JASMINE MINKS
THE CHESTERFIELDS
THE BLUE AEROPLANES
BLYTH POWER
MOMUS
THE DARLING BUDS
THE LOCOMOTIVES
THE WOOD CHILDREN
Joe Foy Band & Capt Pugwash

in Co[illegible] SOUNDS

Adv £6 Morning, £7 Evening, Round Ticket £11, Advance Tickets Available from Dingwalls, Rhythm Records, Rough Trade Records, Keith Prowse & LTB.

SAT 23rd April

Thames Polytechnic

present

BUDDY CURTESS
AND THE
GRASSHOPPERS

SAT 23rd April

Tickets £3.00 conc £4.00 waged
Thames Polytechnic Students Union,
Thomas Street, Woolwich. Pay on the door.
All cheques & p/o, payable to T.P.S.U.

BR Woolwich Arsenal – Buses 51,53,54,75,122,161

Tel: 01-855 0618/9

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

GREENWICH LEISURE

The Only London Club Date

THE LEGENDARY ALBERT LEE

The Outstanding Guitarist of his generation, with his friends

HOGANS HEROES

Sunday 24 April at 7.30pm
The Tramshed, 51 Woolwich New Road, SE18
£5 (concessions £4)

ADVANCE BOOKINGS 01-317 8687 CREDIT CARDS 01-855 5900
Greenwich Entertainment Service: 25 Woolwich New Road, SE18.
Greenwich Theatre Box Office: Crooms Hill, SE10 (callers only).

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Wednesday 20th April	From USA: OPAL ex. Rain Parade. Special Guests: Dawn After Dark	£3.50
Thursday 21st April	From New Zealand: EXPONANTS · Dancing In Excile	£2.00
Friday 22nd April	JODY TURNER · Jerod · Over & Out	£3.50
Saturday 23rd April	CLAYTOWN TROUPE · The Assassins	£2.00
Monday 26th April	RUSSIANS · Canoe	£2.00
Tuesday 27th April	BELTANE FIRE · Dom Mackevitt	£2.00

LONDON'S 1st ROCK VENUE TO BRING YOU SATELLITE TV FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Fair McIntyre Presents

The Railway Children

BRISTOL BIERKELLER
+LAUGH
THURSDAY 5 MAY - DOORS 8 PM
TICKETS £4.00 ADVANCE
FROM B.O. TEL. 0272 276193, VIRGIN, REVOLVER, RIVAL (BRISTOL), RIVAL (BATH).

THE TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
Special Guests THE CHESTERFIELDS + LAUGH
FRIDAY 6 MAY - DOORS 7 PM
TICKETS £4.50 ADVANCE
FROM B.O. TEL. 267 3334, STARGREEN 734 8932, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, PREMIER 240 0771, KEITH PROWSE 741 8989, RHYTHM RECORDS, LTB 439 3371.
FREE ADMISSION TO THE LOCOMOTION

JLP CONCERTS presents

THE SOUP DRAGONS

+ SOMETHING HAPPENS! + JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET (London only)

NEWCASTLE POLYTECHNIC
Monday 25th April at 8pm
Tkts £4.00. Tel: 091 232 8761 and usual agents*

LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
Tuesday 26th April at 8pm
Tkts £4.00. Tel: 0532 430171, Jumbo Records and usual agents*

LEICESTER UNIVERSITY
Wednesday 27th April at 8pm
Tkts £4.00. Tel: 0533 556282 and usual agents*

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
Friday 29th April at 7.30pm
Tkts £5.00. Tel: 01-267 3334. C.C. 01-734 8932†, Keith Prowse, LTB, Premier, Rough Trade, Rock-On, Open All Hours*

BRISTOL BIERKELLER
Sunday 1st May at 8.00pm
Tkts £4.50. Tel: 0272 268514, Virgin and usual agents*

BIRMINGHAM HUMMINGBIRD
Tuesday 3rd May at 8pm
Tkts £4.50. Tel: 021 236 4236 & The Odeon

* & † Subject to booking fee

TO ADVERTISE
ON THE
LIVE PAGE
RING
DOROTHY KEOGH
ON 01-829 7816.

JLP CONCERTS presents

MARTIN STEPHENSON and the Daintees

+ SPECIAL GUESTS LOVE TRAIN & MELISSA ETHERIDGE

BRISTOL BIERKELLER
Wednesday 20th April at 8pm
Tkts £4.50. Tel: 0272 268514, Virgin & usual agents*

CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
Thursday 21st April at 8pm
Tkts £4.50. Tel: 0223 357851 & usual agents*

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY
Saturday 23rd April at 8pm
Tkts £4.50. Tel: 051 709 4744

LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
Sunday 24th April at 8pm
Tkts £4.50. Tel: 0532 430171 & usual agents*

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Tuesday 26th April at 7.30pm
Tkts £5.00. Tel: 091 261 2606 & usual agents*

LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC (ARENA)
Thursday 28th April at 8pm‡
Tkts £4.50. Tel: 0533 555576 & usual agents*
‡ OVER 18's ONLY - NO ADMISSION AFTER 10.30PM

SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC
Friday 29th April at 8pm
Tkts £4.50. Tel: 0742 738934 & usual agents*

* & † Subject to booking fee

MCP presents
'OUT COME THE FREAKS DANCE PARTY'

WAS NOT WAS

Plus Special Guests

THE MONTELLAS

CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
SUN 24th APRIL
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 0223-357851

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
MON 25th APRIL 8.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from University Students Union (0742-753300), Polytechnic Students Union, Fon Records Record Collector, HMV and Rouette Records

MANCHESTER RITZ
TUES 26th APRIL
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 061-236 2555 Piccadilly Records.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
WED 27th APRIL 9.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from The C.A.T.S. Shop Students Union (Tel 0532-494972), and Jumbo Records Leeds

NEWCASTLE POLYTECHNIC
FRI 29th APRIL
Tickets £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 091-232 8761 Poly S.U., University S.U.

GLASGOW Q.M.U.
SAT 30th APRIL
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 041-339 9784, Q.M. Union, Echo Records

DUNDEE UNIVERSITY
SUN 1st MAY
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 0382-21841, University S.U.

BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
TUES 3rd MAY 8.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 021-643 4715, Odeon Theatre, Ticket Shop, Oasis & Tempest Records Birmingham, Poster Place Coventry (All agents subject to booking fees)

NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
WED 4th MAY 8.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 0602-412544, Victoria B/O, Selectadisc, Way Ahead, Arcade Records, The University, Nottingham, Way Ahead Derby, Lincoln B/O, R & K Records Newark, Aunleys Records Leicester, Hardy Smith Music Centre Mansfield and R.E. Cords Derby.

LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC
THUR 5th MAY
Tickets £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 0533-555576, Polytechnic S.U., University S.U.

CARDIFF UNIVERSITY
SAT 7th MAY 9.00 pm
Tickets £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from University Students Union Shop & Ticket Office (Tel 0222-396421), Spillers Records, HMV Records, Tickets Tickets Cardiff and Roxeane in Newport & Bridgend

BRISTOL STUDIO
SUN 8th MAY 8.00 pm
Tickets: £5.00 advance, £6.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 0272-276193, Virgin, Revolver and Rival Records Bristol and Bath
(All agents subject to booking fees)

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
MON 9th MAY 8.00 pm
Tickets: £6.00 advance, £7.00 door
Available from B/O Tel 01-267 3334, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989). Open All Hours & Stargreen

---

HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road,
Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387

Thursday 21st April
MIGHTY FLYERS (USA)
Plus **OTIS GRAND & THE DANCE KINGS**

Friday 22nd April
HANK WANGFORD BAND

Saturday 23rd April
CLIMAX BLUES BAND

Sunday 24th April
WILKO JOHNSON BAND

Monday 25th April
TANNA HILL WEAVERS

Tuesday 26th April
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND REUNION CONCERT

Wednesday 27th April
I.C.Q.

Thursday 28th April
TEA PARTY
ALTERNATIVE DANCE NIGHT

SEASONS Club
THE WELLHEAD INN

SATURDAY APRIL 23RD

BLUE AEROPLANES

+ DJ

Open 8.30–1am, Door £3.50

SEASONS CLUB WELLHEAD INN,
HALE ROAD
WENDOVER (0296) 622733

Division One

Saturday 23rd April £3.50

THE WONDER STUFF

AYLESBURY UTD. F.C.
Ticket info: (0296) 82296
8.30pm–11.30pm

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH WORLD SERVICE AGENCY
presents

STEVE HACKETT

THE GUITAR CONCERT

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST MAE McKENNA

CHELTENHAM TOWN HALL	MON 25th APRIL
BRIGHTON DOME	FRI 29th
NORTHAMPTON DERNGATE	MON 2nd MAY
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL	TUES 3rd
LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC	WEDS 4th
LONDON SADLERS WELLS	SAT 7th
plus THE PANIC BROTHERS	
GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL	WEDS 11th

Tickets £6 £5 (London £7.50 £6.50) (Leicester £5 only)

DENNIS GREAVES AND

THE TRUTH

APPEARING AT

* HAMMERSMITH ODEON 20 APRIL

* THE GUILDHALL PORTSMOUTH 21 APRIL

THE MARQUEE 4 MAY

SUPPORTING T'PAU

EXTRA SHOW

JOHNNY CLEGG

+SAVUKA

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
THURS 21st APRIL
TICKETS £6 ADV.
FROM BOX OFFICE 267 3334
STERNS, 116 WHITFIELD ST.
Credit Cards 01-734-8932

RONNIE SCOTT'S

47 FRITH STREET, LONDON W1

Sun April 24 at 8pm £4.50 Adv

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

Sun May 8 at 8pm £4.50

BOLO BOLO

BOX OFFICE & 4338747
AND USUAL AGENTS

FAT + FRANTIC

GUILDFORD: CIVIC HALL FRIDAY 22nd APRIL 8.00pm Tickets: £3 Tel: 0483-573355	NEWCASTLE: JEWISH MOTHER WEDNESDAY 27th APRIL Advance Info: 091-261-4060 The Jewish Mother, 12-14 Leazes Lane, Newcastle
DURHAM UNIVERSITY MONDAY 25th APRIL 9.30pm Tickets: £2.00 By post from V.L. Scott, ST. Hild and St. Bede College, Durham DH1 1SZ	MANCHESTER THURSDAY 28th APRIL 8.00pm Tickets: £2.50 Tel: 01-730-0741 By post from R Fearey, 4 Chiswick Rd, Didsbury M20 0RZ
EDINBURGH UNIV: WILKIE HOUSE with THE MATTERJACKS TUESDAY 26th APRIL 8.00pm Tickets: £3.00 Tel: 031-225-4283	OXFORD UNIVERSITY FRIDAY 29th APRIL Tickets: £2.50 Tel: 0865-251343 By post from 5 Botley Rd, Oxford OX2 0AA
Latest news/info: 01-730-0741	

Cheques for all advance tickets payable to FAT AND FRANTIC MGT

'AGGRESSIVE SUNBATHING' ALBUM (FATLP2/TCFATLP2) NOW AVAILABLE ON I'LL CALL YOU RECORDS, DISTRIB. PRIORITY RECORDS THRU' RCA/ARIOLA

OUTLAW AND PHIL MCINTYRE PRESENT

IT BITES

+ The Quest

THE ASTORIA,
CHARING CROSS ROAD
FRIDAY 13th MAY 8.00pm
TICKETS £5.50
available from box office, LTB, Premier, Prowse and Stargreen.
Credit Cards 01 734 8932
Tickets subject to Booking Fee

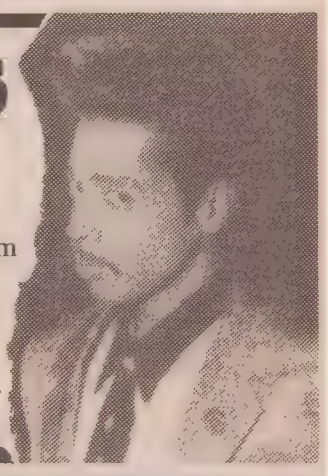
BKO PRODUCTIONS PRESENT

MORRIS DAY

+SPECIAL GUEST

Sat 23 & Sun 24 April at 7.30pm
HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON W6

Tickets £9.50, £8.50, £7.50 from Box Office 01-748 4081. Credit Card hotline 01-741 8989. Stargreen 01-734 8932, Ticketmaster 01-379 4444, LTB 01-439 3371, Premier 01-240 0771. Agency tickets subject to booking fee



SALISBURY ARTS CENTRE

in the Palmerston Club
Bedwin Street, Salisbury
(0722) 21744
Friday 29th April

GASPER LAWAL
and the 11 piece
AFRICA ORO BAND
Saturday 30th April
THE METEORS
Thursday 5th May
BLYTHE POWER
+ CROWFORCE

THE SOUTH'S FASTEST VENUE

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Wednesday 20th April	NAMELESS FACES + Support	£1.50
Thursday 21st April	LIGHT BRIGADE + The Lost Chords	£2.00
Friday 22nd April	THE GARAGE: THE SURFADELICS + Support	£2.00
Saturday 23rd April	THE GALLEY SLAVES + Support	£2.00
Monday 25th April	THE HIPPY CLUB MAGIC BASTARDS NOISE ANNOYS	£1.50
Tuesday 26th April	NINE WAYS WILD + Support	£2.00

Real Ale Served 7.30–11.00pm.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
439 3371

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

APRIL

20th	T'Pau
20th	Johnny Clegg
22nd	The Batfish Boys
22nd	Microdisney
22nd	Blue Aeroplanes
23rd	Blue Aeroplanes
23rd	Meteors
23rd	Thomas Lang
23rd 24th	Morris Day
24th	Animal Nightlife
25th	Miriam Makeba
28th 29th	Zapp
28th/30th	Rush
29th	Jesus & Mary Chain
29th	Purple Helmets
30th	Psychic TV

MAY

1st	Throwing Muses Pixies
5th	Alpha Blondy
6th	Hermeto Pascal
6th	Aswad
6th	The Railway Children
7th	Nancy Griffiths
9th/10th	Van Morrison
11th	Bonnie Tyler
11th 12th	The Primitives
12th	Saxon
13th	Tack Head Sound System
13th	It Bites
14th	All About Eve
16th	Icicle Works
18th	Megadeth
18th	Fields Of Nephilim
19th	Sugarcubes
20th	Jah Wobble
21st	Billy Ocean
22nd	Linton Kwesi Johnson
24th 25th	Fleetwood Mac
27th	Fuzz Tones
30th	David Sylvian
30th	Alexandra O'Neil
30th	Leonard Cohen

JUNE

2nd	The Christians
3rd	Robyn Hitchcock
4th	Joe Cocker
10th	Paco De Lucia
11th	Dennis Brown
12th	Burning Spear
12th	George Michael
13th 14th	Ry Cooder
14th	Judas Priest
14th 15th	George Michael
23rd	Stevie Ray Vaughn
25th	INXS

JULY

6th 7th	Status Quo
23rd	Pop Will Eat Itself
31st	10,000 Maniacs

AUGUST

5th 6th	Pink Floyd
26th	Michael Jackson – Wembley
29th	Michael Jackson – Leeds

OCTOBER

17th 20th	James Last

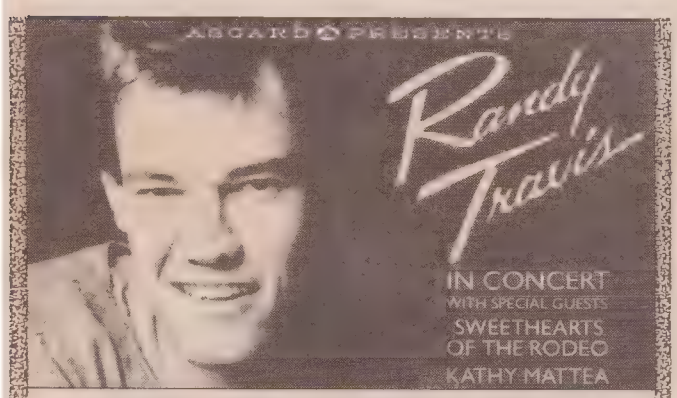
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
439 3371
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W1.

ACTORS and Famous People

THE ANGEL, BEDFORD April 15th
THE PEACOCK, PETERBORO April 22nd
THE WHEATSHEAF, DUNSTABLE April 25th
THE GREYHOUND, DUNSTABLE May 5th
THE SHIP, OUNDLE May 13th
THE ALMA, CAMBRIDGE May 21st

Acting Famously – 0234 708262

New Interesting Acts
NEEDED FOR
MEAN FIDDLER
ACOUSTIC ROOM
Send tapes for att. of Rob
Mean Fiddler
28a High St,
Harlesden,
London NW10 4LX



THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

ROUTE 88

SUNDAY, 19TH JUNE

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES FLIES ROUTE 88

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL BOX OFFICE, 01 589 8212
OR CREDIT CARD LINE, 01 589 9465 TICKET AGENTS KEITH PROWSE, 01 741 8989
OR STARGREEN, 01 734 8932 (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)

KAMIKAZI KLUB

SUNDAY 24th APRIL 1988

THOMAS DOLBY

plus Sam Browne

ONLY UK DATE OUTSIDE OF LONDON

at Roadmender Centre, Ladys Lane,
NORTHAMPTON ☎ (0604) 21408

DANNY BETESH FOR KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES PROUDLY PRESENTS

PINK FLOYD

IN CONCERT

THE MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON TOUR

EUROPE 1988

1st AUGUST
MANCHESTER CITY F.C.
MAINE ROAD MANCHESTER
CONCERT STARTS 8.00pm GATES OPEN 5.30pm Subject to license
Tickets £15.00 inc VAT.
CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01-748 1414 061-273 3775
MANCHESTER City Box Office — MANCHESTER Piccadilly Records — HANLEY Mike Lloyd Records
LEEDS Cavendish Travel — WARRINGTON Virgin Records — PRESTON Guildhall
CHESTERFIELD Lane Records — SHEFFIELD City Hall — NEWCASTLE
BIRMINGHAM — UNDER LYME Mic
NEWPORT — HALIFAX Bradley's Records
EDINBURGH — STAFFORD Kings Records
GLASGOW — BLACKBURN King George's Hall
BRISTOL
SEDGLEY Goulds
CREDIT CARD TICKETS ARE SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE
or by post (£15.50 inclusive of booking fee) to Pink Floyd, Manchester, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ.

5th & 6th AUGUST
WEMBLEY STADIUM
CONCERT STARTS 8.00pm GATES OPEN 5.00pm Subject to license
ARENA BOX OFFICE OPEN MON-SAT from 10am Tel. 01 903 8444
Tickets £16.00 inc VAT.
Also at Tower Records, Piccadilly Circus Mon-Sat (CASH & CHEQUES ONLY)
CREDIT CARD HOTLINES KEITH PROWSE 01-741 1414 OPEN ALL HOURS 01-379 6131
PREMIER 01-836 4114
ALBEMARLE 01-500 3141 - FENCHURCH 01-626 8515 LTB 01-439 3371 STARGREEN 01-734 8932
BRIGHTON Centre & Virgin Records — CARDIFF
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall & Virgin Records — OXFORD
BRISTOL Hippodrome & Virgin Records — BOURNEMOUTH B.I.C.
BIRMINGHAM Odeon — NORTHAMPTON Spring
NEWPORT & BRIDGEND
COVENTRY
or by post (£16.50 inclusive of booking fee) to Pink Floyd Wembley, PO Box 141, London SW6 5AS.
Cheques & Postal Orders made payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises Ltd. (please enclose an SAE)

TO ADVERTISE
ON THE
LIVE PAGE
RING
DOROTHY KEOGH
ON 01-829 7816.

ASTORIA THEATRE,
CHARING CROSS ROAD
JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

CARDIACS

FRIDAY 6th MAY 7.30pm

TICKETS £4.50 IN ADVANCE
Tel: 01 434 0403 & KEITH PROWSE, LTB, STARGREEN 734 8932, PREMIER, ROCK-ON, ROUGH TRADE, OPEN ALL HOURS

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

THE 6TH AND LAST
FARNHAM FOLK DAY
11 hours of the best international roots music in concerts, sessions and dance all under one roof.

ALI FARKA TOURE
MICHELLE SHOCKED
JALI MUSA JAWARA
MARTIN CARTHY
KATHRYN TICKELL
SILEAS □ CALICANTO
HOWLIN' WILF & THE VEE-JAYS □ GAS MK 5
MAGGIE'S FARM
and lots more . . .

THIS SUNDAY, APRIL 24TH
THE MALTINGS, FARNHAM
12 to 11pm (doors open 11.30am) All day bars and catering. Tickets £10.00 the whole day (no part-day tickets, children under 11 free with a paying adult). Farnham (Surrey) is under 1 hour from London by road (A3 or M3) or rail (direct line from Waterloo). Info: (0252) 724638

Princess Charlotte
8 Oxford Street, Leics., LE1 5XZ
0533 553956

Weds 27th Apr
THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH
★ Tickets £3.00 ★
Weds 11th May
THE JACK RUBIES
★ Tickets £2.50 ★
Thurs 12th May
THE HIGHLINERS
★ Tickets £3.00 ★
Fri 13th May
JIM JIMINEE
★ Tickets £2.00 ★
Sat 14th May
THE BODINES
★ Tickets £3.00 ★
Weds 18th May
GERRY COLVIN
(Ex Terry & Gerry)
★ Tickets £2.00 ★
Thurs 26th May
THE CHATSHOW
★ Tickets £2.50 ★

SPEAKOUT PRESENTS
The Return of
BALKANA
THE MUSIC OF BULGARIA

IN the wake of 'Le Mystere des Voix Bulgares' and the wave of interest in Eastern European music, **BALKANA – THE MUSIC OF BULGARIA** *return for a full-scale tour of Europe and the USA after their success at last year's Edinburgh and WOMAD festivals.*

'POWERFUL, ACCESSIBLE, THRILLING.'
(The Guardian)

Britisb Dates :

- **LONDON** *Wed 27 April*
  Lewisham Theatre · 01-690 0002
- **BRIGHTON** *Thu 28 + Fri 29 April*
  Gardner Centre · 0273 685861
- **LONDON** *Sun 1 May*
  Hackney Empire · 01-986 9666
- **EXETER** *Tue 3 May*
  Barnfield Theatre · 0392 219741

EXTRA SHOW
- **NEWCASTLE** *Thu 5 May*
  Playhouse · 091-2327079
- **GLASGOW** *Sat 7 + Sun 8 May*
  Mayfest · 041-227 5511
- **LEEDS** *Wed 15 June*
  Irish Centre · 0532 461246
- **NOTTINGHAM** *Mon 20 June*
  Old Vic · 0509 235386
- **MILTON KEYNES** *Wed 22 June*
  Wavendon Stables · 0908 583928
- **MANCHESTER** *Thu 23 June*
  International Club · 061-224 0020
- **LANCASTER** *Fri 24 June*
  Ashton Hall · 0524 32878
- **EDINBURGH** *Sat 25 June*
  Ross Theatre · 031-228 1155
- **SHEFFIELD** *Sun 26 June*
  Leadmill · 0742 754500

'Balkana – The Music of Bulgaria' out now on Hannibal Records HNBL 1335. A new LP by The Trio Bulgarka (Yanka Rupkina, Stoyanka Boneva and Eva Georgieva) will be released to coincide with the tour on Hannibal HNBL 1342.

JLP CONCERTS presents
SCARLET FANTASTIC
+ SUPPORT

MANCHESTER RITZ
Wednesday 4th May at 8pm
Tkts £3.50 adv. Tel: 061 236 4355 & Piccadilly Records 061 236 2577

LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
Thursday 5th May at 8pm
Tkts £3.50 adv. Tel: 0532 430171/752796 & Jumbo Records

NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY
Saturday 7th May at 8pm
Tkts £3.50 adv. Tel: 091 261 4319 & usual agents

BRISTOL BIERKELLER
Monday 9th May at 8pm
Tkts £3.50 adv. Tel: 0272 268514, Virgin & usual agents

BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
Tuesday 10th May at 8pm
Tkts £4.00 adv. Tel. 021 643 4715 & The Odeon

LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC
Wednesday 11th May at 8pm
Tkts £3.50 adv. Tel: 0533 555576 & usual agents

ASTORIA THEATRE
Thursday 12th May at 7.30pm
Tkts £5.00 adv. Tel: 01-434 0403 and C.C. 01-734 8932, LTB, Keith Prowse, Premier, Rough Trade, Back On, Open All Hours

---

A Sense of IRELAND '88

Monday 2 May, 2.30pm–10.30 pm — **INTER-CELTIC FOLK FESTIVAL**
Including SKYLARK, BOYS OF THE LOUGH and AR LOG.
Tickets £6.50 £4.50 (concs) each concert. £15.00/£10.00 (concs) All Day

Tuesday 3 May, 8pm — **DE DANNAN**
Tickets £8.00 £6.00 (concs)

Thursday 5 May, 8pm — **DAVEY SPILLANE**
Tickets £7.00

Friday 6 May, 8pm — **ASLAN AND ANDY WHITE**
Tickets £6.50

Saturday 7 May, 8pm — **VAN MORRISON AND THE CHIEFTAINS**
Tickets £12.00 £10.00

* FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL 01-741 2251. * CREDIT CARD BOOKING 01-379 4444

riverside studios
Crisp Road Hammersmith W6 9RL • 01-748 3354

Outlaw Present
PETER MURPHY
Plus Support
TOWN & COUNTY CLUB
WED 25th MAY 7.30pm
Tickets £5.50 From Box Office 01 267 3334
Premier 01 240 0771, Prowse 01 741 8989 and Stargreen 01 734 8932
(AGENCY AND CREDIT CARD TICKETS SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)

TUNNEL CLUB
01-858 0837/91
(IN THE MITRE LONDON SE1 — BH Maze Hill. Buses 1 [illegible] outside.

Tin Gods · Cut The Wire · Through The Round Window · Bandung File
Sat 23 — **GENO WASHINGTON AND THE RAM JAM BAND** · International Rescue · Big Road
Tue 26 — NEW BANDS NIGHT
Mercy Mercy · Solo In Soho · Some Solid Spaces
Thur 28 — Money · The Roberts · Fat City
Fri 29 — **DUBIOUS BROTHERS + I LUDICROUS**
Sat 30 — **JOHN OTWAY**
Beat Maniacs · Fellow Mortals
Tue 3 May — NEW BANDS NIGHT
Watch You Drown · Shakedown · Pilgrims
Wed 4 — NEW BANDS NIGHT
11th Hour · Don McKevitt and The Kindred Spirits
Sat 7 — **BLUES 'N' TROUBLE**
+ FATKAT BAND · Tyrade

THE L.M.S.
10 Church Road
Hendon, NW4
01-203 2600
Fri 22hd April 8.00 pm till 12.00pm
RISE YOUNG BLOOD
Admis £2.50 — Last Admis 10.30pm
Sun 24th April 7.00pm till 10.00pm
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH and the Savages
Admis £2.50

TICKETS AVAILABLE
NELSON MANDELA
DIRE STRAITS +
11th JUNE
IRON MAIDEN
20th AUGUST
STATUS QUO
6th/7th JULY
FLEETWOOD MAC
18/19th JUNE
RUSH
30th APRIL
VAN MORRISON
9th/10th MAY
CREDIT CARD HOTLINE
01-734 8932
STARGREEN
20 ARGYLL ST, LONDON W1V 1AA.

JLP CONCERTS presents
DAVID SYLVIAN
IN PRAISE OF SHAMANS
featuring
DAVID TORN
STEVE JANSEN & MARK ISHAM
RICHARD BARBIERI

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Saturday 28th/Sunday 29th/Monday 30th May
Tel: 01-748 4081 and usual agents
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
Thursday 2nd June
Tel: 0742 735295
MANCHESTER APOLLO
Friday 3rd June
Tel: 061 273 3775
OXFORD APOLLO
Saturday 4th June
Tel: 0865 244544
BRISTOL HIPPODROME
Sunday 5th June
Tel: 0272 299444
PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
Tuesday 7th June
Tel: 0705 824355
ALL SHOWS START 7.30PM

BRIGHTON DOME
Wednesday 8th June
Tel: 0273 674357
CARDIFF ST DAVIDS
Thursday 9th June
Tel: 0222 371236
POOLE ARTS CENTRE
Friday 10th June
Tel: 0202 685222
BIRMINGHAM ALEXANDRA
Sunday 12th June
Tel: 021 643 1231
NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE
Monday 13th June
Tel: 0602 483505
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Tuesday 14th June
Tel: 091 232 8520
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
Wednesday 15th June
Tel: 031 557 2590

MEHEAD LIVE DATES
LONDON New Merlins Cave, Thurs 21st April
WINDSOR Arts Centre, Fri 13th May
LUTON College of Higher Education, Sat 14th May
OUT NOW! "Brain Collages" 4 track 12" EP distributed by Nine Mile and The Cartel (UK/USA) and Recommended Records (Europe). Cat No: Make One.
Mehead are intimidating and sinister, different atmospheres created by spines, spikes, spurts of guitar and brass
PUSH, MELODY MAKER.

HARP BEAT 88
Status Quo
Plus Special Guests

ST. AUSTELL CORNWALL COLISEUM
FRIDAY/SATURDAY
24th/25th JUNE 7.30 pm
Tickets: £10.00
Available from B/O Tel: 072 681 4004 Rival Records Plymouth, Soundcheck Penzance and Records & Tapes Falmouth.

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
MONDAY/TUESDAY
27th/28th JUNE 7.30 pm
Tickets: £10.00, £9.00
Available from B/O Tel: 031-557 2590 and all TOCTA ticket agents.

WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK
WEDNESDAY
29th JUNE 8.00 pm
Tickets: £10.00
Available from B/O Tel: 091-252 6240 City Hall, Old Fitz & Volume Records Newcastle, Virgin Durham and Sunderland, Pink Panther Carlisle, Newhouse Music Middlesbrough, O.R.S. Hartlepool and KMA Records Washington (subject to a booking fee)

BIRMINGHAM NEC ARENA
FRIDAY/SATURDAY
1st/2nd JULY 8.00 pm
Tickets: £10.00, £9.00
Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Credit Cards accepted).
Or by postal application to Status Quo B/O, NEC Birmingham B40 1NT. Enclose cheque/PO made payable to NEC Status Quo with SAE and allow 50p booking fee per ticket
Or by personal application from: Odeon Theatre, Ticket Shop Birmingham, Lotus Records Stafford, Mike Lloyd Megastores Newcastle and Hanley, Piccadilly Records Manchester, ILCA Liverpool, Cavendish Travel Leeds & Sheffield, Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, Town Hall Leicester, Poster Place Coventry, Information Centre Oxford and Virgin Bristol (subject to a booking fee)

THE BRIGHTON CENTRE
MONDAY 4th JULY 7.30 pm
Tickets: £10.00, £9.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0273 202881 Southdown Coaches (All branches) and Crawley Ticket Agency

WEMBLEY ARENA
WEDNESDAY/THURSDAY
6th/7th JULY 7.30 pm
Tickets: £10.00, £9.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01-902 1234
Or by postal application to: Status Quo B/O, P.O. Box 2, London W6 0LQ Enclose cheque/PO made payable to MCP Ltd. with SAE and allow 50p booking fee per ticket
Or by personal application from Tower Records Piccadilly, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989) Open All Hours, LTB, Premier and Stargreen (subject to a booking fee)

HARP BEAT
THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

JLP concerts in assoc. with MCP

april · may

PRIMITIVES

+ goodbye mr mackenzie

27 liverpool · royal court
28 manchester · internationl 2
29 leeds · poly
30 glasgow · barrowlands
1 newcastle · mayfair
3 nottingham · rock city
4 leicester · uni
5 norwich · u.e.a.
6 southampton · uni
8 birmingham · power house
9 cardiff · uni
10 bristol · studio
sold out 11 london · town + country

stop press: extra show
12 london · town + country

tickets £5/6 available from usual outlets subject to booking fee

---

BJM PRESENTS

MICRO DISNEY

+EDWARD BARTON

LEEDS WAREHOUSE
(0532 468287)
MON. 25th APRIL 9pm
TICKETS £3.50 ADV.
FROM
JUMBO RECORDS
(0532 455570)

LIVERPOOL
POLYTECHNIC
TUES. 26th APRIL 8pm
TICKETS £3.50 ADV.
FROM POLY
(051 709 4047)
+PROBE RECORDS

The Rhythm Sisters

+SUPPORT

LIVERPOOL
POLYTECHNIC
THURS. 28th APRIL
8pm
TICKETS £2.50 ADV
(051 709 4047)

MANCHESTER
BOARDWALK
FRI. 29th APRIL 8pm
TICKETS £3.00 ADV
FROM
PICCADILLY
+ EASTERN BLOCK
RECORDS

IT BITES

+THE QUEST

LIVERPOOL
POLYTECHNIC
TUES. 10th MAY 8pm
TICKETS £3.50 ADV
FROM POLY
PROBE
+ PENNY LANE
RECORDS

LEEDS WAREHOUSE
WED. 11th MAY 9pm
TICKETS £3.50 ADV
FROM
JUMBO RECORDS

ALSO SHACK THURS 28th APRIL
TED CHIPPINGTON FRI 6th MAY
BOARDWALK Tel: 228 3555

THE DAVE HOWARD SINGERS
An Evening With...
THE MARQUEE
90 WARDOUR ST. W1 - 01 437 6603
TUES APRIL 26TH - 9PM
DOORS OPEN 7PM - TICKETS £4.00

Thursday 28th April
A Benefit for the Cat Protection League

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION, MALET STREET WC1.
TEL: 01-580 9551
Tickets £4.50 advance £5.00 doors Doors 7.30pm

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS SANCTUARY

MCD Present
DUBLIN OLYMPIC BALLROOM
TUESDAY 10 MAY - DOORS 8 PM - 8.50 IRISH

MCD Present
ANTRIM FORUM
WEDNESDAY 11 MAY - DOORS 8 PM - £8

Camouflage Present
BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
THURSDAY 12 MAY - 7.30 PM - £6 & £5
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE TEL 0274 752000
OR CREDIT CARDS 0274 752677

Camouflage Present
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
FRIDAY 13 MAY - 7.30 PM - £6 & £5
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE
TEL 091 261 2606

Phil McIntyre Presents
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
SATURDAY 14 MAY - 7.30 PM - £6 & £5
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE
TEL 031 557 2590 & USUAL AGENTS

Phil McIntyre Presents
MANCHESTER APOLLO
SUNDAY 15 MAY - 7.30 PM - £6 & £5
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE
TEL 061 273 3775, PICCADILLY RECORDS
VIBES RECORDS-BURY & UK TRAVEL-CHESTER

MCP Presents
BIRMINGHAM HUMMINGBIRD
MONDAY 16 MAY - 8.00 PM £6 Adv £7 door (Inc VAT)
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE
TEL 021 236 4326, ODEON THEATRE, TICKET SHOP
TEMPEST, OASIS-BIRMINGHAM, CIVIC HALL B'O
WOLVERHAMPTON & POSTER PLACE COVENTRY

NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
TUESDAY 17 MAY - 8 PM - £6 Adv
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE
TEL 0602 412544

Phil McIntyre Presents
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
WEDNESDAY 18 MAY - 7.30 PM - £7 & £6
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE
TEL 01 748 4081/2, KEITH PROWSE (CREDIT CARDS
01 741 8989), STARGREEN, PREMIER, LTB

Tour by arrangement with Fair Warning Agency

McCARTHY

THE CORN DOLLIES
I LUDICROUS
EAST VILLAGE

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
HOUGHTON STREET
LONDON WC2

FRI APRIL 22
DOORS OPEN 7.30
£4 ADMISSION

TICKETS AVAILABLE ON NIGHT ONLY

---

phonogram records & mr & mrs elton presents

ben elton

DIRECT FROM FRIDAY NIGHT LIVE
appearing 7 days a week
continuous season
in your living room

"motormouth", the only L.P. by Ben Elton
L.P. contains extra booklet thingy
Be choosy where you buy this record or cassette
Catalogue codes: L.P. = BEN LP1 Cass = BEN MC1

Subscribe to the NME and save yourself the trouble of buying it every week!

NME subscription, FREEPOST 1061 Oakfield House, Perrymount Road, Haywards Heath, West Sussex, RH16 3ZA

	6 months	12 months
UK	£14.50	£29.00
Overseas (surface mail)	£25.00	£50.00
USA + Canada (Airfreight)	$48.50	$97.00

I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to: IPC magazines, or debit my Access/Barclaycard/Visa/American Express/Diners Club Card (delete as appropriate).

Card Valid from ..... to .....

Signature .....
Name (BLOCK CAPS) .....
Address .....
.....
.....

001

DANNY BETESH FOR KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES Presents

RUSH

IN CONCERT

BIRMINGHAM NEC
23 & 24 April at 7.30 SOLD OUT
EXTRA CONCERT BY PUBLIC DEMAND
21 April at 7.30

Tickets: £10.50 & £9.50 (inclusive of 50p booking fee) available from The NEC Box Office, Credit Card Hotline 021 780 4133, Odeon, Birmingham; Piccadilly Records, Manchester; Way Ahead, Nottingham & Derby; Goulds, Sedgely; Lotus Records, Stafford; Poster Place, Coventry; Mike Lloyd Records, Hanley & Newcastle under Lyme; Virgin, Bristol; de Montford Hall, Leicester; Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool.

GLASGOW SECC
26 April at 7.30

All Tickets £10 (inclusive of 50p booking fee) available from the following: Virgin Records and HMV Glasgow; Playhouse & Virgin, Edinburgh; City Hall, Newcastle; Groucho Records, Dundee; Goldrush Records, Perth; Record Market, Paisley; Virgin Records, Aberdeen; Options, Falkirk; Trash Records, Ayr; Pink Panther, Carlisle. Credit Card Hotline 031 226 2295.

WEMBLEY ARENA
28 & 29 April at 7.30
EXTRA CONCERT BY PUBLIC DEMAND
30 April at 7.30

Tickets: £10 & £9 available from Wembley Arena Box Office and Tower Records Piccadilly or from the following Agents: Keith Prowse, Premier Box Office, Open All Hours, Stargreen, LTB and Albermarle or by Credit Card 01-741 8989 or 01-240 0771.

All Credit Card and Agency tickets are subject to booking fee.

RUSH

OTHER VOICES

DECODE YOURSELF

Before Black Rock but after Albert Ayler, there came RONALD SHANNON JACKSON, drum titan and revolutionary composer. Now that he's back with not one but three major groups – LAST EXIT, THE DECODING SOCIETY and POWER TOOLS, MARK SINKER discovers the force behind the legend, and talks to Power Tools guitarist BILL FRISELL.

"You play the drums and after 15 or 20 minutes, when you put your arm close to the plastic, you'll feel the electromagnetism pulling the hairs up on your arm. Drums are an instrument, the tenor and the nature of the instrument is to be PLAYED, not to be tapped at. I think there's too many people doing that. The drums are exciting. They're an instrument of excitement. I thrive on excitement."

Ronald Shannon Jackson's time has come. After years when his violent, weird, layered sound was just too much for most people, the crisply massive multi-beat of his sun-god drumming, and the difficult, shivering inner voices of his writing all suddenly match up with a series of moves out in the world. He's intimidated unbelievers into his intelligence – believers now hear the trace of his inventions everywhere.

Ronald Shannon Jackson

"Most people are not sure of themselves – they have the talent but they're not sure of who they are. And I'm a threat to people like that. Not that I want to be, that I intend to be – that's just the way it is. That's the reason that I have to play my own music."

If value was determined entirely by volume, then the most important group in the world would be Last Exit, the mental free metal rock supergroup he's formed with Bill Laswell, Sonny Sharrock, and teutonic total sax player Peter Brotzmann.

"Last Exit is totally improvised music. It's not about what would be considered, in normal everyday life, a sequence of nine-to-five music, in terms of melody, solo, and then back to the head. Last Exit is what music is, before people got to closed situations where music has to sound a certain way. A certain genre. Like Cecil Taylor's, it's just the raw pure music of what it is.

"And music nowadays is loud. You walk down the street where I live, which is in New York City, and somebody's building a building, a baby's crying, there's an accident across the street, doors are shutting, people are screaming and hollering at each other, people going out of their mind and babbling, people coming down the street with a Master Blaster box, cars you can hear a block away, the stereos are so loud.

"We're talking about a loud time. We think we don't hear, but everything in the environment we're affected by. So Last Exit is loud, well, that's nothing next to Led Zeppelin was loud. I went to see Sting when he was with the Police, that was loud."

Shannon Jackson is in a unique position. He's worked with three of the remarkable generation of musicians who blew jazz out of its narrow bebop margins in the early '60s, into things that are only now being heard or fully understood. With Cecil Taylor, whose molten torrents of piano provided a punk-smash of noise long before rock picked up on speed-as-energy – but whose supernatural sense of structure needed drummers who could think in city-scapes rather than punk's mudhuts. With Ornette Coleman, whose scratch-funk double space-bluesrock band Prime Time demanded two drummers to match up with everything else, drummers who could create a space for seven soloists (including themselves) in full freeplay flight that would allow a listener to hear everything that happened at once. And, most important of all, with Albert Ayler, the saint of gospel insanity, gentle angel of holy noise. The player and leader who taught him to play what was within.

"After I worked with Albert, I worked with Charlie Mingus. After Mingus, Betty Carter. Then I got into the bebop thing, I was working with all the bebop players. But I became totally frustrated. After playing with Albert, which was like play what you hear, I was doing that at home, but I couldn't do it on a bandstand. On a bandstand you had to play 'What Is This Thing Called Love', and other things that everyone knew. At home, I'd just be playing what I was feeling and hearing."

Thinking of Charlie Mingus, whose irascible band-leading led to some of the fullest exploration of the tensions between the learning of composition and the liberation of improvisation since Duke Ellington's, we get an indication of exactly why Shannon Jackson's innovations run so deep. With the Decoding Society, which is his vehicle for his own composition, he's developed an extraordinary multiple sound, long wailing strange melodies over a crackle of electric rhythm guitar, and his vast, detailed time-keeping under the whole thing. All colours and layers, and an astonishing clarity – if the whole thing is scary, it's because it's something you know you owe attention to, and you're not sure you're ready for it yet.

All of his three operations presently feature chattering, howling guitars. More than any other musician he's provided a rhythm platform for those guitarists who wanted to explore what would have happened if Miles Davis had teamed up with Jimi Hendrix to flesh out 'On The Corner'. Sharrock the free blues-drone warrior, Blood Ulmer the harmolodic vanguardist, Vernon Reid the spearhead of Black Rock, and now Bill Frisell, the terminally shy white kid from Colorado, whose shimmering gallery of tones and frazzled crackling power are transforming the modern sound of the instrument punk hijacked.

Shannon Jackson's present project is the ad-hoc trio Power Tools, with Frisell and long-time co-worker bassist Melvin Gibbs of Defunkt, among many other New York projects). It's a meeting that's gelled perfectly, un-nervingly. Already there are plans for more recordings, and a tour – Frisell is perhaps bringing the others to wider attention in the same way that white guitarist Pat Metheny opened things up for Ornette Coleman with 'Song X', the effect is more important than the cause here.

"Of course I'd like to sell as many records as Andre Vollenweider or Kenny G – but I also know that what I'm doing is laying the foundations that will allow people to create something really different in music. Which is actually one of the few things that gives me satisfaction. There's a reward there. The financial reward isn't there, but the reward of knowing that you are at the core of change in drumming, and the way rhythm is going to go, there's a satisfaction."

So have you had to go hungry to follow that up?

He laughs wryly at that: "I've gained about 10, 15 pounds in the last 10 or 15 months. One time – let's put it like this - one time I existed totally on egg sandwiches and whatever can of Campbell's soup I could steal out of the supermarket. And sometimes no food, sometimes I'd scrape together a dollar or something, and go to the restaurant just before it closed, and they'd give me the food. I've had to sleep in incinerators. Hoping that no one would come and put the garbage in the incinerators, because at least they were warm."

He stops and glares at me. I may be a fan, but he isn't about to go soft on me just because of that. Ronald Shannon Jackson, inscrutable to the last.

"There's people who don't like the way I look. I can go certain places and people get mad because I live and dress and look the way I want to look. And f— them, you know. I had kids when I grew up in my home town who didn't like the way I look. I looked the way I look. I was born like this. What am I supposed to do? Change it because you don't like it? F— that! Certain things I've always understood. You can't go round trying to appease people."

"All my life I've been put into things. My wife's laughing at me for saying that! But I enjoy being put into different things."

Bill Frisell, over the phone or otherwise, is more than a little implausible. People who've worked with him have a tendency to say, "Bill? I *love* Bill. He's so *sweet*!" And these people are as often as not hard-bitten black downtowners, usually rightly suspicious of those who try and join them in their music. The first time I saw him, he was playing a solo set at the Bracknell Festival, just him, his guitar, and a brilliant little random playback device, that threw his own guitar phrases back at him, at different speeds, while he was playing, so that he had to re-adjust his improvisation to fit in with this. It was funny, it was fried, it was genius.

"In the last couple of years, I've been trying to solo. It's really hard. Musically, it's hard, but there's the fear thing too. I feel that if I can do that, everything else is easy.

"A little nervousness is edge. The idea is to overcome that. So it's a musical thing too."

If you go up and speak to him, he kind of backs away as he talks. On the phone, the simplest questions draw answers only with incredible hesitation. I feel – after five minutes – that I'm somehow razoring out his nerve-ends (these are questions like, 'Who're your favourite players?' – the ones you use to put people at their ease).

"There's a few that seem to hold. There was a time I was into Jim Hall. Jimi Hendrix, when I hear him now, it still seems so strong. And Derek Bailey . . .

"There's so many others. I'll turn on the radio,

Bill Frisell

and there'll be a rhythm guitar."

His voice is quiet to vanishing point. He doesn't seem the sort of person who would work well with Ronald Shannon Jackson, but Power Tools probably shows Frisell up better than anything he's done: the strangeness and the beauty are not just intact, but intensified, stripped down. When the guitar blazes, it's more than just rock bluster, and when it sings, it seems to hang in rainbow colours in the air. And the rest of the time, it crinkles and winks in shapes without names. As if Salif Keita were on SST, or Anton Von Webern had written stuff for Jean Carne.

"I want it to be . . . just beautiful. Whatever that means. I just hope people would feel something. Something positive. When I said beautiful, I'm not sure that's the right word. I hope people would feel something rather than *think* something."

DECODED DISCOGRAPHY

Decoding Society:
- MANDANCE
- BARBECUE DOG
- DECODE YOURSELF
- WHEN COLOURS PLAY

Power Tools
- STRANGE MEETING

Last Exit
- LAST EXIT
- NOISE OF TROUBLE

with Blood Ulmer
- ARE YOU GLAD TO BE IN AMERICA?
- AMERICA – DO YOU REMEMBER THE LOVE?

with Bill Laswell
- BASELINES

with Ornette Coleman
- DANCING IN YOUR HEAD
- BODY META

with Albert Ayler
- LIVE AT SLUGS VOL 1 & 2

Backstage at the Oils' gig, Stig the Kangeroo is looking well stuffed. He and Tigger, the tame dingo, have just gorged themselves on fresh babies.

Kylie Minogue is chomping down a Koalakebab and sucking a tube with Rolf. The artificial sun-lamps are nicely tanning the naked vegamite-coated knees of loadsa sozzled ockers. Everybody is piss blind drunk and frightfully vulgar. Jeez, you couldn't get more Australian . . .

Oh, they like a joke do the Oils.

"We're looking at the near genocide of the Aboriginal people that's taken place because of 200 years of white occupation. We're saying it stops. It stops now. This is the year.

"The kids in the desert have got to stop dying from emphosemia and diabetes.

"They are taken out by petrol sniffing, a habit they picked up off American servicemen in the last war. Now the kids of the desert do it – they do it lots and they give themselves permanent brain damage. They become Bush zombies . . .

"What we saw in the settlements made us ashamed. The band members have travelled extensively in south east Asia but nothing we have seen compares with the poverty and degradation that we saw in the heart of Australia.

"One of the heroes of the Aboriginal people is Pepemulwuy. He was the strongest warrior of the people in the Sydney area called the *Aeora*. A great hero. The whites pickled his head and sent it to London. White kids haven't heard of him. They're only taught white history – English kings and queens. A lot of teachers went on strike saying they weren't going to teach this bullshit anymore. 1988 is the year in which the true history of Australia gets written . . ." (*Rob Hirst, Midnight Oil*).

Phew! Rock and Roll!

STILL BURNING

Australia has given us a speeding bearded weirdie who's a whizz with a paint brush, a brilliant soap about erotic lesbian gang violence in the Prison System, a pop song which claims "*I could be so happy, happy, happy/I could be so happy, happy in love . . .*", the junkie posturing of the Birthday Party and a massive superiority complex.

the kids . . . OK, so we wrote three songs . . . They chose 'Dead Heart' . . . We put out that single with two Aboriginal bands on the B side; the artwork was done by an Aboriginal. We were then invited to tour, with this Aboriginal band, the settlements of the Western desert . . ."

Joined by one armed didgeridoo player, Charlie McMhon, and the Warumpi Band, the 'Black Fella White Fella' tour was a mixed experience.

"We'd sleep out of town because the settlements were no place to be – like the sets from *Mad Max III, IV* and *V*, y'know,, with *Apocalypse Now* thrown in. We used to dare each other to walk away from the camp fire at night into the middle of nowhere. It's nowhere you've ever been, not in Europe. It's incredibly intense and incredibly scary. You can't hear a f——ing thing! If you've never actually heard the Great Quiet – it scares the crap out of you . . ."

Crows and dingoes opened the tucker boxes and snuffled around, band members went down with fever, but it was a success. They learnt, after a couple of embarrassing gigs where the audience just pissed off into the night, to tone things down . . .

"There was this enormous sense of isolation, horizons that look as if they've been carved with a knife, writing a song to the hum of the diesel engine as it sets up a rhythm going across a corrugated metal road . . . if we've got that feeling onto the album 'Diesel and Dust' that would make us very happy because we would have identified an *Australian* music. If that's patronising Aboriginal people then we and the Triffids have a very different definition of the word . . .

BALD GEEZER

Peter Garrett is a trained lawyer. His fleshless, sculpted face is that of an aesthetically pleasant zombie kangeroo. Everything about him is twice normal size. He spasms around the stage like a mime artist with strychnine poisoning. He's as gentle as a lamb and he's as nice a baldy guy as you could want to meet. He is very, very Green.

"I'm not going to come up with my manifesto for you today but I think if you want to put Garrett anywhere at all then he's just one of those people who's been prepared to go out and bat for the things that he believes in and he's got a band that have been prepared to support him.

"Anybody who sings about life on the road or who sings with

That Petrol Emotion (part 273)

A decade after they formed, MIDNIGHT OIL are about to crash into the UK singles charts. STEVEN WELLS discovers that not all Australians spend their time parked in front of *Neighbours* or roasting 'roos on the barbie. Oil slick pic: ANNE COFFEY

"A lot of British bands seem to us to be the last word in pretentiousness. An extraordinary bunch of wet and wimpy navel-gazers."

Pete Garrett

Cheeky devil! Midnight Oil are committed and active in anti-racist, anti-nuke politics. They are also about to become massive in Britain. A song about Aboriginal land rights has just been playlisted by Radio One, the happy, happy sound . . .

SURF NAZIS

Ten years ago Midnight Oil were a cult band in the surf suburbs of Sydney and Melbourne.

"Men, y'know, tanned, fit, big muscles, girlfriends on their shoulders, fist in the air, schooner of beer in the other. Great fun, a great environment to learn how to play in because any bullshitting and the schooners start flying. I mean, forget all about this peace, love and understanding shit about surfers. We had these 13 or 14 year old surfgrunts, y'know, bleach blond hair, cocky, biting the tops off bottles and ramming them in your face . . ."

Eight years ago they set up their own agency, blacklisted 22 venues, and ran into the Mafia. Seven years ago they came to England. They recorded an album that the record company thought "too Australian".

"We arranged to meet the head of A&M in this motel room and we were waiting round for 15 to 20 minutes and he comes in with his girlfriend. She'd obviously been drinking. We thought this was all a bit odd. And this boss starts going – 'Rob! Where are the *drums* I heard in Sydney? Martin! Where are the powering guitars?' and then he goes – 'It's not as bad as it seems, we'll put you back in the studio and we'll come up with a couple of songs, y'know, a couple of hits.' And the band are all just looking at him, shaking our heads and saying – *Nah* . . .

"So he stood up and we stood up and we shook hands and that's the last we saw of him or his record company. There's a brick wall that this band hits when we know we're confronting something wrong . . ."

Six years ago they reached No.1 in the Australian album charts.

Five years ago several influential Music Biz heavies flew to Australia just to see the band perform. The band made them pay for their tickets.

"I think that one of the reasons it's taken the band this long to reach an international audience is incidents like that."

Four years ago the singer, Pete Garrett, fought a federal election campaign as a candidate for the Nuclear Disarmament Party – and came close to winning.

All this time the group ploughed their earnings back into the causes they espoused through their music. In 1986, with multinational uranium-mining companies raping the outback, with scumbag Barry Humphries comparing the aboriginal people to animals, Midnight Oil got first hand experience of the struggle for land rights.

"Out there it's a different aeon. It's further away from this than *The Empire Strikes Back* . . ."

MEET THE STARS

This is the band the epically untalented Triffids described as "patronising" to the Aborigines.

"I think that that is a really gratuitious remark," says Rob. "Aboriginal people in Australia are crying out for anyone to explain and interpret what's happened to them in the last 200 years and send it back to the cities where there has been an enormous amount of misunderstanding and propaganda from the mining companies.

"We got involved because they were doing a film about the handing back of Ayer's Rock . . . they're going to lease it back to the Greyhound buses full of American tourists running up and down, OK, that's the deal. So to commemorate this handing back of this great symbol in the heart of Australia they want a song so they come to us . . .

"We were being asked to interpret this 40,000 year old civilisation, put it in a musical form and send it back to marvellous persuasiveness about their emotional discontent I have no interest in nor sympathy with. They are living in a fool's paradise . . . You've got to put things in perspective . . .

"The industrial and post-industrial revolutions have run out of steam and the only thing the information revolution will do is concentrate power in the hands of the big corporations, and all the rest of us – working class, middle class and upper class – can do is put on our little clone hats . . .

"Look, Aussie is a brand new place, a very multi-cultural society, we're still a young country in a very, very old continent with a people who've been there a long time. We tried to make sense of that as surburbanites.

"Sometimes it makes sense, sometimes it doesn't. In our organisation, in the management, in the road crew, with the people we've been involved with we don't have to agree all the time. This is not a coherent-ideology fixed-position band. In fact it's a mistake to think of this as a political band in the way that the Redskins were a political band.

"I don't think you can have a concrete ideology, work for CBS and go on a television pop show . . ."

RED HEAT

Reprising and re-energising moribund American rock forms, PIXIES surf in where angels fear to tread. Upfront of a UK tour, ADRIAN THRILLS watched them bring the house down in New Jersey. Pic: STEVE PYKE.

Artistic licence is one thing, but the kind of detours that Pixies take on the way to their live appearances are something else altogether.

This one involves a slave trap, a sudden snowstorm in West Virginia and a deadline-surfing delay that almost meant the band having to pull out of a prestigious concert with their spiritual peers and label buddies The Throwing Muses on the outskirts of New York City.

It is the sort of thing that could give their amiable manager an ulcer, the sort of almost surreal thing that could only happen to a Pixie in springtime.

This is Sinatra territory, a rock club called Maxwell's in Hoboken, New Jersey, a taxi ride across the Hudson River from the sirens and skylines of Manhattan. On a cramped, compact stage, Pixies are blowing up an unholy storm, an adrenalin-fuelled primal pounding given an extra *rush* by the inter-state dash to meet their alloted stage time.

The snow had delayed them and the perfectly-preserved 'trap' - a gruesome ornament on the wall of a college where they had stopped for help – had shocked them. But Pixies adhere to one of the oldest trouper's adages. The show must go on.

A lorry-load of limiting labels – from art to punk, from hardcore to latino rock – have been heaped enthusiastically on this Boston-based quartet. But no tag really does justice to the cauldron of fiery sparks and burning embers that is a Pixies live show. Singer Black Francis, a Californian re-located in Boston, is a young, bull-faced stag of a bloke. A cross between Iggy Pop in his Detroit heyday and Emilio Estevez in *Repo Man*, he sings songs of shadily exotic places and sleazy practices, songs that have no specific *messages* but still paint a vulgar and evocative vista of changing feelings and faces.

Sharing lead vocals with Black is bassist Kim – credited as Mrs John Murphy on the sleeve of the band's new 4AD album 'Surfer Rosa' – a sharp-tongued cookie from Dayton, Ohio, who was the only woman to answer an advert for a musician in the *Boston Globe*. Philippino guitarist Joey Santiago and drummer David Lovering, the latter the only native Bostonian in the group, complete the quartet.

With their radar-blip powerchords and multi-layered melodic strengths, Pixies are more orthodox and accessible than The Throwing Muses – with whom they share the bill on a forthcoming UK tour – but the spirit that they represent is the same. Along with a number of others, these bands are re-energising American rock music at a time when its British counterpart seems to have lost much of its spontaneity, intuition and sense of daring.

Black Francis, who is also known as Charles, has no great theories about why this hot-blooded band of sonic giants are the way they are. He just likes rock music and he likes to yell, both as LOUD as possible. The current album, produced by Big Black renegade Steve Albini, illustrates his (non) philosophy perfectly.

"There's a lot of imperfection on the record," he says. "Some of it is too quiet. Some of it is too loud. Some of the songs are not sung as well as they could be. We recorded it in two weeks and I don't like to do too many takes of a song. It's just a record of those two weeks. It's very uneven. It's almost live in the way it is cranked up. It's basically just live, loud rock music."

Before settling in Boston, Charles, still only 21, spent a period at college in Puerto Rico, a strongly hispanic island in the Carribean. It was an experience that had an inspiring effect on him, and hispanic nuances live on vibrantly in songs like 'Vamos', 'Isla De Encanta' and 'Oh My Golly!', the latter song providing the phrase *"surfer rosa"*.

"The song is about a beach called pinones, which means the pines, just outside San Juan in Puerto Rico. It's a great, long beach with the jungle on one side and the ocean on the other. There are a lot of women in really sleazy bathing suits, bit tits and big asses, hanging out with macho latino guys in big cars. The atmosphere is rowdy and that's what we try to convey in the song. It was a great place, even though it was a little dangerous after dark with drugs and guns."

Charles is drawn to the Spanish language by its sensuality, but is wary of his hot-blooded infatuation being taken the wrong way.

"I think more English people pick up immediately on the Spanish thing. Hispanic influences are more obvious in American cities than in England, so it doesn't seem so strange to Americans. But I'm not Hispanic myself and I only lived in Puerto Rico for a while.

"It's probably just a little pretentiousness on my part, showing off that I know a little Spanish. But I'm a bit fearful that people will get the wrong idea. People might think that I'm putting a downer on Puerto Rican culture, but that is not the case. We played one place where there were a lot of Puerto Rican girls and they liked the idea of me adopting the dialect. Maybe one day we will even go and play on that pinones beach!"

Some of the other Pixies influences are more prosaic, however, as a self-depreciating Charles explains.

"The Latino stuff is only about 20 per cent of what we do. The rest is just regular old Velvets and Stooges stuff. I don't have a huge record collection, so I just go for the things that are recommended. I was told that the Velvets made classic records and, sure enough, they were classic. They might be over-played and even over-rated, but there is no getting away from the fact that *they are good*."

If the *meaning* of a typical Pixies song is a little loose, the imagery used is more constant. The sexual, the organic and the Biblical crop up regularly as the themes race from the erotic to the exotic. Never far away, however, are the spices of danger.

"I've led a pretty safe life," says Charles. "It's been a protected life, a life that has been a bit boring and unadventurous. So the few unsafe and adventurous things that I have done have stayed with me. I take a kind of pride in them, wear them as a badge. It means a lot to me, which is why they crop up in the songs.

"Maybe one day we will be a message band, but right now I'm too young to have any messages. Half the time I don't know what I think anyway. American society is so fractured that people don't know what they should be striving for. I was raised one way and rejected that, so what am I supposed to be? Am I supposed to be an educated man at school or a bum on the road, the slut of the Western world or a man of religion?"

The latter would appear out of the question, although religion does hold a strange fascination.

"I have rejected the religion I was taught, but I do have a lot of respect for people with strong religious beliefs. They are very easy people to pick on, but some of them are so bizarre that you can't help but be fascinated by them.

"The Bible is a really freaky book. The Old Testament is full of sex and violence, inter-marriage and people screwing each other, people ripping each other off and people turning into pillars of salt. It's all very dramatic. I don't know how much of it is baloney and how much of it is historical, but it is very powerful."

So is the power and drama of Pixies an exorcism of sexual and spiritual frustration? A primal yell from the young American heartland? A scream from a red giant or the whimper of a cherry baby? Or is it all only rock 'n' roll?

"People always talk about performers getting out their frustrations on stage. Maybe there is some truth in that, but I'm usually too self-conscious about the actual performance. Do we sound good? Do people like it? My aggression is the last thing on my mind when I'm on stage. All the yelling is just another way of being dramatic . . . I'm really more like a little flower!"

Don't you believe it!

Live

EDITED BY HELEN MEAD

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS
THE RAILWAY CHILDREN
GLASGOW SEC

SUCH IS the popularity of the King Penguin that instead of occupying the barn-sized hall at the SEC, we are in the aerodrome. Not that such details matter to our Lloyd, who cheerfully opened the bidding with an introductory call of 'Good Evening Barrowlands'. Laugh? If I'd had £9 I'd have bought a t-shirt!

First victims of the event were the Railway Children, a four piece guitar group whose most impressive aspect was their organist, invisible to the human eye, but there . . . somewhere. The hangar-like proportions of the hall somewhat dwarfed these big-voiced janglers who were like an off-colour R E M with their over-reliance on spacey guitar effects. Their single, 'In The Meantime' if my mumble detector serves me correctly, had an obvious guitar line over a rumbling bass, stodgy drums and a plaintive vocal.

Time was when the Commotions too would have exhibited such stage fright. Cole's primary affectation is a self-conscious shyness, not the kind of thing to impress your large scale rock event, and until recently a limiting influence on his stage show. Now, while far short of an extravaganza, Lloyd has overcome his reserve and developed something akin to stage presence. His looks are more Oliver Reed than young Presley, but, amazingly, some of his movements – particularly the cross stage roving – brought Madonna to mind. Even bassist Lawrence Donegan, always one's favourite Monkee, now handles his instrument as if he were engaged in a ballet of crop spraying.

An informal census shows that Cole's increased popularity has been achieved by the recruitment of numerous persons of a teenage persuasion to his following. The demographic breadth of his appeal was displayed by the dedication of 'Jennifer She Said' to those audience members enjoined in matrimony, a tribute which brought not a few bearded crones back to something approaching a waking state.

But if the stage moves have been amplified, Cole's lyricism can withstand no such magnification. The Commotions, with snooker star Stephen Hendry on keyboards, fill the hall while retaining something of the music's recorded scale, but Lloyd's verisimilitude requires a living room intimacy not easily found in the SEC. Still, the excellent 'Patience' succeeds, the economy of the song's early verses being magnified by the addition of a half-spoken romantic episode at the Marks and Spencer perfume counter.

Elsewhere though, Lloyd's inventory of well worn phrases remained secondary to his obsessive namedropping. Poor Lloyd, he's like a nervous partygoer seeking approval with his listings approach to literature, film titles and girls' names. Tonight he took his various Janes and Jennifers into mini-scripts of variable quality, the set spanning nostalgically from 'On the Waterfront' to 'My Beautiful Laundrette'.

Strangely, the Commotions take an equally reverential, nay plagiaristic approach. The inevitable encore of 'Perfect Skin' we know about, but their blatant remould of 'I'm Set Free' ('Cut Me Down') is almost comic. Yet when they do engage modern technology – see 'Mr Malcontent' with its bloopy electronic motif – they sound plain silly. With Lloyd stuck in '60s America there's no point even flirting with the present. And Cole himself, with his reluctant star mannerisms, gives the impression he'd rather be at home with a good book. And if nothing else, he does provide a host of good ideas for a cheaper and more fulfilling night's entertainment. Read Norman Mailer indeed.

Alastair McKay

DEF LEPPARD
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE

WHEN DEF Leppard singer Joe Elliot asks, 'Are you ready for some rock 'n' roll?", you can tell by the tone of his voice he's not talking Bill Haley. But we're here to mock not to rock, in search of a Desmond Morris style examination of this thing they call Heavy Metal. Often compared with masturbation for it's reliance on violent wrist rhythmic movements HM also ranks with self abuse in terms of sheer popularity and media invisibility.

The stage is set out like the deck of a cling-on support vessel, all industrial staircases and podiums against a backdrop of laser starscapes and band logos. Disappointingly, HM fashion is less ludicrous than expected, if the trousers had been designed to constrain and display, the shirts maximise freedom of movement. With radio transmitter guitars offering unparalled axe-mobility the players are free to indulge in mid-song acrobatics which ensure that the show is never less than visually arresting.

And yes, the light show is excellent. Not that there is anything particularly fascinating about synchronised flickering of coloured bulbs, but if you're going to have them at all you may as well do the Def thing and trigger off a spectral frenzy of hundreds of the buggers.

The musical energy is similarly unquestionable. Sensurround riot of noise designed to offend parental ears made all the more startling by over-head speakers which periodically omit deafening *Apocalypse Now* helicopter noises. In truth the only terible moments are the solos, ritualised musical ejaculations not even performed as parts of songs, but in isolation to offer breathing space to the unfeatured band members. Films of potters' wheels or kittens playing with string would be a more acceptable solution.

Put aside also the mid-set flamenco tribute to a gypsy woman and the efforts of Steve "Steven" Clark on his "legendary" eighteen-stringer and you're left with a brilliantly executed celebration of rock energy which exploits the possibilities of the live format to its fullest extent.

Lyrically the Leps could have been advocating incest, methadrine on the rates or even the defeat of the Government's poll tax legislations by a campaign of civil disobedience, but all that was audible were exultations to rock. At the show's close – shirts off, laser image of Marilyn Monroe flashing – the audience/band unity is truly touching with no hint of the condescension which infects more critically acclaimed performers. The best live show I've seen in 1988? You'd better believe it. Now where can I buy a secondhand trouser-snake?

Alistair MacKay

MARY COUGHLAN
LONDON MEAN FIDDLER
LONDON SADLER'S WELLS

AMONGST THOSE who have ploughed the furrow of heartbreak, none has done so more successfully in modern times than Mary Coughlan. Firstly she has a better voice than any of them, but that's not all there is to it. Primarily Mary Coughlan has lived, her tones are drenched in experience. When she sings of bruised knuckles, tears and broken glasses you believe it. When she sings of sex you can feel it.

Whether at the Mean Fiddler, in front of a well oiled audience, primarily of London Irish, or in the more formal well-heeled setting of Sadler's Wells, what comes over in her show is a huge personality, not afraid to parade its weaknesses. "This is about going out and picking up a young fella," she says, pausing for a salacious roll of the eyes before adding, "yum, yum". There's a directness and honesty to songs like 'Meet Me Where They Play The Blues' (*"if you're feeling gloomy, come around and do me"*) that enables her to get away with the coyness of 'I Want To Be Seduced'. You get the impression her sexuality conveys to the women in the audience at least as much as to the men.

The third main point in Coughlan's favour is her nationality. Not only does Dublin provide the landscape for her songs, it provides her with the tradition which enables her to make American standards her own and to mix them with songs of modern Ireland. 'The Ice Cream Man', the only song outside of The Band Of Holy Joy's 'Consumption' to deal with the tragedy of heroin addiction without sentimentality or high-handed moralism, is all the more trenchant in the context of Dublin's renowned heroin problem.

Above all, Coughlan never pulls her punches, finishing at both shows with the vitriolic state of Ireland song 'My Land Is Too Green', more stinging live than it is on record.

As she leaves Sadler's Wells arm in arm with "some young fella", Mary Coughlan is applauded from the windows of restaurants, and deservedly so.

John Munro

THE SEERS
BRISTOL FLEECE AND FIRKIN

STOP ME if you've bought this one before, but The Seers truly are the most exciting rock'n'roll band in the country. Sure, I can gape open-mouthed with the rest of 'em at the inventiveness of World Dom, but they're fifth columnists on a mission of entryism, bent on tearing down the brick walls. The Seers, by contrast, work within the tradition, and even though they're two power chords short of Godhead tonight that's still closer than most bands can *dream* about.

The songs that are messed up tonight are the ones with melody. 'Fly Away' and the momentous 'Graveyard Of Love' are trampled on by the forces of power. But when the guts of the group show on 'Escalator' and 'Don't Get Hit', Lee Wildman transforms Hulk-like into James Williamson and The Stooges are trashed, trashed, *trashed*.

Spider romps around the stage in vile knee-length tight blue shorts, but his voice is shot and the focus is on the guitar that storms the Bastille single-handed and a rhythm section that bites harder than a piranha *FACT*.

Whether or not The Seers make the transition to big stages and huge audiences is immaterial to me. All I care about is that they make me jump around and grin like a chat show host. If you want to be an imbecile for 45 minutes, this is where to get the magic bus.

Campbell Stevenson

SPLAT CATS
MILK MONITORS
LONDON DINGWALLS

THE SOUND of drunken elephants after a night down the pub; the Splat Cats' impersonation of animal debauchery was faultless, right down to where they get into an argument with the local mice gang and flee for their lives.

Peddling a type of American sub-hardcore rock, the Cats were imploringly loud, speedy in patches, but generally clumsy. Too much bluster, not enough sparkle. An Iron Maiden understudy on bass, Tom Jones' double on guitar; five fresh faces in all, painfully failing to live up to expectations.

They paled in comparison to the Milk Monitors, shaggy support sloggers who *perspire* to greater things. Cauterising strands of thrash-pop and ostracised new wave terror, they've a directness of energy that sweats through choice.

New single 'Dance With Me' might not be an obvious choice (though the first pressing sold out within days) – it's got a more fidgety mid-riff than most of their brutally straightforward stormers. But don't be confused. The likes of 'Hanging On' and 'When All Else fails' do the rampaging bit, hooking instantly with twin caustic guitars and a bass that winks cheekily. They go in their old school blazers and burn in harmony.

Naturally it's a warming experience.

Steve Lamacq

Clap hands, here comes Gregory

ISAAC HAZE

GREGORY ISAACS
MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL 2

IN A near parody of rasta soul brother style a guy makes his jaunty way through the crowd flashing winning smiles. He's off-loading whistles at £2 a throw "Hey man how you doing, you wanna have a good time, you gonna make some noise?" Actually I'm from the *NME*. His face drops: "Oh you won't want no whistle then." What does this mean?

Still, he's doing a brisk trade. Gregory Isaacs may be a peripheral figure where Simon Bates is concerned but tonight he's packed the International to capacity, an interesting crowd it is too. A healthy portion of Manchester's West Indian community plus snow-washed denim hordes from Tiffany's and Tenerife. Gregory has cornered the market in air-brushed but authentic Lovers Rock. It's a furrow he's ploughed with considerable panache for years. Tonight however much of the affecting sophistication that characterises the recorded Isaacs is sadly missing. There's a real sense that instead of getting something sweet and stylish we're making do with the strained and slipshod.

For starters there's the interminable boozy wait for something to happen. Forlornly a far-off sound system plays Delroy Washington. Eventually the band emerge and this jollies the huge throng up considerably. The smile starts to fade though when we realise that Gregory is nowhere to be seen. The band are keen to get the party going but the dial-a-cliche reggae stars-on-45 jam doesn't cut it. Raggamuffin and rub-a-dub are nodded to, but it's all a bit plodding. Finally around dawn Gregory appears. The crowd are noticably muted. Their patience is wearing thin. But Greg pulls it off. He's a charmer and a showman and automatically people warm to the rhythmic sway and melodic appeal of his songs. Songs with basically one thing on their mind. Lyrically they spell it out. You should go back to his place, you shouldn't leave him, you should come back to him, etc. Tolerable stuff if handled with some aplomb and wit.

And there's the rub. Cool is playing second fiddle to hot and sweaty. There is a Batley Variety tone to the proceedings. An over amplified end-of-the-pier sing-a-long. Down the front they look ecstatic but even I, no great fan, felt this wasn't the Gregory Isaacs of legend. God knows what the purists thought.

Old faves were handled competently but with no great finesse; the cavalier, ramshackle approach left a bad taste in the mouth. Maybe the fans loved it, but for all the beer, ganja and party music, I reckon they were severely short changed.

Stuart Maconie

ELLIS, BEGGS & HOWARD
LONDON MARQUEE

YOU KNOW Beggs. Remember the glorious days of the wimp pop attack. Kajagoogoo and all that? Well he was, like, *there* man, he was in the Goo, he was kicking it up with the kids, he saw it all.

But, what's this? Where are the cut away shirts, the paedophilic grins, the monstrous hairstyles? Gone. Disposed of as neatly as a second hand Wang Chung single.

Instead there's a seriously sexy lead singer who looks like an emaciated Hendrix strutting his skinny stuff; a real band who play real guitars with real rock'n'roll solos; and a drummer who's a drummer not a peroxided simperer with photo-call appeal.

And the music? A commercial fusion of Motown dance codes and abrasive metal. There's the man himself throwing himself and his axe around the stage, there's an audience of over 20s lapping it up, there's sweat, and heat and er, more sweat. It's just like a real gig.

The songs come streamlined for chart consumption, a few covers, a lean rhythm, nothing over three minutes. What's next? Limahl as the High Priest of Love?

John Tague

STUPIDS
THE HARD ONS
MANCHESTER BOARDWALK

THE SON of God became flesh. He headed down to a sweaty club, slipped off his sandals, stripped off his robe and joined a sea of bobbing baseball caps.

All head-banging and hairy, he expected these Hard Ons to be somewhat imbecilic. Macho 'Lads' in their Antipodean Hardcore homeland perhaps? But no. Sure they thrashed out guitar solos with heads down and long hair shaking, but the emphasis was more on punkiness than childish, cock-thrusting, metal masculinity. Sometimes 'poppy' and foot-stompingly Ramones-like; sometimes articulately thrashy. Ed, Snax and Tommy cheered respectfully from the stageside and even the main man Jesus loved them.

Where the Hard Ons are rock-core traditionalists, the Stupids are eager thrashy celebrities. Three youthful cartoon characters with a bunch of hits. They're not into anarchy or politics, but they're getting tired with the "wacky" image too. It's understandable though. Tommy takes centre stage, one mass of golden locks behind a drum kit; Ed Shred leaps up like he's auditioning for a Madness video; and Steve Snax gleefully hugs his bass.

If you judge a Stupids gig on the number of audience stretchered away, then their semi-metal, semi-core thrash was not at its best this evening. The broad mix of skaties, hippies and punks that constitute the close-knit, North West Hardcore community can be guaranteed to throw themselves into such events with enthusiasm but, on this occasion, the circus of somersaulting slamdancers was strangely restrained. Not one ambulance was needed. Jesus came, met the Stupids and went away disappointed.

Sarah Champion

ART GARFUNKEL
BIRMINGHAM NEC ARENA

THE BIGGEST blanket in the Universe separates five-sixths of the NEC Arena from a sad little portion at one end, which is dominated by a *Des O'Connor Tonight*-style theatrical stage-set and the severely muted tones of 'The Sound Of Silence'. Art Garfunkel is spotlit, a lanky, shuffling figure in cowboy boots and runkled tight trousers. Two teenage girls begin to clap along in the wings, but a well-aimed plastic beer-bottle and a security guard soon put paid to the mini-Art Mafia's quiet riot.

After this initial burst of tunefulness we have to wade through a good half hour of anaemic newies, during which period the laid-back Art's modest manner wins more friends than his music, which is really only a tease, anyway: Art knows the whole crowd was huddled around *The Graduate* on TV last night and he's well aware of what we've come to hear . . .

Just one thing sticks in the throat as Arts gets passionate and woofs out a time-honoured knotted syllable, and that is that none of these famous love-lines are actually *his*—they were all written by Paul Simon or some other backstage scribbler.

Art Garfunkel may have been the Andy Ridgeley of the '60s, but he certainly is a charmer. I only wish the band had played six times louder so we could all have sung along unobtrusively with 'Bright Eyes' . . .

DJ Fontana

DEACON BLUE
GLASGOW, BARROWLANDS

PLAYING THIS venue was the fulfilment of an ambition according to Blue mainman Ricky Ross, though his lowest common denominator poeticism would be equally at home in an American baseball stadium. 'Dignity' is the fans' favourite, with the crowd taking over vocal chores on the song's rising chorus.

The image of 'a ship called Dignity' is almost so bad it's good, though such a distinction is meaningless in the young adult arena inhabited by Deacon Blue and their ilk. In olden times they would have been proud to be called an albums band, but now they're just a Class Act, a Higher Grade Wet Wet Wet, whose main live achievement is to exactly reproduce their recorded sound.

Ah yes, the sound. The cerebral backing vocals lend a Prefab Sprout-ish air to what is an '80s approximation of 10CC. The workmanship isn't in question, Deacon Blue clearly have loadsatalent, but their music—unwittingly shaped by technology—is as timeless as early stereo experiments. Ross, sporting an admirable haircut and provoking not a few screams, clearly hails from the same American state as Mark Knofler, though on 'Loaded' he displays more vocal empathy with Bruce Springsteen.

"How can a poor man stand such times?" he asks, pausing to pay deserved tribute to nationalist MP Alex Salmond. As protest it's almost apologetic, and Ross admits as much, saying that Nigel Lawson is unlikely to be in attendance. Yet, so conservative is the music that Government ministers would be unable to find anything objectionable. Blue after all, is the colour.

Alastair McKay

BLUE OX BABES
LONDON KENNINGTON CRICKETERS

I AM far too young to remember Pub Rock. By the time I was legally allowed to go drinking, much more exciting things were happening . . . like the Bee Gees. Nevertheless I think I know what it must have felt like. Rompingly guileless, avowedly non-cerebral and spectacularly dull.

Arguing over whether Al Archer (Chief Blue Ox Babe) has filched his ideas from old sparring partner Kev Rowland or vice versa is a pointless exercise. What it boils down to is this; if 'Too Rye Aye' period Dexy's didn't set you alight then neither will this. It's a Tussauds facsimile, replete with Celtic Soul Horns, Romany violins and hectoring vocal mannerisms. Presumably, it's intended to represent a challenge to the antiseptic hegemony of The Petties and SAW. Unfortunately Kylie beats them hands down for tunes every time.

To be positive, it cracks along at a fair old pace. If you happen to belong to the "Alan Ball used to run around a lot *ergo* he is a genius" school you will probably love Blue Ox Babes' endless reserves of energy and bounce. Indeed, for a song or two it's reasonably diverting but it's not long before the tireless enthusiasm becomes a drag. I suppose it's a bit like being married to Bonnie Langford.

On vinyl, or perhaps on a Guinness drenched New Year's Eve this might well be a different proposition altogether. But midweek in a half empty boozer, The Blue Ox Babes never reach escape velocity and an Eiland Road mood prevails. Come On Eileen, we're off.

Stuart Maconie

SHACK
THE AUCTIONEERS
LONDON SIR GEORGE ROBEY

DESPITE THE albatross of a Godawful name (must have been sober at their christening) The Auctioneers prove to be a spirited support. Taking one dreamy guitarist and a battering ram of a rhythm section, they complete with a beguilingly dislocated frontman. The latter prances manically, flaps his baggy shirt wildly and daubs 'House' and 'I Will Paint' with soaring hooklines which recall the finer points of Hurrah!

Mixing archetypcal guitar pop with doses of country hee-har stomps, they impress with an invigoratingly powerful and peculiarly untainted adaption of plectrum retrogression. Jangly pop with genitalia.

After The Auctioneers' trouble-free-flowing set, Shack confronted the wicked wolf of fate; a twelve-string pick-up packs up and goes for an early bath, accompanied by the hushed backdrop of lengthy mid-set breaks, but this Shack wouldn't be huffed and puffed away.

Fresh from a support slot on the Fall tour, I expected something more jagged and uncompromising, yet there's nothing ramshackle or random about this four-piece. Built on the solid foundations of the Pale Fountains, the Shack attack consists of waves of frenetic acoustic strums and self-important basslines, beneath which the muted vocals bob and weave.

It's a classy, comprehensive sound which treads in traditional footsteps yet has that rare ability to empty lungs. Discovering a luxuriant seam of harmony as they uncoil for the climax of their first song, they sustain the consonance until (reluctantly) discarding the jewel when frazzled forearms can no longer cope with the vibrant velocity.

Simon Doobery

THE BACHELOR PAD
LONDON BABYLON REVISITED

OODLES OF fluffy white hair, drenching all and sundry in the cast-offs of Stu Sutcliffe's estate. Indecipherable Glaswegian mutterings, thrust inaudibly to the forefront in answer to the beer-n very bitter boys' heckling from behind. Schools of anorak children clustered together in the vague semblance of warmth, aghast at anarchic outpourings of strychnine on violin. Crazed psychedelic renditionings of nursery rhymes and Beatles trips (same thing) pounded at just the wrong side of loud. The Bachelor Pad are all about lists.

"Turn the bloody volume up you hippies. I can hear what you're playing," comes a sage comment stage-left. It's true: wah-wah distortion boxes and one-note tremolo solos on keyboard and guitar, '67 distorted through nowhere ending up sounding pitifully conventional. The Bachelor Pad are all about brashness, loudness and pestilence, to pretend otherwise is folly. Only 'Do It For Fun', a totally *Stupid* reading lasting longer than the previous band's set, is worthy of the description "a Bachelor Pad son," tonight. Bands should use acoustic guitars on stage if they can't be bothered to turn up the electrics correctly.

'Jack And Julian', 'The Albums Of Jack', 'Skinny Dipping In Suburbia', 'He Loves You YEAH YEAH YEAH'. More lists. A band to listen to three doors away submerged in the bath. A band to turn to full volume and listen as the feedback recedes off the run-out groove. A Bachelor Pad for boys and girls alike. Why, oh why, don't they KICK ASS?

The Legend!

THE WAYNE SHORTER GROUP
LONDON ASTORIA BALLROOM

A GRADUATE from Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and prolific member of Miles Davis's band during the transitionary period between 'Miles Smiles' and the nerve-splitting 'Bitches Brew' Wayne Shorter was there at the birth of jazz fusion. And since then he has continued, through Weather Report and his own solo work, to be one of its most interesting practitioners.

Wise enough to fight shy of the pompous excesses of jazz rock, his best work displayed tonight in the stark beauty of the alto and piano duet 'Diana' can split silence with a whisper.

Unfortunately all too often on this occasion his strengths were drowned in the undistinguished cauldron of noise bubbled up by his backing band. Although the lack of a guitarist boded well, keyboard player Bernard Wright stepped into the breach with all the grinding whines you might have dreaded marring the more subtle groupings of counterpart Rennee Rosnes.

Bassist Bernard Wright spiked the band in the direction of a harder funk, although Teri-Lyn Carrington on drums stuck all too often to a heavy backbeat, despite being clearly capable of a great deal more.

In the end it was left to the encore, two much starker, more classical arrangements, to provide a reminder of what Shorter is capable of.

John Munro

PICTURE: JAYNE HOUGHTON

Andrea Bud: "a restrained tinderbox in a flowery dress", according to Mr Lamacq

CHEWS YOUR PARTNERS

THE DARLING BUDS
LONDON PANIC STATION

JUST TRY putting one of these *cute* pastels in your mouth without chewing it.

You can't, can you, suckers. You are hooked, insanely savaged by a hungry sucrose appetite. And this time it doesn't matter. Contrary to the botch-ups brisk-pop has laden itself with in the past two years, The Darling Buds' set is uppity, fizzy and tasteful; a cross pollination of Prim pop and indie snot. And they blow it out their noses.

A relevant crowd looks on and dances rabbleishly, assured by 'good' press, reassured by a lightly brash stream of head decongestants. No one dares raise a hand against them, no one secretly wants to. The Buds have the crowd in their sweaty mits without even knowing it.

It's simplicity itself, and the songs are plainly engaging – through 'Spin', 'Burst' and new single 'Shame On You' – The Buds are naturally unruffled, dead chuffed, and a smidgen surprised.

Barraged by ticker-tape receptions for any song more than walking pace, the little buggers whizzed, only drawing on the brakes for the likes of 'When It Feels Good', a blushing admission of a song, and the pole-axing 'The Other Night'.

Guitarist Harley, a smattering of Adam Ant resemblance round his forehead, ambles around while Andrea is a restrained tinderbox in a flowery dress, ready to flame with two tambourines brushing themselves up vociferously.

Chris ponders his bass looking concerned and Blossom's alternate between a rattling speed and directed shuffle.

Debut single 'If I Said' sounds strangely out of place, its harboured bitterness attached to a surpassed sneaky tune, but all around mini-bursts of blazing guitar were taking bows.

Stout in their leathers, sweltering no doubt, it was their night and they could do no wrong, even with a triple-paced cover of 'Love Me Tender', that threatened to break bones but settled for the odd cricked neck.

They are the only band I've seen this year whose followers' shouts of "get yer knickers down" are aimed at the blokes.

Steve Lamacq

LBO Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Present LBO

AN EVENING WITH

MICHAEL HEDGES

"Of the younger crop of guitarists of the 80's breed Hedges is generally considered king of the hill".

Sunday May 1st, 7.30 p.m.

The Playhouse Theatre London WC2

tickets available from box office: 01-839 4401 first call: 01-240 7200

The Album "Strings Of Steel" On L.P., Cassette & C.D.

The Single "All Along The Watchtower" On 7" & 12"

Windham Hill Records are marketed and distributed in the U.K. by A&M Records Ltd. A&M RECORDS

R.E.M.

FINEST WORKSONG

7" 12" AND LIMITED EDITION

SPECIAL C.D. PACKAGE INCLUDES

PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED

LIVE RECORDINGS

I.R.S.

MARKETED AND DISTRIBUTED BY MCA RECORDS

JAMES
LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY

ON STAGE James resemble four stranded wimps desperately trying to hypnotise the audience in order to avoid getting beaten up. Why these Mancunian misfits should choose the personality hungry self-promoting brothel show of rock'n'roll I'll never know. Look at them, shy, quiet, self-conscious, uncomfortable under the glare of the lights, using their instruments for self-protection never really facing those for whom they've come to play.

Slowly though they warm to their music. Their shyness, at times verging on the criminally vulgar, begins to ebb away replaced by the idiosyncratic zest implicit in their cranky creations. These songs aren't like any others' for one they're peculiarly insular, bunched and protective as if their meaning were a closely kept secret, or an embarrassing relative exiled to the attic of obscurity. For another they don't tinkle prettily with the tired formulas of pop melody but do things with guitars and drums that are odd, unsettling, inverting harmony into something altogether more challenging.

But James are getting older now, and the tight knot of their song writing is beginning to unravel itself. They've come to terms with the contradictions of their position, are opening up a little, learning to live with the noise they must make in order to communicate their stillness. If rock is a big dirty city, James are the country boys come to bring their vision of isolation to its streets: the bikers might walk on them, the pop-kids might ignore them, but none can really make them go away. Music to humiliate your tough guy toy boys with.

John Tague

PARACHUTE MEN
THE POPINJAYS
LONDON HYPE

PIERCING LITTLE devils these Popinjays so don't be misled by the delicacy of their name. They'll rip your outer garments from you as soon as look at you and make a mockery of your (pre)conceptions.

There is *no* laughable flightiness here, though there is a benign little garden fence decked with quizzical flowers. It is a trick, something to lull you into security before the artillery arrives. The duo, Polly and Wendy, stand in front fixing glances, unblocking drains and sweeping up accolades.

Mesmerizing gusts of uncharted pop skirt the air cutting a dash between a myriad of homeless balloons – Wendy calmly unveiling her vocals while Polly's guitar upstages the tightly-fuelled backing tape with asserting insertions.

'Don't Go Back' is enough to root you to the spot, but 'So Close' is even more expansive in its grasp creating explosions in the stomach while cementing the rest of your frame into stillness. It's unconsciously spikey sprightly but above all *devastating* in its gliding manner.

The Parachute Men however, four exotically shirty types, head more openly for majestic hooks. The songs take a long run up but once delivered they have a neatly insistent quality. Imagine the warts of The Pretenders lanced and strictly healed into indie-power.

Using both electric and acoustic guitars in turn they set up a sweetly bitter scenario from the idling pace of 'Leeds Station' to the tentative drama of 'No Wonder'.

Flirtive, pouting dilemmas no less.

Steve Lamacq

BARRY WHITE
LONDON ROYAL ALBERT HALL

BARRY – THE Sultan Of Sex The Fatso Of Funk – arrives, sweating profusely from the effort of making it to the stage from the dressing room. "There's a million memories in this room", purrs the voice like melting chocolate and you realise that, in Bazza's scheme of things, the RAH is just another "room". Tonight it's a bedroom. But first, it's a shrine.

The Buddha Of Body Talk meets his acolytes and indulges in the laying-on of hands. Prim and proper females thrust caution and dignity to the winds for a brief contact with the hem of his tent flap trousers. Their boyfriends and hubbies do the same. Barry sings. The trouble with him, he tells them once more, is that he can't do nothing without his baby. The invisible backing singers concur in disembodied harmony. The strings swing and the harpist harps with renewed vigour. The place goes mad.

The view from our box resembles a debauched revivalist meeting as members of the Temple Of Throb congregate round Big Bazza the majestic. He wipes his brow with a proferred hankie and someone hands him a vegetable. From here, it looks like a leek or an outsize artichoke. "Trust me," croaks Barry, for no apparent reason. 'Just The Way You Are' falls into a bottomless pit of sublime indulgence. The air is thick with syrup. We ain't seen nothing yet.

The Diva Of The Double Entendre invites some couples on stage and *Blind Date* meets the Philly Sound. Karen And Brian surrender willingly to Bazza's mutated *Mr and Mrs* interrogation. "How do you make love to Karen, Bri?" "Regularly," quips Bri and continues his weird frug-to-the-beat before an audience of thousands.

Mike and Debbie are next. Mike is a hippy. Debbie is someone else's wife. "That's my missus!" shouts a distraught voice. Bazza cracks up. Bazza hugs hippy, Mike. Debbie stares at Bazza. She is struck dumb. I can't take my eyes off Bri – he is frugging himself stupid. "I want you to go home and *personally* undress this lady for me tonight," Bazza implores Mike. Bazza has forgotten that Mike is not Debbie's hubby. He is still in the audience, you can feel him see me from here.

From the painfully suburban ritual of wilful humiliation, The Sumo Of Soul slips into 'Sho You Right', tight and muscular funk and a lecherous clout that means business. The Orchestra swing into 'The Love Unlimited Theme' and we're transported back to the '70s disco floor where Barry played Mr. Sensitive to Bohannon's all purpose teenage boogie stomp.

'Let The Music Play' commands the Big Daddy Of Disco and you forget the showbiz shenanigans of the *other* Barry White. Tonight The Caruso Of Cholesterol took us from Las Vegas to Los Palmas, from the dancefloor to the bedroom, from *Blind Date* to Bangkok – the ultimate all round entertainer with only an artichoke and a hankie for company. *Massive*!

Sean O'Hagan

Joyce Sims bellows out a great roar for the bass player and his baby shoes. Audience in raptures of delight. Bastilles stormed. Solos played, etc, etc.

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON . . .

JOYCE SIMS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THE RED shirt was a mystery. It was kind of plain, yet very much there, hanging from a simple wire coat-hanger suspended from the percussion stands. It dangled, flimsy yet still very *there* (why? we pondered) until a bit into song number two. A hunched, furtive figure snatched it away when the spotlight was elsewhere. In a seedy, canalside speakeasy later that night, *the press officer of the night* was noted to be wearing an identical model. Has he no control over his dry cleaning? Read on . . .

The delivery of Sims' songs is not designed for the ease and comfort of the vocalist, and when, like our Joycie, the singer has an unstoppable shoulder-shimmy habit, attempting to carry the songs alone is a brave act indeed. It's no co-incidence that all those Vegas/Broadway barnstormers that demand dancing are either propped up by shrieking minions or delivered at a constant frequency that demands no concentration or consideration. God bless her, Joycie made it through the hard times, despite her slipping shoulder straps.

She suffers from a common complaint amongst the talented, the desire to deflect the limelight so it blazes about the rest of the band for far too long. Barely three tunes in she turns to the loathsome popinjay playing immaculate but insensitive bass (and from whose guitar hangs a pair of baby shoes. More mis-laid dry-cleaning?) and turns to us. "Make him feel good! Make a lot of noise!" Honey, he obviously felt quite good enough without us encouraging him to be more prominent.

Halfway through, when she'd really got a grip astride the chugging cogs of funk, she got to grips with the bits of the LP that were released as singles. The relentless new one, 'Walk Away', had her yipping and growling and crooning superlatively with the entire audience and probably most of Greater London on her side.

Her encore was a cunningly crafted mosaic of songs she'd done earlier – 'Lifetime Love', 'All In All' and oh, bliss, 'Come Into My Life' – and Joyce was sounding better and better. The delicate swoops from soprano to alto and those excitable squeaks transcending the horror of her band. Then she was gone and the band finished with an impression of The Who.

Myrna Minkoff

NME CLASSIFIEDS

For further details ring DENISE SMITH (01-829 7797) or write to New Musical Express, Classified Advertisements, Room 329, Commonwealth Hse, 1–19 New Oxford St, London WC1

FOR SALE

LIVE TAPES
READERS AND ADVERTISERS ARE REMINDED THAT, UNDER THE COPYRIGHT ACT 1956 AND THE PERFORMERS' PROTECTION ACTS 1958–1972, THE UNAUTHORISED RECORDING AND/OR DUPLICATION OF COPYRIGHT MUSIC IS ILLEGAL, AS IS THE SALE OF SUCH RECORDINGS. ACCORDINGLY **NME** WILL NOT ACCEPT ANY ADVERTISEMENTS FOR 'LIVE' TAPES, WITHOUT PROOF THAT THE PERSONS PLACING THE ADVERTISEMENTS HAVE OBTAINED THE NECESSARY LICENCES FROM THE COPYRIGHT HOLDERS INVOLVED.

AA A-APARTHEID Wembley June 11th. Two Tickets 02 96613812.

A. A. EVE, SMITHS, Primitives, U2, R.E.M., S. Dragons, W. Present, R.E.M., Housemartins, Fall, N. Order, Sister, Mission, Ccu, Cure, Pogues, Marychain, J. Division, Prince, Morrissey, Rarities, T-Shirts, Posters, Massive List. S.A.E. 885 Chester Rd., Erdington, Birmingham B24 0B5.

ACTION POSTERS, Smiths, Sisters, Cure, Pogues, U2, L. Cole, Alarm, Heart, N. Order + Others, Promotional Tour Catalogue S.A.E. Dept N, 66 Lysways Street, Walsall WS1 3AA.

ALTERNATIVE CLOTHING catalogue. Send 50p stamp (Dept N20) 4 Alma Court, Upholland, Lancashire WN8 0NT.

ATTENTION COLLECTORS! See 'Music Papers' (Below).

CRAMPS RARE 45s and LPs Phone 051-259 5020.

CULT RECORDS, Photos Cuttings, Posters, Tapes. S.A.E. 16 Redruth Road, Walsall, West Midlands

CURE MERCHANDISE, T-Shirts, Pornography, concert, Kiss, Cry, £6.99 Posters, Large Kiss, Cry Concert, Beach Bed, Why, Wembley £2.99. Posters, Giant, Cry, Why, Kissing, £5.99. Black Long Sleeved Shirt, Back-Print, Cry. £12.99. Postcards 5 Assorted £1.50. Badges 5 Assorted £1.50 P+P Add 75p, Dynamic Promotions, 12 Milton Street, Dundee DD3 6QQ.

DAVID BOWIE World Wide Fans, Superb collector's Items Not to Be Missed. S.A.E. Douglas Kilpatrick, 72 Victoria Street, Dyce, Aberdeen AB2 0EE Scotland.

"DREAMS INTERPRETED". Send full account, postal Tarot readings, send question(s), with £1.50 Mystic D, Mkt Bargains, Corn Exchange, Corn. St, Bristol 1.

'FACE' COMPLETE Set (1–94) Sensible Offers. Please. 01-540 5404.

FLEETWOOD MAC Tickets. Birmingham 061-945 2640.

TICKETS
ALL LONDON CONCERTS
BEST SEATS AVAILABLE
Whitney Houston, Pink Floyd, Rush, Fleetwood Mac, Michael Jackson, Van Morrison, Alexander O'Neill, Billy Ocean, Ry Cooder, Inxs
Plus Many More!
Access/Visa Accepted.
01-436 0491
Ticketworld,
42 Charlotte Street,
London W1P 1HP.

FOR SALE

FLEETWOOD MAC Tickets 061-720 7394.

FULL CIRCLE Skirts. & Petticoats. Send S.A.E. For Patterns. Jack Geach. 25 Station Rd., Harrow, Middx HA1 2UA.

GENESIS (1972–87), Marillion, Zeppelin, Gabriel/Collins, Hackett/GTR, Purple/Dio, Rainbow/Whitesnake, Queen, Rush, more progressive/HR rare recordings. S.A.E. "Rock Rarities", 12 Mayesbrook Road, Barking, Essex.

LEVI'S 501 Cheapest Second Hand Levi's Jeans in Town. Selling on The Barge Boat Near Dingwalls, Camden Lock Market, London Every Saturday and Sunday.

MASSIVE LISTS of rock music papers, magazines, programmes, books etc 1964–79, 2,000 items listed in detail. Send 2 × 18p stamps to Better Days, 20 Trembear Road, St Austell, Cornwall.

MICHAEL JACKSON Tickets, July 14th Best Offer Secures. Phone 0908 319082, Eves, Mark.

MICHAEL JACKSON Tickets, Wembley, 23rd July, Offers 021-501 3327 After 6p.m.

MICHAEL JACKSON Two Tickets Wembley Second Night. £50.00 Each. Cheques P.O.'s To W. Sharma, 22 Logan Close, Hounslow, Middx.

MISSION, BUNNYMEN, Latest Quality Audio Rarities. S.A.E. Mick, 19 Harley Street, Todmorden, Lancs.

MUSIC PAPERS Magazines 1955–1987. Lists available on most artists. S.A.E. I.R.C. 51 Cecil Road, London SW19.

MUSIC PAPERS. Very cheap bulk lots. 61a Rosendale Road, London SE21.

NEW FACTORY/Hacienda Merchandising. Send S.A.E. For Details. 11–13 Whitworth Street, West Manchester M1 5WG.

N.M.E. TAPES Mint Condition. Offers 0325 484405.

OVERSEAS READERS. NME can help you save time and trouble (and probably save you money). Buy a subscription to NME and we will deliver a copy to your address every week. Six months subscriptions £25 (surface mail) $48.50 (USA and Canada airfreight). Twelve month subscriptions – £50 (surface mail) $97 (USA and Canada airfreight). Send a cheque or Money Order (payable to IPC Magazines Ltd) to NME Subs 003, **FREEPOST 1061**, Haywards Heath RH16 3ZA, Great Britain.

PRINCE ERASURE/YAZOO Rarities. 08677 4532.

QUEEN PHOTOS (AUTOGRAPHED) Details Simon, 84 Peabody Road, Farnborough, Hants.

QUEEN RARITIES Etc. S.A.E. for List. Phil, 85 Norroy Road, London S.W.15.

'ROYAL' BLACK album on cassette, £5. I. Smith, 6 Heatherway, Sale, Cheshire.

SISTERS, NEPHILIM, Cure, Siouxsie, Cocteaus, Xmal, Eves, D.C.D, Best Audio Rarities. S.A.E. Dave 179 Cornish Road, Chipping Norton, Oxon.

THE RED House Introduces Art Knitwear. Individual Designs from Constructivism To Pop Art. The Red House, 12 Roseland Gardens, Redruth, Cornwall TR15 1PX.

TOP QUALITY 78% Mohair Jumpers and Cardigans. Choice of 26 Colours from £22.50 Write Phone for Catalogue. Pandora Knitwear, 15 Oakdale Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield S7 1SL. (0742) 589231.

FOR SALE

THE TROUBLE-FREE WAY TO BUY N.M.E. A subscription to N.M.E. is the easiest and most trouble-free way of getting your weekly supply of music, film, politics, gossip, T.V., literature, lies, laughs and libido. Every week a uniformed lackey will deliver N.M.E. personally to your address. All you've got to do is send a cheque (payable to IPC Magazines Ltd) to N.M.E. Subs 003, **FREEPOST** 1061, Haywards Heath, RH16 3ZA. 6 month subscriptions – £14.50 (U.K.) 12 month subscriptions – £29 (U.K.).

U2, M. JACKSON, Sting, Mission + Hundreds More. 1987 88 World Tour Rarities. S.A.E./2 I.R.C.'s for Catalogue. Lee, 98 Hailsham Road, Harold Hill, Romford, Essex.

U2, WATERBOYS, Mission, Cure Plus More Records, Tapes, Videos. Large S.A.E. For Free List. Over 1,000 Items. 61 Beckwood Colburn, Catterick, Yorkshire.

VIDEOS MUSIC And Films Available from £7.99 Send S.A.E. for List. Videosearch, 34 Steade Road, Sheffield or Phone 0742 582629 391973. Any Video Available.

YOUR OWN Design On A T-Shirt or Sweatshirt. No Minimum Order. Details – Tramp, 3 Bird Street, Lichfield, Staffs (0543) 252950.

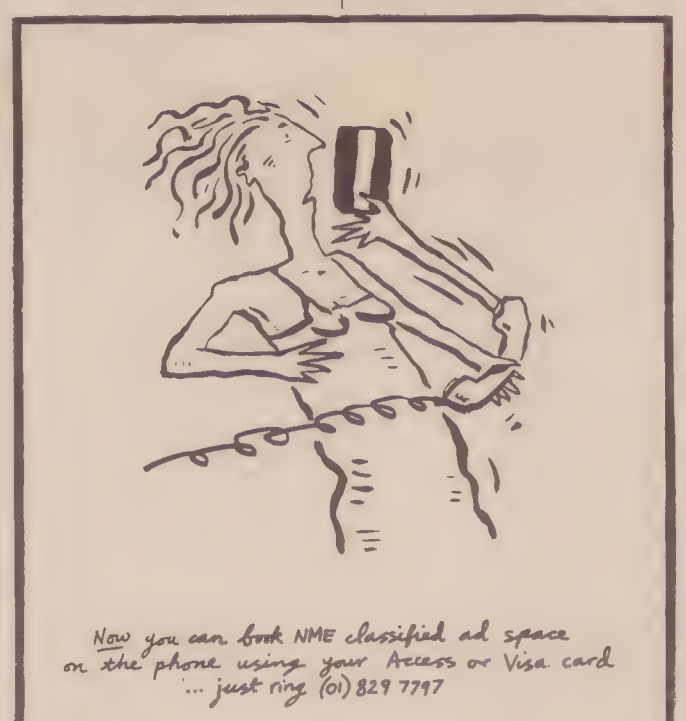
PUBLICATIONS

NUMAN FANZINE London Times Issue Two Out Now. 90p. 38 Brookend Parr, St. Helens, Merseyside.

PRINCE FAN Magazine "Controversy" issue No 10 £2 (UK) £3 (Europe) or S.A.E./I.R.C. for details from P.O. Box 310 Croydon CR9 6AP.

INSURANCE

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, equipment insurance. For the best deal. Phone Sandra 0423 330711.



Now you can book NME classified ad space on the phone using your Access or Visa card ... just ring (01) 829 7797

WANTED

ANYTHING ABOUT Queen Cross Video Recordings Pictures Books Rare Records. Write Me! Chiara Ighina, Via Caffaro 8, 16124 Genova, Italy.

BEATLES RARITIES wanted. Also concert programmes (any). State condition and price. 51 Cecil Road, London SW19.

BLUE OYSTER Cult interviews, live material, other rarities required. Kathryn Maloney, 46 Pocklington Close, 304 Goldhawk Rd, London W12 9PQ. 01-740 9568 or Barbara 01-749 5357.

BUY/SWAP Audio Rarities U2, Prince, Mission, Depeche, Cure, Nephilim + Indies. Bernie, 153 Rue Hayeneux, B.4400 Herstal, Belgium.

DAVID BOWIE Videos and Cuttings Wanted. Sale or Swop. Barbara Antona Postf. 600465, 6000 Frankfurt 60 West Germany.

DEAD KENNEDYS Memorabilia and Information Sought. Appreciation society Anywhere? Write Stephen Flat 1111 Trident House, Granville Square, Birmingham B15 1VQ.

DES HENLY Now Sit Down. I Want To Buy Your Guitar! Say £4,000. Perhaps More? Angie Ulrich 3000 Hannover Viethhof5, Germany.

LIVE TAPES Primitives, Bunnymen, JAMC, W. Present, P. Scream, L. Drops, Maniacs, Triffids, Buy or Swop. Send Lists and S.A.E. For Excellent List. Stephen 7 Manor Estate, Doddington, March, Cambs.

MUSIC PAPERS/Magazines wanted. 01-540 5404.

VIDEO

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, Largo 24.11.80. E180 S.A.E. for Full Details. Box No. 7476.

METAL, PUNK, chart, rock from £4.99. S.A.E. to Video Sounds, 173 High Street, Dorking RH4 1AD.

ROLLING STONES Live At L.A. Forum 1975 (Very Rare) Enquiries To Box No. 7475.

SMITHS FALL New Order, R.E.M. Many Others. S.A.E. 15D Obsterstein Road, London SW11 2AE.

MUSICIANS WANTED

BASS DRUMS 2nd Keyboards Wanted Soul Pop Jazz Influence 01-546 4728.

COMPULSION REQUIRE Vocalist, North West Synth Band. Contact Box No. 7481.

FORGOTTEN SONS Require Drummer. Influences, Jam, Redskins, Clash. Gigs Waiting. Phone Angus 270 8713, (Before 4.30) Contact Richard, 18 Osbaldeston Road, N.16.

GUITAR/BASS/ Drums M/F Required By Singer Writer. Motorhead. MC5 Phone 223 3362 Kevin.

GUITARIST WANTS Band – Bass?/Drums? Kbds?/Technics? Infl: Fall, A.O. Chance, B.A.D.-R.E.M., Pogues-P. Enemy. Angus (Rm. 15) 723 5020 (From April 24th).

SMART BASS Guitarist, Late Fifties Early Sixties Music, Summer Season Booked. Top Semi Prof. Band. 684 6752.

WANTED BAND 60s Early 70s Image Work Paris, Possibly Tokyo to Follow Expenses Paid. Send C.V. Photo, Demo. "August", Tokyo-To, Shibuya-ko, Hiroo, 5-23-6, T150 Tokyo.

SPECIAL NOTICES

BOARD GAMES To Construct Yourself. S.A.E. To Box No. 7480.

CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED For Viz Like Comic. Send Now With S.A.E. 61 Beckwood. Colburn, Catterick, Yorkshire.

FAN CLUBS

"DANNY WILSON Appreciation Society" S.A.E. For Details, 7 Walnut Road, Walsall WS5 4HT.

NILS LOFGREN "Cry Tough" Magazine, Club Susanne Cernic, Koenigsberger PL 6 7034 Gaertringen, West Germany.

MUSICAL SERVICES

ATTENTION SONGWRITERS! Complete Promotional Package (S.A.E. Details) S.M.P., P.O. Box 2, Catterick, N. Yorks.

BADGES! MADE to your designs. Small quantities, fast delivery. 0392 35991.

FREE SONGWRITERS NEWSMAG. Explains publishing, Royalties **FREE** Copyright, Assessment, Collaboration Services. S.A.E./Telephone, **SOCIETY INTERNATIONAL SONGWRITERS COMPOSERS,** 12 Trewartha Road, Penzance TR20 9ST, England. (0736) 762826.

GOOD BANDS Wanted For Colleges Universities 061-236 8161 9–5.

SONGWRITERS
The ISA, founded 1967, operating from Eire with members in over 50 countries, publishes SONGWRITER MAGAZINE, interviewing writers like Chris De Burgh, Chris Rea, Billy Joel. Write/phone for absolutely free booklet TWENTY SONGWRITING QUESTIONS ANSWERED, explaining copyright, publishing, recording, contests, royalties etc.
INTERNATIONAL SONGWRITERS ASSOCIATION LTD (NME),
37b NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON W1 (Tel. 01-486 5363)
(24-hour including weekends)

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

CLARINET IN Case For Sale. As New £100.00. Daytime 723 1212 Ext. 285. Evening 904 9663.

RECORD FAIRS

BATH BANK Holiday Monday 2/5/88 12–4p.m. 50p, (11a.m. £1) At The Pavilion.

BEDFORD APRIL 24th Harpur Suite. Town Centre.

BLACKBURN SATURDAY 23rd April King Georges Hall. 10.30a.m.–4p.m. Trans-Pennine. 0532 892087.

BRISTOL'S BIGGEST and best – Sunday April 24th – Transport House, Victoria Street, 11a.m.–5p.m. 50p (10a.m. – £1). 1,000s of bargains/deletions/collectables. Over 40 stalls. Enquiries SCS 021-236 8648.

BURNLEY SUNDAY 24th April The Keirby Hotel. 10.30a.m.–4p.m. Trans-Pennine. 0532 892087.

LEEDS ASTORIA Record Fair. Sunday April 24th. 11a.m.–4.30p.m. Details Advice Leeds 6875724.

LEICESTER THIS Saturday. Y.M.C.A. Granby St. One of the Country's Most Established Fairs, Supplying Collectors and Music Fans in the Midlands with a great selection of Records, CDs Posters of all types. VIP Record Fairs (0533 548821 – Weekdays).

LONDON 1ST MAY INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS' RECORD FAIR, Kings Cross, Camden Town Hall (Entrance in Bidborough St.) Euston Road, London N.W.1. Open 10.30–6p.m. Enq. 01-659 7065. Lots of Rare Records, Videos Cassettes, CDs, Rock, New Wave Imports Country, Soul, Jazz, P. Discs – Record Accessories & Lots More. Organised By The People That Started Record Fairs (Others Just Copy Us) In Britain. **DEALERS NOTE** No Discriminations at Our Fairs – Everyone Welcome.

RUGBY SATURDAY 23rd April. St. Andrews Church House, Church Street, Town Centre. Admission 10a.m.–5p.m. 50p. 26 Stalls Top U.K. Dealers.

SOUTHAMPTON, SATURDAY 23 4·88. Arts College, East Park Terrace, 12–4p.m. (11a.m. £1).

PETERBOROUGH
This Saturday
Town Hall, Bridge St.
Not to be missed.
LONDON
This Sunday
Cafe Satellite,
Argyll St. Oxford Circus.
A quality selection of stalls, records CDs, Memorabilia etc.
VIP RECORD FAIRS
(0533) 548821
Mon-Fri 10-5.

CROYDON RECORD COLLECTORS FAIR
–SUNDAY 24 APRIL 1988 AT
THE BRITISH RAIL CLUB
OPPOSITE EAST CROYDON STATION
DINGWALL ROAD, CROYDON
ALL BUSES STOP OUTSIDE
WEST CROYDON STATION ABOUT ½ MILE AWAY
REFRESHMENTS ALL DAY BAR 12 00-2 00
EARLY PREVIEW 10 30-12 00—£1 50
OR BRING THIS AD IT S A QUID
12 00-4 00—50p ACCOMPANIED CHILDREN FREE
DETAILS 0322 74159 STALLS AVAILABLE
NEXT FAIR WIMBLEDON
ON SUNDAY 8 MAY 1988
AT MERTON HALL KINGSTON ROAD
SOUTH WIMBLEDON SW19

CLASSIFIEDS ORDER FORM

RATES

ALL HEADINGS FOR PRIVATE ADVERTISERS 30p per word
TRADERS ANNOUNCEMENTS, PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENTS 60p per word

BOX NO. FEE £4.00 PER INSERTION
A BOX NUMBER INCLUDED IN THE ADVERT WILL COUNT AS THREE WORDS
HEAVY BLOCK CAPITALS after the first two words are charged at double rate

Post to: NME CLASSIFIEDS ROOM 329, COMMONWEALTH HSE, 1–19 NEW OXFORD ST, LONDON WC1

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK CAPITALS)
.....

.....

DAYTIME PHONE NO .....
If you wish your name and address in your ad it must be included in the cost.
TELEPHONE NUMBERS OVER 7 DIGITS COUNT AS 2 WORDS

All advertisements must be pre-paid

CHEQUES MADE PAYABLE TO IPC MAGAZINES.

I enclose PO/Cheque value £.....

No. of insertions.....

Write your ad here in block capitals. One word per box.

SECTION HEADING: .....

RECORDS FOR SALE

A BARGAIN Pot Luck Assortment (our selection) – send £35.00 for 500 used 7" singles or £12.00 for 100 used L.P.s & 12" singles. (Postage free). Record & Tape Exchange, 28 Pembridge Road, London W.11. (01-727 3538)

BON JOVI Robert Palmer, Live Radio Shows 0530 415313.

HIP HOP And Electro albums For Sale. Selection Includes "Essential Electro" Boxed Set and Many Rarities. Telephone Middlesbrough (0642) 311353

INDEPENDENT/ALTERNATIVE Current Releases, Imports, World Musics. Hip Hop House, Reggae, Free Catalogue from Subterranean Records, P.O. Box 15 (Ref N5) Torquay, Devon TQ1 3YT.

INDIAN CLASSICAL Records Cassettes S.A.E. I.M.P., Manor House, Southall UB2 4BJ

JAMS 1987. Serious offers only. 0734 479744.

NEW WAVE/PUNK rarities. Reasonable prices. S.A.E. I.R.C. 32 Whitehead Crescent, Wootton, I.O.W. PO33 4JF.

ON U Sounds. We Sell All Available Records. Tackhead, Dubsyndicate, Singers + Players Etc. S.A.E. I.R.C. Upside Sounds, P.O. Box 121, London SE11 6UR.

ORIGINAL UK hit 45s, 50s 60s 70s. S.A.E. 3 Woodland Street, Heywood, Lancs OL10 4LG.

OUT NOW Reggae Album DJ Legend, By Jah Woosh Distributed by Sky-Juice Records, 381 4150.

RECORDS POSTERS T-Shirts List. Dept 24, 1 Albert St. Birmingham. 4.

REGGAE + DUB Records. + Tapes For Sale! for The Largest Selection of Old New + Very Rare Reggae Records. Send £1 + A Very Large S.A.E. For My Exclusive 60 Pages Lists. Lots of Free Records. Donald Roberts. P.O. Box 352, London E14 0RB.

R.E.M. AN Audio A.O.R. Radion Staple Promo C Disc Telephone 0530 415313.

'RHYTHM' ALL Independent Label Releases, Imports, Punk New Wave Rarities, Fanzines. S.A.E. or 2 I.R.C.s For April Catalogue. 172 Gwydir Street, Cambridge. (0223) 60981.

SPOCK'S MUSIC From Outer Space. (Nimoy LP) Cassettes £7 Including Postage and Packing Music Resource Centre, Plasbach, Bethania, Llanon, Dyfed SY23 5NN.

"SWING ERA" 45 LPs, 15 box set stereo, £100. 01-898 0694.

T. REX. LARGE list of records for sale and auction. Imports, autographed items. S.A.E. to Adrian, 1 Wellesley Road, Ipswich 1P4 1PP.

U.S. HARDCORE, Thrash Metal, Hip-Hop, Indie Records. New Big Catalogue – Send S.A.E. "Alans", 39–41 Hallgate, Wigan WN1 1LR.

SITS. VAC.

JOBS GALORE Overseas. Enjoy a new and exciting lifestyle. Send 2 × 16p stamps for **FREE** brochure Direct Business Publications (N.M.E.8). 9 Selborne Avenue, Harefield, Southampton.

NEW CATALOGUE – "Business Opportunities and Services" 50p (refundable) Tack Publications, (Dept N.M.E.) 8 Beatrice Road, Norwich NR1 4BB.

RECORDS WANTED

ABSOLUTELY ALL YOUR Records, Cassettes, and C.D.s Bought or Exchanged **NONE REFUSED!** Bring **ANY** Quantity in **ANY** Condition to Record Tape & Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W.11 (Open 7 days 10a.m.–8p.m. – 01-243 8573) or **SEND** any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash – none returned once sent. We decide fair price. (Quantities collected **ANYWHERE**).

APPLE APPLE A Day LP £150 Paid. 0752 229588.

BEATLES XMAS FAN CLUB Flexis. Please state condition, year and price required. Box No. 7505.

CASH PAID For your unwanted CDs Phone (0827) 251096.

COB RECORDS High Street, Porthmadog, Gwynedd, Buy or Part-Exchange L.P.s, Tapes, C.D.s. List + S.A.E. For Valuation or Phone 0766 513185.

COSMIC EYE LP £20 Paid. 0752 229588.

'CZAR' LP £50 Paid. 0752 229588.

GOLD, SILVER Discs Wanted. 0752 229588.

GORDON HASKELL 'Sail-In-My-Boat' LP £25 Paid. 0752 229588

HELP! RECKLESS RECORDS pay top prices for records tapes C.D.s. 01-359 0501.

HENDRIX ANYTHING Autographed £100 Paid. 0752 229588.

HOUSEMARTINS 12"s -- Sheep, Flagday. 0603 51160.

PRIMITIVES ORIGINAL Thru Flowers. 12-Inch. Mat 0962 884699.

RIPOFF RECORDS, Maesycoed Road, Lampeter, Dyfed, SA48 7JE. Albums, Casettes, C.D.s, Singles, Videos Wanted. Absolutely Top Prices Paid! Send Direct or S.A.E. for quote.

'SWEET SLAG' Any LP £20 Paid. 0752 229588.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES How I Learned 7" (Dream 10). Andy Kershaw Session, Live Tapes. 0742 664371.

TOUR PROGRAMMES 60s, 70s Wanted Top Prices. 0752 229588.

T.T.D. LIVE Marquee August 1987 Phone Gavin 01-954 7098.

U2 'ANOTHER Day' £7 Paid. 0752 229588.

TUITION

GUITAR IMPROVISATION – TUITION IN ALL STYLES – John Mizarolli has privately taught 2,000 guitarists including members of Cliff Richard, Iron Maiden, Real Thing, Billy Ocean, Gerry Rafferty and Toyah. England's leading guitar teacher, The Teacher's Teacher, Five Years Progress guaranteed in Six Months. Spirit Mind Body Approach, Jazz Theory, Rhythm, Chord Improvisation and Jazz Rock Lead development, Fusion Styles. Emphasis on technique development, Hendrix, Halen, Holdsworth, Beck, Benson, Santana, Scofield, Carlton, Clapton. Initial Meeting, First Lesson Free, Plus Copy of Debut Album by John Mizarolli. Mail Courses too. Special Beginners Course now available. 01-372 6428.

MICKY GREEVE Specialist drum tuition. 01-769 2702.

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?

It's only 30p per word to advertise in NME classifieds.

MAIL ORDER

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING IN THIS SECTION, PHONE CAROLYN HINE ON 01-829 7737.

WEMBLEY MERCHANDISE

T-SHIRTS, SWEATSHIRTS, PROGRAMMES AND ALL TYPES OF MERCHANDISE ARE AVAILABLE FROM WEMBLEY WHILST THE FOLLOWING ACTS ARE PLAYING:

18–19TH APRIL	**FRANK ZAPPA**
28–30TH APRIL	**RUSH**
4–16TH MAY	**WHITNEY HOUSTON**
18–25TH MAY	**FLEETWOOD MAC**
26–28TH MAY	**ALEXANDER O'NEAL**
8TH JUNE	**GEORGE MICHAEL**
11TH JUNE	**NELSON MANDELA CHARITY**
JULY–AUG	**MICHAEL JACKSON**
5–6TH AUG	**PINK FLOYD**

PHONE 01-902 8833 x4521 TO CHECK FOR PRICES AND AVAILABILITY

CHEQUES AND POSTAL ORDERS TO: WEMBLEY STADIUM LTD, MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT WEMBLEY, MIDDX. HA9 0DW

CREDIT CARD ORDERS ARE ACCEPTED BY PHONE

PERSONAL

Personal advertisements are accepted on the assurance of advertisers that they comply with the law. Gay advertisements are only accepted from advertisers over 21. NME is unable to vet all advertisers and readers are advised to bear this in mind especially when replying to personal advertisements. NME reserves the right to refuse any advertisement without explanation.

ARTY MALE 20 Cancerian, Seeks Female Into Alternative Fashion for Travel, Adventure, Friendship. Write/Meet. Box No. 7464.

AUTHOR NEEDS Bitter Truth About Clashes with School Authority Over Hair, Uniform, Games, Behaviour Rules. Send Details To Chris. Box No. 7465.

BETHAN MISSION Astoria Concert. Green Suites. Me. Please. Contact Jer. Box No. 7461.

BI-SEXUAL GUY 28 Seeks Other Handsome Guys 21–30 For Fun, Camping Van Weekends. Watford London Anywhere. Inc., Penfriends U.S.A. Canada. Box No. 7463.

DESPERATE ABNORMAL Male (16) Needs Friends M/F For Gigs in Leeds Area. Likes Smiths and More. Box No. 7470.

GAY GUY 26, good looking, lonely, straight acting, seeks someone around same age for friendship. Maybe more. Photo ensures reply. Southwest, anywhere. Box No 7459.

GAY LAD 21 Slim Attractive Seeks Similar. North East. Box No. 7474.

GAY MALE 22 Living North West England Seeks Penfriends Anywhere. Box No. 7471.

GUY 30 Slim, Muscular, Good-Looking Seeks Sincere Mates. Photo and Phone Number. Belfast Area Anywhere. Box No. 7468.

HAIR THINNING or receding? Men wanted for further trials of New Product, completely safe. Please write T. T. Shepton House, Corpusty, Norwich.

HAVE PENFRIENDS OVERSEAS AND WITHIN U.K. 160,000 Members – Americas, Australasia, Africa, Europe. 24 Penfriend Introductions. For Free Details S.A.E. to I.P.F. (N.M.) P.O. Box 682 London NW6 6NF.

HEART SOUVENIR Seller Guy. Please Urgently Write. Phone Andy Blackwell, 18 Arundel Avenue, Sittingbourne, Kent. A.S.A.P.

HIGH WYCOMBE Male, Intelligent with Sense of Humour Into Smiths, Fall, New Order Etc. Seeks Female Friend (Early 20s?) For Gigs, Films, Watching Brookside. Box No. 7466.

LONELY GAY Guy (26) Totally Inexperienced Seeks Safe Caring Relationship with Similar (21–30s+) Discretion Assured. Photo Please. West Midlands Anywhere. Box No. 7469.

LONELY GUYS Seek Female Penpals 18–30. Hobbylink. P.O. Box 9, Tenterden, Kent.

LONELY SMITHS Female Living Working In London Seeks Friends Any Sex Write Meet Box No. 7473.

MALE GRADUATE 22 Into Theatre Politics and Marc Almond Seeks Interesting Female. London Area. Box No. 7478.

MALE SMITHS Fan (23) Seeks Lonely Female (20+) For romance Tyne Wear. Box No. 7462.

MALE WRITER 27 Seeks Female Writer For Feelance work and Fun with the Profits. Box No. 7472.

MALE 28 Slim Quiet Seeks Female 21–30 For Friendship Gigs, Pub Nights Cinema Gwent Anywhere. Box No. 7479.

OXFORD/GAY Male 25 Good Looking Tall Slim Sporty Non Scene Seeks Similar For Genuine 1 to 1 Relationship Photo Please. Returned with Mine. A.L.A. New to Scene. Box No. 7477.

PENFRIENDS U.S.A., Canada, Europe, send age and interests for details. Hi-Society Transglobe, P.O. Box 111, Leicester LE2 6FY.

PENPAL MAG for lonely people. Approval copy from: **MATCHMAKER, (A.25), CHORLEY, LANCS.**

PENPALS 153 Countries. Free Details. (S.A.E.) I.P.F. (NM2) P.O. Box 596, London S.E.25.

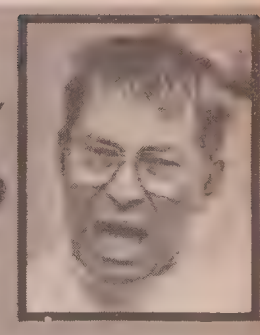
SANDY DENNY 1948–1978. Missed By Her Friends. A Rose Whose Beauty Remains.

SEEKING SINCERE gay new friends etc? Male or female, all areas and worldwide. Stamp to Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

SHY QUIET Male From Manchester, Seeks Similar Female, Must Like Local Bands, Order, Fall, Roses, Yargo. For Gigs, Hacienda, and More Importantly Friendship. Box No. 7467.

WORKING HOLIDAYS Can take you anywhere in the World. Short/Long Term, Leave anytime, earn up to £50 day. Unbelievable choice. Send 18p stamp for illustrated brochure to Club International, 414 Corn Exchange, Manchester M4 4EY.

THE AMAZING WORLD OF FRED DELLAR



PICTURE: PENNIE SMITH

Tim Buckley – the original

Could you tell me who sang the original version of This Mortal Coil's 'Song For A Siren'? Also, could you provide the lyric to REM's 'It's The End Of The World As We Know It'?
P T Barrhead, Glasgow

Which album of Tim Buckley's contains 'Song For A Siren'? I have been unable to discover which one it is.
Simon Barker, Nunthorpe, Middlesbrough

■ *A case of one letter answering another here, thus cutting out the middleman. 'Song For A Siren' was recorded by Buckley in 1970 and appeared on his 'Starsailor' album (Straight STS 1060). In more recent times it appeared on a Rhino compilation, 'The Best Of Tim Buckley' (Rhino 112). Regarding the REM lyric – no can do. If I attempted to print the complete lyric of any song in this paper, NME would be stuck with a hefty bill (going into at least three figures) by the copyright people. I can only suggest you contact the song's publishers, Chappell Music, whose address is 129 Park Street, London W1Y 3FA. Maybe they will help out.*

The Filth on the Swans

I've heard a rumour that there's a Swans album called simply 'The Swans' on the Zensor label. Apparently it's their debut album and Michael Gira is said to be so ashamed of it that he's had the record deleted. I've written to Product Inc. about this but they will neither confirm nor deny the rumour. Does the album actually exist? If so, is it still available?
Steve Beinoras, Earlsdon, Coventry

■ *The album's actually called 'Filth' and originated on the Neutral label in the States. Neutral, in turn, licensed it to the German Zensor label, who initially marketed the album in Europe but don't seem to have pressed up copies for some time now. Certainly, Rough Trade say it hasn't been around for yonks. Though the Swans themselves claim that they were "inexperienced" when they made the record and have no control over its distribution – "the rights don't revert back for many years" – they deny that they've ever tried to put a stop on the record. "They only wish that Neutral would press another batch of copies," claim Product Inc. on the band's behalf. "Then we wouldn't have to deal with all the queries we have about it. Neutral do press a few up from time to time, so we suggest that anybody requiring copies contact the Neutral office." Last news I had of Neutral, they were resident at 415 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 100033 (212-260-0739) so that's the address to try. Incidentally, the Swans themselves will be in the States shortly, presumably plugging their latest single, a cover of Joy, Div's 'Love Will Tear Us Apart', which Product Inc. will be releasing here on May 9. Then Gira & Co return to Europe during the third week in May and embark on what Product Inc term an expensive extensive European tour. "But there are no confirmed dates as yet," their communique ended.*

An easy one for you, I hope! I've been trying to get hold of a long deleted album by a '70s group called Spring. It was released on the Neon label and, as far as I know, was the only album the group ever made. Would it be possible for you to dig up some information on the group and also to find out if the album is likely to be made available on some budget label in the near future?
Rob Benbow, Tonypandy, Mid Glam.

■ *Thankfully, this one was easy – I had Neon's original handout on the band stuck away in my files. Spring's personnel being listed as Kipps Brown (organ, piano, mellotron), Ray Martinez (guitar, mellotron), Adrian Moloney (bass), Pat Moran (vocals, mellotron) and 'Pique' Withers (drums). All five originally met in Leicester but eventually teamed up at Rockfield Studios, where Moran became a producer and studio musician. Moran and Martinez formed Airwaves, another Rockfield band, in 1978, while Withers, now known as Pick, gigged with everyone (Dave Edmunds, Bert Jansch, Ralph McTell, Del Shannon etc.), joining Dire Straits in 1977. Spring's album, titled 'Spring' (not to be confused with a group and an album of the same name emanating from the Beach Boys) was produced by Gus Dudgeon and released during May, 1971. These days it's worth a fair bit of loot and unlikely to diminish in price for some time to come as I know of no one planning to provide the album with a reissue.*

Could you please give me some information on Kate and Anna McGarrigle? Will they be touring Britain soon. Also, could you provide a discography?
Chaz, Halesowen, W. Mids.

■ *The McGarrigles recently re-signed with Warner Bros Records and are now working on a new album. According to Paul Charles who books the Sisters' dates in this country, as soon as the album is ready, they'll play some UK concerts in support. Regarding the discography, I'll skip the singles but provide a listing of the McGarrigle's five UK albums, which reads: 'Kate And Anna McGarrigle' (Warner Bros K56218, 1976), 'Dancer With Bruised Knees' (Warner Bros K56356, 1977), 'Pronto Monto' (Warner Bros K56561, 1978), 'French Record' (Hannibal HNBL 1302, 1981), and 'Love Over And Over' (Polydor POLS 1062, 1982).*

Could you possibly tell me where Morrissey got the cardigan he wears in the band photo adorning the 'Queen Is Dead' album? Is there a kniting pattern available for it?
Peter Green, Cleethorpes, S. Humbs

■ *Put away those knitting needles. According to Mozzer, the 'cardy' he's wearing on the album sleeve is not a cardigan at all. In reality, it's the lining from a jacket owned by Dead Or Alive's Pete Burns! Now does anybody want to know how to crochet a vicar's tutu?*

I was at the Temptations' Odeon concert on March 28 and it was being taped. It was a fantastic show and I wondered if it's now going to be released on video or screened on TV.
Peter Orr, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland

■ *The show was filmed by BMG, the Ariola-RCA group, and has been sold for screening in the States. So far, however, nothing's finalised for Britain.*

PICTURE: BARRY PLUMMER

Fred fan Patti Smith

Any sightings of Patti Smith? I suppose a tour would be too much to hope for – but a new record would suit me fine.
Lynda Bowen, Forest Fields, Nottingham

■ *Patti, who had the good taste to marry someone named Fred and make a great single called 'Frederick', is back in action and has been recording with producer Jimmy Iovine, the man who masterminded her 'Easter' album back in '78. A single, 'People Have The Power' is planned for release by Arista in the very near future, while an album should emerge in mid-to-late summer.*

CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

1 + 14D When the C.H.I.P.S. are down, do they clog up the road? (10-4-2-3-7)

9 + 32A . . . . even on the Beat, whatever the grade, they've come to a halt (7-4-4)

10 Their early names included Zips, Innocents, Tiger Lily and Fire Of London; their current name once bore an exclamation mark (8)

11 A four year old offering from Queen – as I tried half, it broke up (3-1-4-4)

13 + 29D "*I don't know why sometimes I get frightened, you can see my eyes and tell that I'm not lying*", 1979 (1-3-3)

14 *Mahogany, Mash, Harry's Game* and *Hill Street Blues* have all supplied one for the charts (5)

15 + 26D + 21A "*Third box car midnight train, destination Bangor, Maine*" 1965 (4-2-3-4)

16 (see 7 down)

17 ABC lose respect with the inclusion of Joy Division material (6)

19 (see 27 down)

20 Perhaps a tit we Exploited? (6)

21 (see 15 across)

22 (see 33 across)

25 Questionable name for a band (3)

28 Questionable title for a song, of which there's been four varieties and two more versions over the years (3)

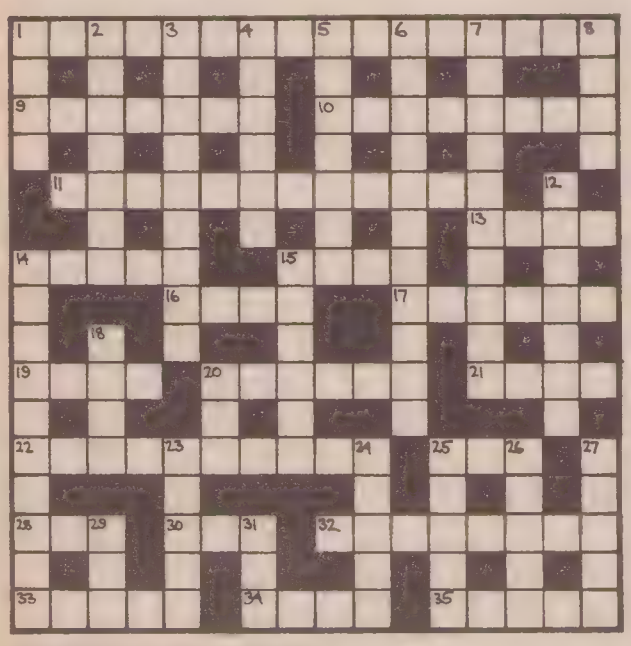
30 Paul Carrack's band before playing with Squeeze, Mike & The Mechanics, etc (3)

32 (see 9 across)

33 + 22A "*When you're down and troubled and you need a helping hand and nothing is going right*", 1971 (5-3-1-6)

34 Would a free kick for them be a blagged LP? (4)

35 —Within, Rough Trade 'strikers' (5)



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES DOWN

1 There was a message for you, something about getting some kidneys before going to the bingo (4)

2 + 12D Afro-American jazz alto saxophonist who has been attributed as coining the term 'Free Jazz' (7-7)

3 Robin's twin sister? (9)

4 Blues rock band formed in 1970 by three departing members of Savoy Brown (6)

5 Die terribly after soup concoction served up by Laibach (4-3)

6 Were they lumberjacks and were they all right? No, they just died in our arms (7-4)

7 + 16A No need for Costello's Armed Forces' during his term as an Imposter (5-2-3-4)

8 Jacques Brel song, as favoured by the likes of Scott Walker, about a young army recruit's initiation at the whore-house (4)

12 (see 2 down)

14 (see 1 across)

15 Chesterfields' LP, the one which Polly liked to play but Suki couldn't stand (6)

18 Northern lads who were once southern and with whom death should not now be mentioned (4)

20 They originally formed as a backing band for Eric Burdon, but soon had hits in their own right such as 'Low Rider' (3)

23 1974 movie in which Slade played the part of a mythical band (5)

24 In the words of an old number by Tony Sheveton "*And if I had a million— , I still couldn't make her dance*" (5)

25 Pete, who was a crucial third (5)

26 (see 15 across)

27 + 19A "*Where they open all their wallets and they close all their minds and they love to buy you all a drink*" 1986 (5-4)

29 (see 13 across)

31 Record label somewhere in the middle (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 + 24A. Can I Play With Madness. 10 + 27D. Like A Rolling Stone. 11. Slug. 12. Hope. 13. Uptown. 16 + 4D. Einstein A Go Go. 19 Word. 21. Pi. 22 + 38A. Throwing Muses. 26. Costafine Town. 28. Wes. 30. Stool Pigeon. 34 + 5D. T-Bone Walker. 35. Lies. 36. Iva. 37. Shades. DOWN: 1. Cold Sweat. 2. Nik Turner. 3 + 14D. Play To Win. 6. Tune Up. 7 + 9A Radio Ga Ga. 15. Stewball. 17. Ian. 18. Limit. 20. Rescue. 23. Gun. 25. Dawn. 26. Casale. 28. Woods. 29. Seers. 31. Push. 32. Good. 33. Otis. 34 - 8D. Tam Paton.

SOUND AND VISION

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING PLEASE RING CAROLYN ON 01-829 7737

OLDIES UNLIMITED
Dept. NMI
Dukes Way, St Georges
Telford,
Shropshire TF2 9NQ

FOR THE BEST SELECTION OF GOLDEN OLDIES AROUND

SEND A S.A.E. FOR A CATALOGUE OF OUR UNIQUE RANGE OF RECORDS
Below for shows a small selection from our extensive range of 7" singles - many in picture cover

5974 ASWAD Chasing the breeze 40p
8042 BALAAM & ANGEL Light of the world 40p
2803 BONEY M Mary's boy child 40p
5020 PHIL COLLINS Thru' these walls 40p
5833 FLYING PICKETS Only you 40p
7394 ARETHA FRANKLIN Another night 40p
7455 JANET JACKSON What have you done for me 40p
6900 LOOSE ENDS Magic touch 40p
6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No 9 40p
6977 PRINCE Park by park 40p
5089 SIMPLE MINDS Someone somewhere 40p
7101 THOMPSON TWINS Don't mess with Dr Dream 40p
7071 BRYAN ADAMS Summer of 69 70p
8382 BOB DYLAN When night comes falling 70p
5075 HUMAN LEAGUE Mirror man 70p
7399 GRACE JONES Love is the drug 70p
6212 BOB MARLEY One love People get ready 70p
6471 BILLY OCEAN Caribbean Queen 70p
3700 RAINBOW Surrender 70p
6140 TIN TIN Kisses me 70p
7491 SUZANNE VEGA Marlene on the wall 70p
7424 ART OF NOISE Peter Gunn £1.00
7114 MADNESS Driving in my car £1.00
7568 COCK ROBIN The promise you made £1.00
8147 DAMNED Gigolo £1.00
7270 ARETHA FRANKLIN Who's zoomin who £1.00
5073 G B H Give me life £1.00
7452 WHITNEY HOUSTON Greatest love of all £1.00
7284 U2 With or without you £1.00
4248 BOB MARLEY Waiting in vain £1.00
6905 G MOORE & P LYNOTT Out in the fields 50p
4052 PSYCHADELIC FURS Pretty in pink 50p
7361 PUBLIC IMAGE LTD Rise 50p
7241 SIMPLE MINDS Alive and kicking 50p
7306 SIMPLY RED Holding back the years 50p
5274 THIN LIZZY Cold sweat 50p
7372 RUBY TURNER If you're ready 50p
8284 U2 With or without you 50p
7560 AC DC Who made who 50p
7852 BON JOVI Livin' on a prayer £1.30
7927 COMMUNARDS So cold the night £1.30
7990 EUROPE Rock the night £1.30

7547 FUZZBOX Pink Sea 50p
8000 STEVE SILK HURLEY Jack your body 50p
8006 MADONNA Open your heart 50p
8259 MISSION Severina 50p
8466 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Born to run (live) 50p
7716 U B 40 Sing our own song £1.80
8290 WHITESNAKE Sh of the night £1.80
3220 AC DC Whose lotta rosie £1.80
8220 HERB ALPERT Keep your eye on me £1.80
8412 BEASTIE BOYS No sleep 'til Brooklyn £1.80
8225 BON JOVI Wanted dead or alive £1.80
0211 DAVID BOWIE Starman £1.80
6556 CHICAGO Hard habit to break £1.80
8071 PHIL COLLINS Against all odds £1.80
8302 CURE Why can't be you £1.80
3068 DAMNED Love song £1.80
9440 DEEP PURPLE Smoke on the water £1.80
0627 BOB DYLAN Knocking on heavens door £1.80
0636 FLEETWOOD MAC Albatross £1.80
7448 GENE LOVES JEZEBEL Sweetest thing £1.80
2187 MICHEAL JACKSON Rock with you £1.80
8580 JESUS & MARY CHAIN Happy when it rains £1.80
7219 GRACE JONES Slave to the rhythm £1.80
6894 KATRINA & THE WAVES Walking on sunshine £1.80
1013 JOHN LENNON Imagine £1.80
7821 MADONNA True blue £1.80
8530 MARILLION Sugar mice £1.80
3975 BOB MARLEY No woman no cry £1.80
2545 MARTHA & MUFFINS Echo beach £1.80
7700 MISSION Like a hurricane £1.80
7162 JOHN PARR St Elmos fire £1.80
6529 PINK FLOYD Run like hell £1.80
7184 POGUES Dirty old town £1.80
1347 ELVIS PRESLEY Loving you £1.80
5192 PRINCE 1999 Little red corvette £1.80
1428 GERRY RAFFERTY Baker Street £1.80
4272 D ROSS & L RICHIE Endless love £1.80
7785 RUN D M C Walk this way £1.80
1596 SEX PISTOLS Holidays in the sun £1.80
5959 SMITHS What a difference opens make £1.80
8273 SPEAR OF DESTINY Never take me alive £1.80
7309 STARSHIP We built this city £1.80
1854 TEMPTATIONS Papa was a rolling stone £1.80
9229 T REX Hot love £1.80
5655 U B 40 Red red wine £1.80
8434 STEVIE WONDER I just called to say £1.80
4672 YAZOO Only you £1.80

United Kingdom Post & Packing Charges
1–5 Singles–50p 21–50 Singles–£2.00
6–10 Singles–75p 51–100 Singles–£2.50
11–15 Singles–£1 101–200 Singles–£3.00
16–20 Singles–£1.50 201 or more Singles–Post Free
1 LP OR 1 12" SINGLE COUNTS AS 6 SINGLES

ORBIS 11 LEIGH ROAD BRISTOL BS8 2DA Tel. 0272 736136

We accept VISA, ACCESS & AMEX

POSTAGE & PACKING 75p PER ITEM
PAYMENT TO: ORBIS RECORDS – CHEQUE, P.O. IMO, CASH REG MAIL

US CASSETTE SINGLES – £1.99 each

SISTERS OF MERCY This Corrosion **FLEETWOOD MAC** Seven Wonders & Family Man, **BARRY MANILOW** Hey Mambo **ROBERT PLANT** Heaven Knows **INXS** Need You Tonight **STING** Be Still My Beating, **DAVID LEE ROTH** Just Like Paradise **AC DC** Heat Seeker **OMD** Dreaming, **THE CURE** Hot Hot Hot, **PET SHOP BOYS** Always On My Mind, **WHITESNAKE** Give Me All Your Love & Is This Love, **AGNETHA FÄLTSKOG** I Wasn't The One (each cassette is 2 track in a small box US 7" also available at **£1.99**)

COMPACT DISC SALE COMPACT DISC SALE

SISTERS OF MERCY Dominions **AC DC** Heatseeker, **ROBERT PLANT** Heaven Knows, **GEORGE HARRISON** When We Were Fab 3" CD's **£4.99**

PINK FLOYD On The Turning, Learning To Fly, **LEVEL 42** Running In The Family, **MARILLION** Incommunicado **PSB** Rent, Always On My Mind, Heart, **STRANGLERS** All Day And All Of The Night, **THE CURE** Hot Hot Hot, Just Like Heaven, **TERENCE TRENT DARBY** (Pic Disc Single), **KISS** Reason To Live **WHITESNAKE** Give Me All Your Love, **U2** With Or Without You **DEPECHE MODE** Behind The Wheel **each £4.99**
GARY MOORE Friday On My Mind **OMD** Shame, **PRETENDERS** Kid **SIMPLY RED** Everything (Promo Red CD), **YELLO** Call It Love, **ABC** Smokey, **BLUW MONKEYS** Out With The Here **BRUCE HORNSBY** Maddlin Rain, **JULIAN COPE** Eve's Volcano **COMMUNARDS** Never Say Goodbye **each £3.99**

THE CURE Just Like Heaven + 2 Trax (Diff) (I) (P) Long Box Cas £4.49 12" **£4.49**
WHITNEY HOUSTON I Wanna Dance (5 Mixes) (I) (P) So Emotional (I) (P) (+ Poster) Long Box Cas £4.49 12" **£4.49**
MISSION Tower of Strength – 3 12" Promo **£5.99**
MISSION Tower of Strength Diff Mix (I) (P) **£4.49**
MISSION Wastelands + 3 Trax Diff (I) (P) **£4.49**
SISTERS OF MERCY First Last & Always – Remix Jap LP **£13.99**
F.G.T.H. Bang (6 Tracks) Jap Only LP Cas £13.99 CD **£19.99**
WHITESNAKE Give Me All Your Love – 1 Diff Sle (I) (P) 7" **£1.99**
BELINDA CARLISLE I Get Weak Heaven Is A Place US cassette singles **£3.99**
TIFFANY Saw Him Standing There cassette single **£3.99**
REM Its The End Of The World US cassette single + 12" Both **£4.99**
PETER GABRIEL Sledge Hammer Remix US cassette single 4 track **£4.99**

Adrians RECORDS

Dept N 30 HIGH STREET WRAFORD ESSEX SG 8 9AZ

ADRIANS CATALOGUE 46 & SUPPLEMENTS
AVAILABLE NOW SECURE YOUR COPY OF THIS ESSENTIAL COLLECTORS BIBLE! BUY FROM IT OR USE IT FOR REFERENCE OVER 50,000 ENTRIES
If you would like a copy send £2.50 (UK) or you can order on our credit card line
(Overseas by Air ... Europe £4 Elsewhere £8 USA 10 Dollars)
(Payment can be by Eurocheque Credit card etc)
"THE ONE THE STARS RECOMMEND"
"THE ONE THE STARS BUY FROM"
Your catalogue pack includes Video CD Sale & Rarity Listings

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1969
THE BIGGEST! THE BUSIEST! THE BEST

U2 AT ADRIANS
7" Press conferences – Toronto 1987 San Francisco 1987 (Pic disc) (ltd edition 2,000) 2.99
7" Press conferences (as above) Green vinyl (ltd edition of 1,000) 2.99

STRANGLERS AT ADRIANS
7" Tomorrow Was The Hereafter Nubiles (No Ltd Edition of 1000 in pic sleeve) 2.99
7" MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE (Stranglers) My Young Dreams-2 Sides To Every Story Pt 2.99
LP JJ BURNEL Euroman Cometh (Pic Disc) 7.49
Magazine – STRANGLED No 27 (32 Pages) 7" Flexi JJ BURNEL Goebbels Mosley God In Grain 1.50

PET SHOP BOYS AT ADRIANS
7" Its A Sin (You Know Where J) (Pic Lyric Sheet) 3.99
7" Suburbia Paninaro (J) (P Lyric sheet) 3.99
12" W E Gems (Remix 86) HURRICANES Theme From P S Boys(E)(I) 6.99
12" W E Sunglasses (7.25) One More Chance (I) 6.99
12" W E Girls (Dance Mix) (Dubs) Man Could (Eff) (P) 5.99
12" W F Guns (5.18) I Make Chance (I) 5.99
12" Suburbia (Full Horror) Jack The Lad (E) (I) (Dbl Sleeve) 5.99
12" Suburbia (Full Horror) Jack The Lad (E) Paninaro (E) (I) (P) 5.99
12" Its A Sin (9.16) (Remix 8.18) (Disco 7.39) (Dub) You Know Where (I) (P 5.99
12" What Have I Done (Disco 8.08) (Rem 7.06) (I) 5.99
12" Always On My Mind (Mendelssohn mix) (Harding Mix) Do I Have To (I) (P) 5.99
12" Interview (Pic Disc) (BAK 2064) 4.99
12" THE SUBURBAN BOYS (Hit Mix) Actually (P S Boys Medley) (I) (Diff pic to Brit) 5.99

COMPACT DISC SINGLES AT ADRIANS
3" JUDAS PRIEST Johnny B Good, 3 10,000 MANIACS What's the matter TRANSVISION VAMP That Girl To Beat Up (CD Pic Disc) LLOYD COLE From The Hip, 3 AZTEC CAMERA Somewhere In My Heart SUGARCUBE Deus P S BOYS Heart BANANARAMA I Want You Back, 3 AEROSMITH Angel ALL ABOUT EVE Every Angel PEBBLES Girlfriend; 3 WILL DOWNING Love Supreme 3 JESUS MARY CHAIN Side Walking JERMAINE STEWART Get Lucky 7 PAUSex Talk CD pic disc) DEACON BLUE When We You Make, STATUS QUO Ain't Complaining, TAYLOR DAYNE Prove Your Love, DAMNED Pee Sessions, NEW ORDER Peel Sessions, JOY DIVISION Peel Sessions, SIOUXSIE Peel Sessions, BROS Drop The Boy, HOOTERS Johnny B SADE Love Is Stronger ZODIAC MINDWARP Planet Girl (CD Pic Disc) 3 AHA Stay On These Roads TIFFANY Could've Been FLEETWOOD MAC Everywhere 3 AC DC That's The Way I Wanna WET WET WET Temptation BRENDA RUSSELL Piano In The Dark 3 ADVENTURES Broken and INXS Devil Inside Me MAGNUM Days Of No Trust GUMIE FISHER Love Changes CLASH I Fought The Law MORRISSEY Suedehead, ERASURE Ship of Fools, BOMB THE BASS Beat Dis, JOHNNY HATES JAZZ Heart of Gold (CD Pic disc), ICEHOUSE Crazy, BANGLES Hazyshade, BELINDA CARLISLE I Get Weak (CD Pic Disc); CURE Hot Hot; CURE Just Like Heaven; EURYTHMICS Beethoven ..... 3.99 each

3" TIFFANY Couldn've Been (4 Tracks) D. MODE Behind The Wheel ..... 4.99 each
IRON MAIDEN Can Play with Madness, STING Fragile GEORGE HARRISON When We Was Fab ..... 5.99 each
DEF LEPPARD Mysteria Pt 3 AGNETHA FALSKOG Last Time (I) WET WET WET Goodnight Girl 3 AC DC Heatseeker ..... 6.99 each
NEW ORDER Touched by the Hand of God PETER GABRIEL Biko, ERASURE It Doesn't Have To Be 5 tracks (in 7" packaging) 7.50
STING Nada Como El Sol 4 tracks, CD Video PSYCHIC TV Listen Today (I) 11.99

CD INTERVIEW PIC DISCS
CURE, ELVIS PRESLEY: BONJOVI, DEPECHE MODE, KISS, U2 (Bono talks in Philadelphia), BEATLES conquer America: (All Imports) ..... 6.99 each

VARIOUS ARTISTS AT ADRIANS
7" TIFFANY Could've been Heart (In Diff pic) 2.50
7" ALL ABOUT EVE Every Angel (old out) sleeve 2.49
7" RUSH Prime Mover 3 special 3D sleeve 2.49
7" BELINDA CARLISLE Circle in The Sand We Can Change (In Pic 2.50
7" ICE HOUSE Electric Blue Over My Head (In Pic) 2.50
7" MIKE OLDFIELD Magic Touch Wind Chimes (In Diff pic) 2.50
12" RUSH Prime Mover 3 special 3D sleeve 3.99
12" AEROSMITH Angel (pic disc) 3.99
12" ALL ABOUT EVE Interview (BAK 2087) (pic disc 4.99
7" DAVID LEE ROTH Flexi Pic Disc (Jap promo) 3.99
7" CLIMIE FISHER Love Changes Everything (pic disc) 2.49
7" DAVID SYLVIAN Interviews (Brussels 18-10-82) (10 mins) Ltd Edition of 500 (white vinyl) 2.99
SHAPED ZODIAC MINDWARP Planet Girl 3.99
12" CHER We All Sleep Alone (pic disc) 3.99
12" A HA Stay On These Roads (pic disc) 4.49
12" MICHAEL JACKSON This Mi Amour (sung in Spanish) Dust Can't Stop Loving Pic 5.99
12" AC DC That's The Way I Wanna (gatefold sleeve sew on patch) 4.49
12" DEF LEPPARD Armageddon It (Nuclear Mix) Pic 5 postcards & enamel badge (in special pack sleeve) 4.49
SMITHS Lyric Book (84 pages) (+ 9 Colour Postcards) (I) 6.99
12" B SPRINGSTEEN One Step Up Roulette (In Pi 5.99
10" MARC BOLAN in America 1970 interview (pic disc) 4.99
7" ELVIS PRESLEY Interview picture collection set of 4 pic discs in display wallet, previously unreleased rare interview 9.99
12" HEART Never These Dreams (3 mixes) etched disc insert) 3.99
12" B MOVIE Remembrance Day 2 mixes Nowhere Girl (Pic Disc) white No ... (ltd 500 ..... 3.99
7" HEART 1987 interview (Nancy or Ann Pic Ltd Edition of 2000 (+ 4 mins) (Pic Disc) ..... 2.99 each
7" HEART 1987 interview (Red Vinyl 2.99

ADRIANS BOWIE EXCLUSIVES
SHAPED BOWIE AUSTRALIA Press Conference 27 10 87 Blue Vinyl, AUSTRALIA SHAPED (Ltd Edit of 2000) (P&P as for 12") 3.99
7" BOWIE – AUSTRALIA Press Conference (23 mins) 27 10 87 YELLOW VINYL (Ltd Edit of 1000) 2.99
7" BOWIE NEW YORK Press Conference (19 mins) 18 3 87 PICTURE DISC (Ltd edition of 1000) 2.99
7" BOWIE – LONDON Press Conference (19 mins) 20 3 87 PICTURE DISC (Pics from press conference) (Ltd edition of 1000) 2.99
7" BOWIE – LONDON Press Conference (19 mins) 20 3 87 RED VINYL (Ltd edition of 1500) 2.99
7" BOWIE NEW YORK Press Conference (19 mins) 18 3 87 WHITE VINYL (Ltd edition of 1000) 2.99

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY
* WE DO NOT ADVERTISE RECORDS BEFORE THEY ARE AVAILABLE
* All records, Videos are British unless marked import (I) so you know exactly what you are buying. All Goods are new
* All records sent in strong top quality protective packaging
* We do not issue credit notes (except overseas) or alternatives – unless you ask. If we cannot supply exactly what you require –
We Refund Your Money

ADRIANS FRANKIE SPECIALS
LP BANG! Two Tribes (Hibakusha Mix)/War (Hidden) Relax (U.S. Mix)/Black Night White Light/Pleasure Dome/Power of Love (JAP Import & Lyric Insert) 9.99
12" F G T H Warriors Heavy Metal The attack mix (White Label (very rare) diff pic) 4.99
12" F G T H Warriors (rare Turn Of The Knife mix) (P) 4.99

ADRIANS MISSION SPECIALS
7" Conference France 10-12-86 (pic disc) (1000 pressed) 3.99
7" Conference France 10-12-86 Red Vinyl White Label) (Numbered LTD Edit of 250) EXCLUSIVE TO ADRIANS 4.99
7" Conference France 10-12-86 (Clear Vinyl) (Ltd Edit of 1000) 3.99
7" Apres Gig Chat 1986 (interview (limited edition of 1000 A numbered) (Glossy Pic Sleeve) (PINK VINYL) 3.99
12" Mission Interview Picture disc 4.99

SISTERS OF MERCY AT ADRIANS
7" Interview with Andrew Eldritch (Red Vinyl) (Numbered LTD Edit of 1000) (P) 3.99
12" Interview Pic Disc (BAK 2082) 4.99
LP 1st & Last Always (U) (+ Lyrics Insert) 19.99

HAVE YOU PAID US A VISIT YET?
Wickford is only 40 mins direct from Liverpool St Station in London
OPEN 7 DAYS Mon–Sat 9–6, SUNDAY 10–2

FUTURE VIDEOS VHS ONLY
Not released at time of going to press – due anytime
10CC GODLEY & CREME Changing Faces (60) 6.99
BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST Glasnost (58) 9.99
ROSH Grace Under Pressure (60) Now only 9.99
JACK THE VIDEO 14 Hot Dance Hits 9.99
HANOI ROCKS Nottingham Tapes (98) 18.95
META-L-CAC (Item all 90) 14.99
DAVID BOWIE Glass Spider (45) 9.95
LOU REED Coney Island Baby (60) 9.99
T PAU View From The Bridge (20) 7.99
PETE TOWNSEND Deep End (87) 11.99
WASP Videos In The Raw (60) 9.99
COMPLETE STORY OF JOHN AND YOKO (film with Mark McGann as Lennon) 54.95

LATEST VIDEOS VHS ONLY
VIDEO HITS Girls Girls Girls (Kylie Minogue, Taylor Dayne etc) (15 tracks) 9.99
TALKING HEADS Story Telling Giants (Hits Videos) (54) 9.99
DAVID BOWIE In Ziggy Stardust & Spiders From Mars Live 1973 (86) 9.99
TINA TURNER Rio 88 Live 14.99
A COOPER Welcome To My Nightmare (Re Release) 15.99
WHITESNAKE Trilogy 20 + 4 Tracks 6.99
PRICK UP YOUR EARS (Film about Joe Orton (18 Cert) 47.99
WET WET WET Video Singles (5 tracks) 6.99
HEART If Looks Could Kill (30 ..... 6.99
(All VHS films are on the PAL system Note A number in brackets after the concert is the running time.

PLEASE STATE CLEARLY VHS OR BETAMAX

POSTAGE & BEST PACKING
UK 7" 1 – £1.00 plus 10p for each extra (maximum £2.00)
12" 1 – £1.50 plus 50p for each extra (maximum £3.00)
CD 1 – £1.00 plus 30p for each extra
Video 1 – £1.50 2 or more – £1.00 each
EUROPE 7" 1 – £1.50 plus 25p for each extra
12" 1 – £2.75 plus 75p for each extra
CD 1 – £1.50 plus 50p for each extra
Video 1 or 2 – £3.00 3 or 4 – £5.00 5 or more £1.10 each
OUTSIDE EUROPE (Surface as for Europe) (Air) Simply double the Europe rate
EIRE Same as for Europe
PLEASE SEND ALL PAYMENTS IN STERLING
PLEASE ALLOW 10 WORKING DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES (Postal orders mean quicker delivery) P PICTURE SLEEVE E EXTENDED VERSION I IMPORT J SUPERIOR JAPANESE PRESSING

CREDIT CARD DEPT SAME DAY DESPATCH
If ordering from our future video section your order will be despatched and charged on the day of release.
CREDIT CARD HOTLINE Tel (0268) 733318
RECORDS – Mon-Sat 9–6 Sun 10–2 VIDEO – Open 7 days 10–9

SMALL WONDER
DEPT. N, P.O. BOX 12, STOWMARKET, SUFFOLK, IP14 4XA.

RING MARI ON 0449 781 909 (from 26 3 88) WITH YOUR CREDIT CARD DETAILS FOR SUPER QUICK SERVICE.

All About Eve Angel £1.75 12" £3.25 Gatefold 7" £2.50
Blitz Blitzed Up £5.50
Blue Aeroplanes Janice Long Sessions 12" £3.25
Cateran Bite Deeper £5.50
Close Lobsters J Long Sessions 12" £3.25
Danielle Dax Cats House £1.75 12" £3.25
Fates Warning No Exits £5.99
Fischer Z Big Drum £1.75 12" £3.25
Gun Club Breaking Hands 12" £3.25
J & M Chain Side Walking £1.75 12" £3.25 CD £3.99
J. Couldn't Drum Orange Peel £5.99
Creator Flag Of Hate 12" £3.25
Pere Ubu Tenement Years £6.50

SEND LARGE SAE FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE (ALSO INCLUDES DETAILS OF OVERSEAS POSTAGE & PACKING RATES)

Pixies Surfer Rosa LP Tape £5.99
Primitives Lovely LP Tape £6.50 CD £11.99
Railway Children Mean Time 12" £3.25
Rumblefish Medicine 12" £3.25
Smithereens Green Thoughts £5.99
Smiths How Soon Is Now 12" £3.25
Son Of Oi! £5.50
Sugar Cubes Deus £1.75 12" £3.25 CD £3.99
T. Muses Tornado £5.99 CD £11.75
Wipers Follow Blind £5.99
Zodiac M. Warp Planet Girl £1.75 12" £3.25 CD £3.99
1000 Maniacs Matter £1.75 12" £3.25

POSTAGE & PACKING
7" or CD – 1–3 – 70p; 4 – 5 – 80p; 6 – 9 – 90p; 10 – £4.00
12" – £1.25; 12" 6 – 1 – £1.00;
Maximum Total Postage & Packing is £1.65
ALLOW AT LEAST 10 DAYS FOR CHEQUE CLEARANCE

CASEY'S COMPACT DISCS
1 ELYSTAN PLACE, CHELSEA, LONDON SW3
01-720 7864

Disappointed with the selection of UK release CDs? The following CDs plus many more are now available on import at £13.95 each plus p & p. Mail Order only.

Yngwie Malmsteen. Odyssey – Rising Force – Marching Out
Rodney Crowell. Diamonds – Dirt – Street Language
Grateful Dead. Europe 72 (2 CDs £19.95) – Blues for (2 CDs £19.95) – many others
The Time. 1st – What Time (Both £11.95) – Ice Cream
Alice Cooper. Goes to Hell – Hits – Welcome Back – Trash – School's Out – Killer – A.C. Snow (All £11.95)
Wang Chung. Live – Diet in L.A. – Points On (Both £11.95)
Leonard Cohen. Recent Songs – Best Of (Both £10.95)
Parliament. Hits (£11.95)
Free. Free – Water (£11.95)
Rick Wakeman. King Arthur – 6 Wives – Journey To (All £11.95)
10,000 Maniacs. Wishing Chair – In My Tribe (£11.95)
Bad Co. 1st – Shooter – Run With – Burning – Desolation – Rough Diamonds (All £11.95)
Zappa. Peaches en Regalia (3" CD) £4.50
Monkees. 1st – More Of (Both £11.95) – Live 67 – Pool It
Dan Hicks. Last Train To – Striking It Rich (Both £11.95)
Morris Day. Daydream ng –
Replacements. Pleased to m –
Big Star. Sisters Lovers (£11.95)
David Bowie. 1966 (6 tracks £6.95)
Public Enemy. Yo! Bum Rush The Show

PLEASE WRITE FOR MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE ENCLOSING LARGE S.A.E.
P&P – ONE DISC £1 (PLUS 50p PER ADDITIONAL DISC) OVERSEAS – one disc £1.50 (plus 75p per additional disc) CHEQUES – POs PAYABLE TO CASEY'S CDs

UPSIDE SOUNDS
PO BOX 121, LONDON SE11 6UR

VITAL SELECTIONS
KRS 1 + JAM ROCK MASSES – Stop The Violins Imp 12" 4.75
BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS – By All Means Necessary (inc My Philosophy 12" Imp LP 8.99
WALLY JUMP JNR Don't Push Your Luck LP 5.75
MANTRONIX – In Full Effect LP 5.75
TACKHEAD Tape Time LP 5.75
VARIOUS – Hip Hop 20 LP 5.75
BIZMARKIE – Going Off LP 5.75
S-EXPRESS – S-EXPRESS – Theme 12" 2.99
VARIOUS – Word 2 LP 5.75

CHEQUES – POs PAYABLE TO UPSIDE SOUNDS
POSTAGE + PACKING
UK 75p each OVERSEAS £1 each
96 Ward Prior Hotspur St SE11 6JR

MONEY MONEY MONEY
FOR
UNWANTED LP's, CD's ETC
GOOD QUALITY ITEMS SOUGHT AND WELL GIVE YOU THE MONEY.
SELECTADISC
19 BRIDLESMITH GATE NOTTINGHAM
TEL 0602 580437

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS
LP POLYTHENE (200G) 25 £2.50 50 £4.70 100 £6.80 250 £14.20 500 £25.75 1,000 £44.35 LP POLYTHENE (400G) 25 £3.75 50 £6.80 100 £10.70 250 £23.35 500 £43.00 1,000 £80.00 LP PAPER POLYLINED (INNERS) 30 £5.55 100 £16.05 250 £37.80 500 £70.40 LP WHITE PAPER (INNERS) 50 £6.65 100 £12.10 250 £27.70 500 £50.40 PVC DOUBLE LP (170G 68P) 10 £6.50 LP PVC (Heavy duty) 10 £3.70 25 £7.80 50 £14.90 100 £28.00 SINGLES CARD POLYLINED 30 £6.00 100 £16.15 250 £32.80 500 £60.00 SINGLES WHITE CARD 30 £5.45 100 £12.30 250 £25.85 500 £46.85 SINGLES WHITE PAPER 100 £4.80 250 £10.40 500 £19.60 1,000 £34.30 SINGLES PVC (Heavy duty) 25 £5.90 50 £10.90 100 £20.80 SINGLES POLYTHENE (400G) 50 £4.20 100 £5.20 250 £11.30 500 £21.90 1,000 £41.60
Prices include postage and packing in UK BFPOs and Eire (English currency) Cheque or PO with order please Trade and overseas customers please write for list All mail only to
WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS, 105 STOCKS LANE, BRACKLESHAM BAY, WEST SUSSEX PO20 8NU (Dept NME)

ATTENTION
New Bands – Singers Musicians
LET US MAKE YOUR
VIDEO PROMOS
Professional Videos Made At Unbelievably Low Rates
CALL TODAY! 01-882-2941

HOT WAX
60 DALRY ROAD, EDINBURGH EH11 2AY
ACCESS/VISA 031-337-5225
AND A BIG WELCOME TO UNCLE FRANK!!!

ZAPPA: Shiek Yerbouti CD 10.99
ZAPPA: Tinseltown Rebellion CD 10.99
ZAPPA: Them Or Us CD 10.99
ZAPPA: Ship Arriving Too Late To Save A Drowning Witch CD 10.99
ZAPPA: [illegible] 7.99
ZAPPA: [illegible] 4.99
ZAPPA: Old Masters LP Box 3 ..... £99
ZAPPA: Old Masters Boxes 1 + 2 (each) £135
Due in 18.4.88 ZAPPA new 2LP CD set and UK re-issues of Joe's Garage Shut Up N Play Yr Guitar on LP and CD and loads more (phone for details)
AND A WELCOME TO RODNEY!!!
RODNEY CROWELL Diamonds and dirt 7.99
RELIX MAGAZINE: April postpaid 3.25
Postage 1LP CD 95p 50p each thereafter (Box sets are £1.95 each postage)

'Keystream Mail Order'
14, Greenview Avenue, Shirley CR0 7QU.
Tel: 01–659 2526 Credit card line 01–676 0708 9-5 only

U2 one tree hill new zealand 7" ps 5.99
BEATLES at the starclub hap double LP numbered 17.99
RUSH prime mover 7" white vinyl 2.49
prime mover 12" metallic sleeve 3.99
SISTERS OF MERCY dominion 12" box set 5.99
dominion cassette box set 5.99
MAGNUM stop talking love 12" red vinyl 2.99
stop talking love 7" 3d gatefold 1.99
IGGY POP death trip french pic disc LP 7.99
ALICE COOPER freedom 12" snakeskin sleeve 3.49
IRON MAIDEN can I play with madness shape pic disc 4.00
CHER we all sleep 12" pic disc 2.99
AC DC that's the way 12" pic disc 3.99
AEROSMITH angel 12" pic disc 3.99
MIDNIGHT OIL beds are burning 7" oil filled sleeve 1.99
GEORGE MICHAEL father figure australian 7" double pack 4.99

CD Singles
ROBERT PLANT tall cool one 3.99 RY COODER get rythmn 3.99 DONALD FAGIN centurys end 3.99 SINEAD O'CONNOR I want your hands 3.99 GEORGE MICHAEL one more try 3.99 GEORGE MICHAEL one more try (picd sc cd) 4.99 MAGNUM stop talking love 3.99 STATUS QUO who gets the love 3.99 ERIC CLAPTON tay a nap 3 few 16.99 NEW ORDER touched nap 3 16.99 SUGARCUBES dues 3.49 REM finest worksong 3.99 GEORGE HARRISON when we was fab 5.00 SISTERS OF MERCY dominion 5.00 STING Nada Como El Sol retro 5 trax in spanish & portugese 12.99 FOREIGNER say you will 3.99 YES love will find us prompt 8.00 WIRE kidney bongo 2.99 AEROSMITH angel 3.99

Postage rates: 1 × 12" 90p – 50p per additional. CD £1 each – 50p per extra. Overseas – 50p.

RECORD CORNER
27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM, LONDON SW12 9EX

ERASURE Ship Of Fools 12" mottled vinyl £6.00

COLLECTORS ITEMS (prices inc p.p.)
STYLE COUNCIL When You Can Me 7" pic sleeve £3.00
DEVO Freedom Of Choice U.S. Pic £3.00
SIMPLE MINDS Chelsea Girls U.K. Pic Sleeve £3.00
ABBA When All Is Said and Done U.S. Pic Sleeve £2.50
THE CLASH 4 Track French E.P. – Bank Robber / Rockers

GENERATION X Fridays Angels / Red Vinyl Pic Sleeve £3.00
852's Deep Sleep Nip It In The Bud U.S. Pic Sleeve £3.00
ULTRAVOX Alien / One Day Clear Vinyl £3.50

IMPORT SINGLES (7") £2.

CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK			WEEKS IN	HIGHEST
1	1	**HEART**	Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone)	4	5
2	5	**LOVE CHANGES EVERYTHING**	Climie Fisher (EMI)	6	2
3	8	**EVERYWHERE**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	3	3
4	2	**DROP THE BOY**	Bros (CBS)	6	2
5	10	**WHO'S LEAVING WHO**	Hazel Dean (EMI)	3	5
6	21	**PINK CADILLAC**	Natalie Cole (Manhattan)	4	6
7	22	**GIRLFRIEND**	Pebbles (MCA)	5	7
8	4	**COULD'VE BEEN**	Tiffany (MCA)	6	4
9	16	**PROVE YOUR LOVE**	Taylor Dayne (Arista)	5	9
10	19	**DREAMING**	Glen Goldsmith (Reproduction)	6	10
11	13	**I'M NOT SCARED**	Eighth Wonder (CBS)	8	8
12	6	**CROSS MY BROKEN HEART**	Sinitta (Fanfare)	5	6
13	35	**THEME FROM S-EXPRESS**	S-Express (Rhythm King)	2	13
14	23	**I WANT YOU BACK**	Bananarama (London)	3	14
15	11	**ARMAGEDDON IT**	Def Leppard (Bludgeon Riffola)	2	11
16	3	**DON'T TURN AROUND**	Aswad (Mango)	8	1
17	27	**JUST A MIRAGE**	Jelly Bean (Chrysalis)	4	17
18	12	**TEMPTATION**	Wet Wet Wet (Precious)	5	12
19	(—)	**I WANT YOU BACK 88**	Michael Jackson/Jackson 5 (Motown)	1	19
20	33	**LETS ALL CHANT**	Pat And Mick (PWL)	2	20
21	47	**A LOVE SUPREME**	Will Downing (4th & Broadway)	3	21
22	18	**SIDEWALKING**	Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco Y Negro)	2	18
23	24	**I NEED A MAN**	Eurythmics (RCA)	3	23
24	41	**GET LUCKY**	Jermaine Stewart (Siren)	3	24
25	(—)	**MARY'S PRAYER**	Danny Wilson (Virgin)	1	25
26	32	**PIANO IN THE DARK**	Brenda Russell (Breakout)	3	26
27	9	**STAY ON THESE ROADS**	A-Ha (Warner Bros)	5	6
28	34	**SEX TALK**	T'Pau (Siren/Virgin)	3	28
29	29	**EVERY ANGEL**	All About Eve (Eden)	2	29
30	(—)	**BEYOND THE PALE**	The Mission (Mercury)	1	30
31	17	**ONLY IN MY DREAMS**	Debbie Gibson (Atlantic)	5	13
32	7	**CAN I PLAY WITH MADNESS**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	5	2
33	20	**THATS THE WAY I WANNA ROCK'N'ROLL**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	3	20
34	(—)	**WHEN WILL YOU MAKE . . .**	Deacon Blue (CBS)	1	34
35	14	**NEVER/THESE DREAMS**	Heart (Capitol)	7	6
36	(—)	**ANGEL**	Aerosmith (Geffen)	1	36
37	(—)	**ONE MORE TRY**	George M chael (Epic)	1	37
38	(—)	**SHE'S LIKE THE WIND**	Partrick Swayze (RCA)	1	38
39	(—)	**ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME**	The Housemartins (Go! Discs)	1	39
40	(—)	**NITE AND DAY**	Al B. Sure! (Uptown)	1	40
41	15	**I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY**	Kylie Minogue (PWL)	13	1
42	(—)	**I GAVE IT UP**	Luther Vandross (Epic)	1	42
43	42	**FREEDOM**	Alice Cooper (MCA)	2	43
44	26	**AIN'T COMPLAINING**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	17
45	(—)	**IT TAKES TWO**	Rob Base And DJ E-Z Rock (Citybeat)	1	45
46	(—)	**PLAY IT BACK PART 1**	James Brown (Urban)	1	46
47	(—)	**PRIME MOVER**	Rush (Vertigo)	1	47
48	(—)	**PERFECT**	Fairground Attraction (RCA)	1	48
49	(—)	**DON'T LOOK ANY FURTHER**	The Kane Gang (Kitchenware)	1	49
50	31	**DEUS**	The Sugarcubes (One Little Indian)	2	31

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK			WEEKS IN	HIGHEST
1	3	**PUSH**	Bros (CBS)	3	1
2	1	**NOW 11**	Various (EMI-Virgin)	4	1
3	(—)	**SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	1	3
4	2	**THE BEST OF OMD**	OMD (Virgin)	7	1
5	5	**POPPED IN SOULED OUT**	Wet Wet Wet (Precious)	17	1
6	11	**TANGO IN THE NIGHT**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	50	1
7	16	**DIRTY DANCING – SOUNDTRACK**	Various (RCA)	5	7
8	7	**LOVELY**	The Primitives (RCA)	2	7
9	8	**WINGS OF HEAVEN**	Magnum (Polydor)	2	8
10	18	**ACTUALLY**	Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone)	30	2
11	10	**DISTANT THUNDER**	Asward (Mango)	3	10
12	24	**HIP HOP AND RAPPING IN THE HOUSE**	Various (Stylus)	3	12
13	4	**LIVE IN EUROPE**	Tina Turner (Capitol)	4	4
14	6	**VIVA HATE**	Morrissey (HMV)	5	1
15	21	**BRIDGE OF SIGHS**	T'Pau (Siren)	25	1
16	14	**INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE**	Terence Trent D'Arby (CBS)	37	1
17	9	**NAKED**	Talking Heads (EMI)	5	2
18	27	**WHO'S BETTER WHO'S BEST**	The Who (Polydor)	6	4
19	32	**GLADSOME, HUMOUR & BLUE**	Martin Stephenson & The Daintees (Kitchenware)	2	19
20	13	**TURN BACK THE CLOCK**	Johnny Hates Jazz (Virgin)	14	1
21	15	**WHITNEY**	Whitney Houston (Arista)	6	14
22	19	**TIFFANY**	Tiffany (MCA)	8	4
23	12	**THE STORY OF THE CLASH**	The Clash (CBS)	4	6
24	17	**FROM LANGLEY PARK . . .**	Prefab Sprout (Kitchenware)	4	4
25	39	**HEART**	Heart (Capitol)	2	25
26	50	**EVERYTHING**	Climie Fisher (EMI)	3	26
27	33	**WILL DOWNING**	Will Downing (4th & Broadway)	5	27
28	22	**HEARSAY**	Alexander O'Neal (Tabu)	21	7
29	25	**HEAVEN ON EARTH**	Belinda Carlisle (Virgin)	14	4
30	49	**BAD**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	5	22
31	23	**CHALK MARKS IN THE RAIN**	Joni Mitchell (Geffen)	4	17
32	20	**WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY**	Rick Astley (RCA)	23	1
33	29	**TEAR DOWN THESE WALLS**	Billy Ocean (Jive)	6	5
34	42	**HORIZONS**	Various (K-Tel)	4	13
35	43	**GIVE ME THE REASON**	Luther Vandross (Epic)	14	6
36	26	**ROCK THE NATION**	Various (Dover)	5	18
37	36	**THE CHRISTIANS**	The Christians (Island)	24	2
38	38	**BAD ANIMALS**	Heart (Capitol)	6	34
39	RE	**CHER**	Cher (Geffen)	1	39
40	37	**KICK**	Inxs (Mercury)	15	6
41	RE	**GREATEST HITS**	Isley Brothers (Telstar)	1	41
42	44	**KINGDOM COME**	Kingdom Come (Polydor)	4	26
43	(—)	**SOUTHERN BY THE GRACE OF GOD**	Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	1	43
44	34	**DESTINY**	Saxon (EMI)	2	34
45	47	**PASSION**	Norman Connors (Capitol)	2	45
46	RE	**YOU'RE A PART OF ME**	Jean Carne (RCA)	1	46
47	(—)	**WAITING FOR BONAPARTE**	The Men They Couldn't Hang (Magnet)	1	47
48	(—)	**RARE GROOVE 2**	Various (RCA-Arista)	1	48
49	(—)	**KARAJAN**	Herbert Von Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon)	1	49
50	RE	**RAINTOWN**	Deacon Blue (CBS)	1	50

45s INDEPENDENT LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK			WEEKS IN	HIGHEST
1	3	**DEUS**	The Sugarcubes (One Little Indian)	2	31
2	5	**THEME FROM S-EXPRESS**	S-Express (Rhythm King)	6	1
3	7	**SHAME ON YOU**	Darling Buds (Native)	3	3
4	2	**SHIMMER**	The Flatmates (Subway)	3	2
5	1	**NOBODY'S TWISTING YOUR ARM**	The Wedding Present (Reception)	3	1
6	13	**IS THIS THE LIFE**	Cardiacs (SP/T)	3	13
7	6	**MAJESTIC HEAD**	Soup Dragons (Raw TV)	3	6
8	17	**CAT HOUSE**	Danielle Dax (Awesome)	3	17
9	24	**I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY**	Kylie Minogue (PWL)	3	24
10	4	**SHIP OF FOOLS**	Erasure (Mute)	3	4
11	30	**IM NIN' ALU**	Ofra Haza (Ace)	2	30
12	11	**NOTHING WRONG**	Red Lorry Yellow Lorry (Situation Two)	4	11
13	18	**DOCTORIN' THE HOUSE**	Coldcut (Ahead Of Our Time)	3	18
14	9	**BEAT DIS**	Bomb The Bass (Rhythm King)	3	9
15	(—)	**ANYONE**	Smith And Mighty (Three Stripe)	1	15
16	14	**SHAKE!**	Gene And Jim (Rough Trade)	3	14
17	15	**TEENAGE**	Brilliant Corners (MacQueen)	3	15
18	19	**THIS NELSON ROCKERFELLER**	McCarthy (September)	3	18
19	12	**GOODBYE GOODBYE**	The Chesterfields (Hold It)	4	12
20	8	**CRUMB**	Lydia Lunch & Thurston Moore (Widowspeak)	2	8
21	(—)	**ONE LOVE NATION**	Disco 2000 (KLF)	1	21
22	(—)	**SLUT**	Flesh Volcano (Some Bizzare)	1	22
23	(—)	**BREAKING HANDS**	Gun Club (Red Rhino)	1	23
24	(—)	**TIM TO LOSE**	Laugh (Remorse)	1	24
25	22	**SURFIN' WINTER EP**	Fizzbombs (Calculus)	2	22
26	( )	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	1	26
27	(—)	**TEMPLE OF LOVE**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	1	27
28	16	**KIDNEY BINGOS**	Wire (Mute)	3	16
29	(—)	**BATMAN THEME**	Dynamic Duo (Anagram)	1	29
30	10	**EVERGREEN**	Into A Circle (Abstract)	2	10

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK			WEEKS IN	HIGHEST
1	1	**SURFER ROSA**	Pixies (4AD)	3	1
2	2	**HOUSE TORNADO**	Throwing Muses (4AD)	3	2
3	3	**GEORGE BEST**	The Wedding Present (Reception)	3	3
4	5	**DUST BOWL**	Head Of David (Blast First)	3	4
5	17	**A LITTLE MAN AND A HOUSE**	The Cardiacs (Alphabet)	3	5
6	19	**CIRCUS**	Erasure (Mute)	3	6
7	(—)	**LETS PLAY DOMINATION**	World Domination Enterprises (Product)	1	7
8	4	**THE ONLY GOOD PUNK IS A DEAD ONE**	Electro Hippies (Peaceville)	3	4
9	8	**WOODENFOOT COPS ON THE HIGHWAY**	Woodentops (Rough Trade)	3	8
10	7	**ROUGH EDGES**	Guana Batz (ID)	3	7
11	11	**TACKHEAD TAPE TIME**	Tackhead (Network)	2	11
12	14	**HONEYMOON IS RED**	Lydia Lunch (Widowspeak)	2	12
13	25	**SUBSTANCE**	New Order (Factory)	3	13
14	9	**LIVE AND LOUD**	Stiff Little Fingers (Link)	3	9
15	6	**LE MYSTERE DE VOIX BULGARES VOL 2**	Various (4AD)	3	6
16	(—)	**DIMENTION FATROFF**	Voivoid (Noise)	1	16
17	(—)	**UPFRONT VOL 10**	Various (Serious)	1	17
18	13	**BEST OF HOUSE VOL 4**	Various (Serious)	3	13
19	21	**REACH OUT AND . . .**	Sewer Zombies (Ron Johnson)	2	19
20	12	**HOT FOR YOUR LOVE BABY**	The Hard Ons (Vinyl Solution)	3	12
21	24	**HUMANS FLY**	Dog Faced Hermans (Calculus)	2	21
22	(—)	**HATFUL OF HOLLOW**	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	1	22
23	29	**GATHERING DUST**	Ghost Dance (Karbon)	2	23
24	20	**SHARKS**	Mighty Mighty (Chapter 22)	3	20
25	22	**THE ROAD TO ROUNDHAY PIER**	Rhythm Sisters (Oval/Red Rhino)	2	22
26	(—)	**STRANGEWAYS**	The Smiths (Rough Trade)	1	26
27	(—)	**JAZZ JUICE 7**	Various (Streetsounds)	1	27
28	(—)	**LITTLE BABY BUNTIN'**	Killdozer (Touch And Go)	1	28
29	(—)	**PALM WINE GUITAR MUSIC**	SE Rogie (Cooking Vinyl)	1	29
30	10	**ACID BEATS 1**	Various (Warrior)	2	10

PICTURE: CLARE MULLER

This 'Change' is everything, Climie Fisher at Number two in the singles

FUTURE RAP 20

1	**TOUGHER THAN LEATHER LP**	Run DMC (Profile)
2	**SMOKE SOME KILL**	Schoolly D (Jive)
3	**TRUE MATHEMATICS GREATEST HITS**	True Mathematics (Champion)
4	**CAN'T HOLD BACK**	Big Daddy Kane (Cold Chillin')
5	**PARTY TIME**	7A3 (Geffen)
6	**MEGABLAST**	MC Merlin & Bomb The Bass (Rhythm King)
7	**FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN**	The Wild Bunch (4th & Broadway)
8	**DUCK ALERT**	Marley Marl (Cold Chilin')
9	**IN FULL GEAR**	Stetsasonic (Tommy Boy)
10	**GO ON GIRL**	Roxanne Shante (Cold Chillin')
11	**LYTE AS ROCK**	MC Lyte (First Priority)
12	**WHAT MORE CAN I SAY**	Audio Two (First Priority)
13	**DOWN TO THE FULLEST**	DLR (Toe'Rag Records)
14	**OUTRAGEOUS**	Double Image (Stumppp Down)
15	**SERIOUS BUSINESS**	Positive Image (B Boy Records)
16	**PLUG TUNIN'**	De-La-Soul (Tommy Boy)
17	**ANYONE (REMIX)**	Smith & Mighty (Three Stripe)
18	**LIVE AT T.T.O.**	Kaos (Bad Boy Records)
19	**SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK**	V'06 Style (Gig)
20	**IT'S JUST BEGUN**	Jimmy Castor Bunch (RCA)

Chart by Tim Westwood, Capital Radio, Fridays 12–1 am, 95.8, and *Night Network* ITV, Friday, 1–4 am.

FUNK 20

1	**ON A LOVE GROOVE**	Orchestra JB (Metro) UK 12"
2	**ARMED AND DANGEROUS**	R.A.W. (Promo) UK 12"
3	**ALL THIS LOVE THAT I'M GIVING**	Gwen McRae (Rhythm King) UK 12"
4	**CHECK ME OUT IF YOU DON'T KNOW ME BY NOW**	Lyn Collins (Urban) UK LP
5	**JUMP TO THE BEAT**	Chilli and the Groove Gangsters (Promo) UK 12"
6	**THEME FROM S-EXPRESS**	S-Express (Rhythm King) UK 12"
7	**NUMBER NINE**	Dancer (Trax) US 12"
8	**I WANT YOU BACK**	Jackson 5 (Motown) UK 12"
9	**FOR SWEET PEOPLE**	Sweet Charles (Urban) UK LP
10	**RICH AND FAMOUS**	Royalty (Warner Bros) UK LP
11	**US**	Maceo (Urban) UK LP
12	**CHECK THIS OUT**	La Mix (Breakout) UK 12
13	**AND THE BREAK GOES ON**	Break Boys (Fourth Floor) US 12"
14	**FANTASY**	Pleasure Zone (Trax) US 12"
15	**RIOT IN ENGLISH**	Dale (Paisley Park) US LP
16	**RUN'S HOUSE**	Run DMC (London) UK 12"
17	**TOLD US SO**	Nu Shooz (Atlantic) UK LP
18	**GOT A THING FOR YOU**	Debra Jade (Rough Luxury) US 12"
19	**WHEN THE FREEKS COME OUT**	Was Not Was (Fontana) UK 12"
20	**ELECTRA SALSA (HOUSE MIX)**	Off (Sonet) UK 12"

Chart by Jason, Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W1.

JAZZ 10

1	**STIPER STONES**	Clark Tracey Quintet (Steam)
2	**SAXOTIC STOMP**	Ricky Ford (Muse)
3	**SPILLANE**	John Zorn (Nonesuch)
4	**LOOK OUT FOR HOPE**	Phil Frisell Band (EMI)
5	**OPEN LETTER**	Loose Tubes (Editions)
6	**NIGHT AT THE VANGUARD**	Tommy Flanagan (Uptown)
7	**COOKING AT THE PLUGGED NICKEL**	Miles Davis (CBS)
8	**BLOW ARNETTE BLOW**	Arnette Cobb (Prestige)
9	**ELLYN**	Ellyn Rucker (Capri)
10	**TALES OF ELLINGTON**	Chico Freeman (Black Hawk)

Chart by Mole Jazz, 374 Grays Inn Road, London WC1

US 45s

1	GET OUTTA MY DREAMS	Billy Ocean (Jive)
2	DEVIL INSIDE	INXS (Atlantic)
3	WHERE DO BROKEN HEARTS GO?	Whitney Houston (Arista)
4	MAN IN THE MIRROR	Michael Jackson (Epic)
5	WISHING WELL	Terence Trent D'Arby (Columbia)
6	GIRLFRIEND	Pebbles (MCA)
7	ROCKET 2 U	The Jets (MCA)
8	ANGEL	Aerosmith (Geffen)
9	I SAW HIM STANDING THERE	Tiffany (MCA)
10	SOME KIND OF LOVER	Jody Watley (MCA)
11	OUT OF THE BLUE	Debbie Gibson (Atlantic)
12	PINK CADILLAC	Natalie Cole (EMI-Manhattan)
13	PROVE YOUR LOVE	Taylor Dayne (Arista)
14	CHECK IT OUT	John Cougar Mellencamp (Mercury)
15	ANYTHING FOR YOU	Gloria Estafan & Miami Sound Machine (Epic)

US LPs

1	DIRTY DANCING	Soundtrack (RCA)
2	BAD	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	FAITH	George Michael (Columbia)
4	KICK	INXS (Atlantic)
5	MORE DIRTY DANCING	Soundtrack (RCA)
6	TIFFANY	Tiffany (MCA)
7	NOW AND ZEN	Robert Plant (Esperanza)
8	THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO . . .	Terence Trent D'Arby (Columbia)
9	HYSTERIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
10	OUT OF THE BLUE	Debbie Gibson (Atlantic)
11	GOOD MORNING VIETNAM	Soundtrack (A&M)
12	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION	Guns And Roses (Geffen)
13	SKYSCRAPER	David Lee Roth (Warner Bros)
14	KINGDOM ROME	Kingdom Come (Polydor)
15	WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY	Rick Astley (RCA)

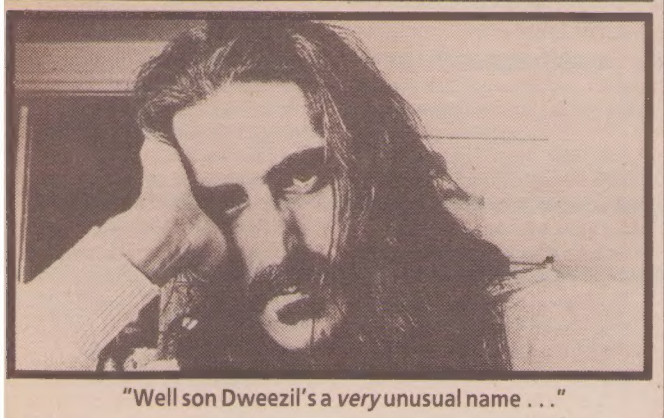
Chart courtesy of *Billboard*

LEAGUES 10

1	FOOTBALL LEAGUE	Sport
2	JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA	Comic
3	HUMAN LEAGUE	Synths
4	20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA	Submarine
5	LEAGUE OF NATIONS	Political
6	LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN	Musical
7	ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE	Raucous
8	LEAGUEONAIRES DISEASE	Unwell
9	SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS	Fairy-tale
10	LEAGUE OF DECENCY	Christian

(Chart to celebrate 100 years of the Footbal League)

BOY NAMED SUE 10



"Well son Dweezil's a *very* unusual name . . ."

1	ZIGGY	Marley
2	ZOWIE	Bowie
3	ROLAN	Bolan
4	GOD	Slick
5	MOON UNIT	Zappa
6	DWEEZIL	Zappa
7	ZAK	Starr
8	FIFI TRIXEBELL	Geldof
9	JULIAN	Lennon
10	HEATHER	Hook

Chart compiled by 'Tom', 'Dick' and 'Harry'

AFRICAN 15

1	KASS TOUT	Kass Kass (Bleu Caraibes) Zaire
2	ALADJI	Sam Mangwana (Syllart) Zaire
3	THOKOZILE	Mahlathini (Earthworks/Virgin) S. Africa
4	AMBUYA	Stella Chiweshe (Globestyle) Zimbabwe
5	DIDADI	Nahawa Doumbia (Syllart) Mali
6	ALI FARKA TOURE	Ali Farka Toure (World Circuit) Mali
7	SORO	Salif Keita (Sterns) Mali
8	SUPER DJATA	Zani Diabate (Mango) Mali
9	AIME BEBE	Taxi Pata Pata (Tax) UK/Zaire
10	GOODBYE SANDRA	Various Artists (Discafrique) Zimbabwe
11	THUNDER BEFORE DAWN	Various Artists (Earthworks/Virgin) S. Africa
12	JERUSALEM	Alpha Blondy (Sterns) Ivory Coast
13	TAXI DRIVER	Jonah Moyo (KKO) Zimbabwe
14	AUTORAIL	Ouzin Ndiaye (Celluloid) Senegal
15	L'ANIMATION NON STOP	Franco (Edipop) Zaire

Chart by Sterns African Record Centre, 116 Whitfield Street, London W1

5 YEARS AGO

Not another Tracy picture

1	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
2	CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND	Culture Club (Virgin)
3	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
4	WORDS	F R David (Carrere)
5	BREAKAWAY	Tracy Ullman (Stiff)
6	OOH TO BE AH	Kajagoogoo (EMI)
7	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW?	Duran Duran (EMI)
8	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
9	THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT	Tracie (Respond)
10	BOXERBEAT	JoBoxers (RCA)

10 YEARS AGO

1	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)
2	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
3	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)
4	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)
5	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
6	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)
7	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings (Parlophone)
8	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)
9	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)
10	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)

15 YEARS AGO

1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
2	HELLO! HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (Man)
4	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF SUMMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
5	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)
6	TWEEDLE DEE	Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
7	PYJAMARAMA	Roxy Music (Island)
8	LOVE TRAIN	O'Jays (CBS)
9	ALL BECAUSE OF YOU	Geordie (EMI)
10	NEVER NEVER NEVER	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)

20 YEARS AGO

1	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
2	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Co. (Pye Int.)
4	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
5	JENNIFER ECCLES	Hollies (Parlophone)
6	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
7	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
9	AIN'T NOTHIN BUT A HOUSE PARTY	Show Stoppers (Beacon)
10	SOMETHING HERE IN MY HEART	Paper Dolls (Pye)

FRED FACT

"Lead us not into temptation", goes The Lord's Prayer. Of course there wasn't a pop chart when that was penned. Even so, the Prayer itself has been the subject of many a recording by popular singers. **Sarah Vaughan** once did a beautiful version, as did **Mahalia Jackson**. But that's not what I was getting at. The point I intended to make is that temptation, or rather the title, 'Temptation', has led more than its fair share of punters into record shops throughout the years.

Wet Wet Wet are the latest to cash in on the title's obvious appeal. And it doesn't seem all that long ago that **Heaven 17** had their biggest-ever hit with a song of that very title. Probably the first real hit answering to the name was the one fashioned by songwriters **Herb Nacio Brown** and **Arthur Freed** in 1933. Brown and Freed, who once ensured that Gene Kelly got a soaking by writing 'Singing In The Rain', penned their 'Temptation' for a Raoul Walsh-directed movie called *Going Hollywood*. The lead in the film was played by **Bing Crosby**, who promptly recorded the song and had a massive hit. A massive hit in those days meant that everybody dived in to cut cover versions. By the end of the year, bandleaders **Ted Fio Rito** and **Ferde Grofe** had also logged Top 20 singles with the same song. Thereafter, everybody who was anybody recorded the Brown-Freed ditty at some point in their career.

And during the '40s a whole new generation cottoned on to its charms, jazzman **Artie Shaw** going US Top 30 in 1944, to be followed by **Perry Como**, a one-time barber turned crooner, who went Top 20 with his version in both 1945 and 1946. Then **Red Ingle**, a musical nut who'd once worked with Spike Jones' City Slickers, did a washboard-rhythmed, cornball version subtitled 'Timtayshun' that became a worldwide winner in 1947. A hillbilly parody, featuring a vocal by one **Cinderella G. Stump**, shortly became a multi-million seller. Not that Brown and Freed needed the royalties. Apart from all the various recordings of the song, it seemed that movie makers couldn't wait to fit it into their soundtracks. In the wake of *Going Hollywood*, 'Temptation' was also featured in *Written On The Wind*, a 1956 Robert Stack-Lauren Bacall starrer, *Kiss Them For Me*, a 1957 comedy starring Jayne Mansfield, and *The Seven Hills Of Rome*, a 1957 Technirama special featuring Mario Lanza.

Could rock ignore such a song? Of course not. In November, 1960, the **Everly Brothers** nipped into a Nashville studio to cut their version of the Brown-Freed special. They'd already recorded the song on the session that produced 'Lucille' but manager Wesley Rose, had given it the thumbs-down. When he attempted to stop them releasing the second version, the Everlys sought a new manager. Not that the single fared badly, in Britain it topped the charts. In all those years there was but one 'Temptation'. But in more recent times everybody's tested their talents by penning a song of that title. **New Order** successfully wrote a Factory fanfare of that name in 1982, **Joan Armatrading** had a moderate hit with yet another 'Temptation' in 1985, then, of course, there are those songs by Heaven 17 and Wet Wet Wet. 'Temptation'? The message seems to be – lead us to it, whoever its songwriter may be.

Fred Dellar

ASWAD – A UK DISCOGRAPHY

Right from that day back in 1970 when we spotted Brinsley Forde in *Double Deckers*, we knew we were looking at a potential chart-topper. Well, it might have been Brinsley. On the other hand it could have been Peter Firth or Melvyn Hayes. After all, it was all a long time ago. But at some early point in the band's career, we cottoned onto Aswad's potential. That much is true. Mind you, they've taken their time about reaching the pinnacle we knew they could achieve. And there are those in the office who are less than happy that the Ladbroke Grove groovers eventually made it with the likes of 'Don't Turn Around' rather than the magnificent 'Warrior Charge'. Even so, everyone was so chuffed when Aswad climbed to Number One recently that Swellsy almost bought cakes all-round. 'Almost' is the operative word here – we wouldn't like you to think we indulged in exaggeration.

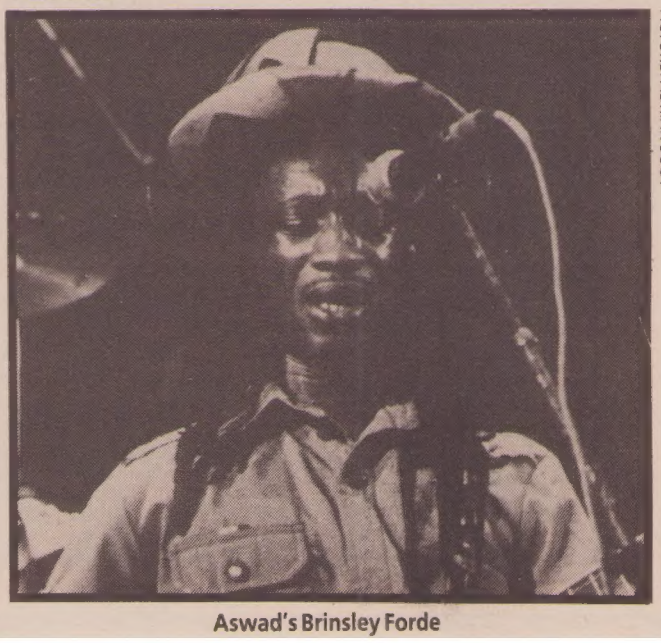
SINGLES

JUNE	1976	Back To Africa/Africa	(Island WIP 6312)
OCT	1976	Three Babylon/Ire Woman	(Island WIP 6338)
MAR	1979	It's Not Our Wish (That We Should Fight)/ Stranger	(12" Grove Music GMDM 9)
SEP	1980	Warrior Charge/Dub Charge also on 12" 12 WIP 6646	(Grove Music WIP 6646)
FEB	1980	Rainbow Culture/Covenant	(Island WIP 6575)
MAR	1981	Babylon/Playing Games	(Island WIP 6693)
MAR	1981	Babylon/Behold	(12" Island 12WIP 6693)
JULY	1981	Finger Gun Style/Dub Style also on (12" A 13 1370)	(CBS A3170)
SEP	1981	Ways Of The Lord/Lords Of The Dub	(CBS A2391)
MAY	1982	Pass The Cup/Love Fire Dub also on 12" A13 2391	(CBS A2391)
JULY	1982	Unsatisfied (Not Satisfied Dub)/Oh Jah (Dub) 10" Freebie given with the Not Satisfied album (10,000 pressed)	(CBS XPS 148)
AUG	1982	African Children (Pt 2)/Your Recipe also on 12" A13 2743	(CBS A 2743)
FEB	1983	Don't Bite The Hand/Dub (with Johnny Osborne)	(10" Simba SM 002)
APL	1983	Promised Land/144,000th Cut/More Dub (with Dennis Brown)	(12" Simba SM 003
APL	1983	Come On Love Me Tonight/Dub (with Michael Prophet)	(10" Simba SM 004)
JUNE	1983	Roots Rockin'/Rockin' Dub also on 12" 12SM 005	(Simba SM 005)
MAR	1984	Chasing For The Breeze/Gave You My Love also on 12")	(Island IS 160)
MAR	1984	Chasing For The Breeze/Gave You My Love/ Chase The Dub/Get This Dub 12" double-pack	(Island ISX 160)
OCT	1984	54–46 Was My Number/54-46 Was My Number	(Island IS 170)
OCT	1984	54–46 Was My Number/54-46 Was My Number (Horns Revival)/Warrior Charge (Trouble Mix)	(12" Island 121S170)
MAR	1985	Need Your Love (Each And Every Day)/) Rainfall Sunshine also on 12" 12IS214	(Island IS 214)
OCT	1985	Bubbling/Dubbling	(Simba SIM 101)
OCT	1985	Bubbling/Remix/Dubbing	(12" Simba 12SIM 101)
DEC	1985	Kool Noh/Free Azania	(Simba SIM 101)
DEC	1985	Kool Noh/Free Azania/Free Dub	(12" Simba 12SIM 102)
JUNE	1986	Pull Up/Dub Up also on 12" 12SIM 103	(Simba SIM 103)
FEB	1987	Hooked On You/Version	(12" Simba SIMT 104)
MAR	1988	Don't Turn Around/Woman also on 7" picture disc ISP 341	(Mango IS 341)
MAR	1988	Don't Turn Around/Woman/Don't Turn Around (long version) also on CD CID 341	(12" Mango 12IS 341)

ALBUMS

JUNE	1976	Aswad	(Island ILPS 9399)
JUNE	1980	Hulet	(Island ILPS 9611)
	1980	Showcase	(Grove GMLP 6)
SEP	1980	RAR's Greatest Hits – includes one track Sons Of Criminals	(RAR RAR 1)
NOV	1980	Babylon – Soundtrack – includes Hey Jah Children and Warrior Charge	(Chrysalis CHR 1294)
NOV	1981	New Chapter reissued on CBS 32473 (1984))	(CBS 85336)
MAR	1982	A New Chapter Of Dub	(Simba ILPS 9711)
MAY	1982	Countryman – Soundtrack – includes Mosman Shank	(Island ISTDA 1)
JULY	1982	Not Satisfied reissued on CBS 32564 (Feb 1985)	(CBS 85666)
DEC	1983	Live And Direct	(Island IMA 6)
OCT	1984	Rebel Souls	(Island ILPS 9780)
NOV	1985	Jah Shaka Meets Aswad In Addis Ababa Studio	(Jah Shaka Shaka LO 850)
JUNE	1986	To The Top	(Simba SIMBALP2) #

also on CD



PICTURE: ADRIAN BOOT

Aswad's Brinsley Forde

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

ANGST

EDITED BY JACK BARRON

ANGST, NME EDITORIAL, COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1–19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1 1NG

TV EYE

Dear Enemy *(What a wag – JB)*, whilst I enjoyed your TVOD you did miss vital programmes from your television/music round-up. Firstly there's *The Sooty Show*. Is it a coincidence that two weeks after Nicko McBrain appears on the programme Iron Maiden have their first Top Three hit? And did I really see, at a recent record fair, a bootleg copy of the song featuring Nicko on drums, Matthew Corbett on vocals and Sooty, Sweep and Soo on piano, passing hands for a sum in excess of three figures (all of them zero)?

Then, of course you missed *The Wombles*. The impact of this show on British rock is enormous! Can Duran Duran really deny that 'Hungry Like The Wolf' is a rip-off of 'The Womble Shuffle'? Mike Batt's socially aware lyrics earned him a world reputation as he tackled subjects such as drug abuse ('Womble Of The Universe': *"Well I'm really flying high now . . ."*), the joy of being a transvestite ('Super Womble': *"Cleaning up the universe in his super-Womble tights"*) and, of course, the social impact of dropping litter.

Yours, Wax Fleesol, for the Badwas.

PS. Just to put you straight on a couple of points: Peter Purves was in *Doctor Who* for only 12 months; Professor Marius built K9 (the robot dog) because he wasn't allowed a real pet on the Bi-Al Foundation.

Dear *Angst*, Pathetic! That's all I can say about your TVOD piece. How dare you devote so much space to the ultra-shit *Rainbow* (the programme that has influenced such 'entertainers' as Jim Davidson and Bobby Davro, let's not forget that) and only mention in passing *the* dope programme of the '70s, *Pipkins*! Don't you care that Hartley Hare, the Madonna of TV puppetry is no longer inspiring the kids? Only a programme like *Pipkins* broke down the barriers by having a pig with a Birmingham accent (aptly called 'Pig') and a manic depressive monkey who lived on top of a wardrobe. Respect is due to the Pipkins Posse, no lie.

Also, you can't begin to mention cult TV until you check out the following: The Charlie Cat adverts ("I've got an apple and Charlie got something he liked"); *Dangerfreaks* (pronounced Daaaaaangerfreeeeeaks!!!); the theme tune to *The Protectors* (the thought-provoking 'Avenues And Alleyways' by Tony Christie) and *Reg The Octopus* on Ceefax.

Yours, in anticipation of the resurrection of Ray Grice, Daddy Raunch, Nottingham.

Angst, Fools! Fools! Fools! In your TVOD bit you omitted to mention the truly wonderful *Squiddley Diddley*, the cartoon show that launched a thousand guitar solos.

Yours etc William Wilberforce.

PS. I take great exception to you printing that I am of "No fixed abode". In fact, I live in the fourth air vent down the eastbound lane of the Dartford Tunnel.

Having no TV of my own, this correspondence confirms the suspicion that all TV owners are hop-heads, sexually fixated with furry animals, and no better than chairbound trainspotters. I know this certainly applies to the authors of TVOD, Messrs SWells and Quantick – JB

PTV: BEWARE THE EVIL EYE!

Dear *NME*, In reference to Mark Sinker's slagging off of anti-Psychic TV "crazies" we would like to point out that anyone who takes pleasure in experiencing occult powers has an aim that is rotten to the core and cannot lead to anything but bitter disillusionment. To us, Zippy, George and Bungle are much nearer to *the truth* than Mr Ready-Brek or any of his debauched cronies.

Thanking you.

The Potaracrew, Rathfarnham, Dublin.

Dear *NME*, Eye (sic) never want to see another article on Psychic TV in your brilliant and amusing musick (sic) paper ever again. Eye (sic ad nauseam) feel that this band, along with their over-the-top vocalist Genesis P Orridge, are the sickest and noisest band I have ever heard. How Eye long for some traditional British rock and roll! Their musick is totally perverse with dirty songs about sexual intercourse. Eye hope you take this letter seriously because it's so important that today's youth is not influenced by such bands and such bad goings on. No wonder the world is in such a state with people like Psychic TV about.

Love, War, Riot, Symon.

I can only reiterate Mark's sentiments. Just because Genesis has foreskin rings, and is a meglomaniac would-be shaman interested in the paranormal, doesn't make him insidiously evil. He *is* a nice chap and has been responsible over many years for pushing talents as diverse as William Burroughs and Boyd Rice. The real magic lies in PTV's next product. Wish Gen would teach people like Symon to write properly though – JB

CHEAP JOKES ON OTHER PEOPLE'S MISERY

Re: David Quantick's Gerry Sadowitz review. So it's great in Quantick's books for a comedian to tell anti-Irish, sexist and sick jokes as long as s/he has a "philosophy of hating everything", and prefacing or ending a joke with the line "F— that!"

Of course, Gerry doesn't tell them in the offensive manner of Bernard Manning. Sadowitz tells jokes to trendy audiences at Ronnie Scott's who can appreciate his "open cynicism" in telling a racist joke in contrast to Manning's "sick jolly cruelty" in relating similar jokes.

Well, that sounds like a lot of crap to me, Quantick. Racist and sexist jokes told in any form serve to reinforce and justify ignorant, negative and stereotypical images of minorities and women. In your opinion that might be liberal claptrap, but ask anyone who is Irish or is disabled or is a woman how they feel about offensive jokes told about them. Any dickhead can get up on stage and tell a racist or sexist joke to get a cheap laugh but, there again, I suppose any dickhead can write a review in *NME* extolling such a prat.

Jim Derwent, London E1.

I wonder what Lenny Bruce or John Belushi would think of this letter if they were alive today? "F— that!" methinks. Unfortunately Sadowitz doesn't match up to either except in the fact that he's brain dead – JB

MORRISSEY DANCING

Re: Last week's edish! "As I read through I actually believed, for a minute, that we were absent of the word MORRISSEY. But . . . there amongst the pages it was . . ."

Adeline Style, Ilford.

That's enough! If you mention the word M§–*–§y again I'll break the singer's legs off at the knees – JB**

THE BORING BIT

In reply to the crap spewed by The Nigel Lawson Club – no not the budget (though that was bad enough) but the letter slagging the Mary Chain off. (*Zzzzzzz*). Can't some people get it into their heads that the Mary Chain have always wanted to make great pop music which they have always done from 'Upside Down' through to 'Sidewalking'. All their records have been great, some classics.

It seems the letter was implying the Mary Chain have sold out for not being noisy enough! They were accused of that after releasing 'Just Like Honey'. But 'Sidewalking' has got noise, plenty of it. Great drum sound and feedback guitars and it's in the charts – unlike Big Black!

Personally I like Loop; their psychedelic noise is great, but if they never ever progress they'll get boring. The Mary Chain have progressed, as 'Sidewalking' proves.

Matthew Buffrey, Gwent.

Yes, progressed. Does this mean the Mary Chain are the Yes of the '80s? – JB

BRIEFS: GET YOUR KNICKERS IN A TWIST

If you want to picture the future *(Well it has to be better than a snap of Mozzer's stumps – JB)* imagine half the unemployed digging needless holes and the other half refilling them for their benefit.

'Rosie' Blair, Dunstable.

Your articles on the '70s and cult TV – Quinn Martin ate my pet Clanger.

Barnaby Jones Zimmer, California, USA.

You stupid, irresponsible gits. In your April 9 issue there is a full, centre-page advertisement encouraging people to use condoms. Everyone knows condoms give you cancer of the knob.

I Am A Bastard, Walsall.

You certainly are and a biological freak at that. In fact, following your logic, you must be the only bastard in existence whose nob is made by Silver Thins. Cigarettehead! – JB

Are you trying to tell us singers aren't talentless?

S. Woolstencroft, angst-ridden-drummer, Hulme.

PS. Mark Smith has given up smoking!

Ah, drummers, an unsung breed. They rarely get a word in. When they do it's boring – JB

Is the new James Brown release, 'Smart Things That The Godfather Has Said Recently', the first LP ever to have a 12-inch run-off groove on both sides?

Ian Turton, Sapcote, Leicestershire.

No. That was 'Me and My Braincell Speak But Not Simultaneously' by Paula Yates. (PS. The new JB release is best appreciated on the Coldcut produced CD) – JB. (No relation, thank God.)

Botha's on top of a big shitheap. That's all.

Yours faithfully, P. Christodonton, Wollaton.

How depressing, it'll keep fly-face in food for years – JB

A friend of mine said to me the other day the following sentence: "Wouldn't it be exhilarating if Madness were to record a song entitled 'Can I Play With Iron Maiden?' " I replied to my friend the following sentence: "Yes it would!" Could this be a record?

Juan Forthemoney, Barcelona, Spain.

Si! Si! Si! Si! No! Just a silly letter – JB

THE ULTIMATE GESTURE

Sir *(Hey! We're socially sensitive politically aware newts here. So none of your sexist greetings, okay? – JB)*, on endeavouring to purchase a copy of your first rate publication today, I found myself in a newsagents I do not normally patronise. "One copy of *New Musical Express*", I stated clearly to the assistant. I was promptly handed a copy of *No 1*. I explained *NME* was not a publication for pre-teens and was given a copy of *Motor Cycle News* instead. By this point I was so incensed that I cut myself into 423 bite-sized chunks with a chainsaw I had thoughtfully prepared earlier. My mum has sent this letter as I am not able to.

Yours affectionately,

The Man With A Bottom As Big As Manchester.

Well mega-bummer, you've confirmed what we've suspected all along. The slight hiccup in the sales figures of *NME* isn't down to our journalistic skills, the very opposite in fact – readers trying to off themselves when they can't get their weekly dose of *NME* insight, analysis and humour. Makes a change from those who foolishly buy the wrong music paper – JB

DEPECHE MODE VS THE WORLD

Angst! If you can remove your tongue from the anal passage of the nearest hip-hop idol we'll ask you a question! Why do you queue up, with your daggers and *Longmans' Thesaurus* of deprecatory comments, when undermining, sorry, reviewing the work of Depeche Mode??

How can disparagement be accepted as criticism (examination on the merits of literary or artistic work) when the 'accused' is denied the chance to speak? Is this a democracy? No, it's the *NME* (No Mode 'Ere). What is strange is your clawing for legitimisation of your spite against them every time you review one of their products. Paranoia is not the word as your malice towards them is obvious to anyone with half a brain.

Okay, we apologise for *not* liking some desperately acclaimed indie non-entity, we must also apologise on DM's behalf for them not working with SAW yet. We seriously regret their not selling out to the majors and not having a manager or a producer. Fancy liking a band who *don't* preach to their fans or insult their intelligence, a band that could teach your idols a thing or two about music.

If you reply with customary rancour to this letter we have no final blinding conclusion, but that, as fans, our reasons are just and that we cannot be hurt by more childish jibes from failed journalists.

Lots of Love, Elizabeth and Louise, Preston.

Last time I saw Martin Gore and the rest of DM was at a birthday party. They were dancing to hip-hop. I asked them for an interview (since I have done a feature on them before) and they said, "Perhaps later in the year", DM might be the coolest pop band in the world but you'll just have to wait to hear their words – JB

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

After reading your article concerning The Primitives (and their manager's 'Adolf Hitler World Tour' t-shirt) and then Douglas Deadlocks' letter, I was provoked to write to you. For me, as a German and a convinced anti-racist, it hurts to see such a man involved with a brilliant band.

The decision of Tracey & Co not to write political songs must be accepted, but that's no reason to show political indifference towards their own manager.

Bad people, such as Wayne, promote people just as long as it's an advantage for them in the rat race. The fascinating Prims are in danger of becoming an instrument of Wayne.

Robert Deiterus, Niederkruchten, Germany.

I can't defend Wayne except to say that The Prims music is hardly good for goosestepping to – JB

Dear *NME*, how observant of you to notice that the psychobilly scene "receives short shrift from the music press" (April 16). No gig reviews, no record reviews ('cept some dickhead pondering on the Guana Batz being "tied to the R'n'B sink" – your ignorance is truly amazing), *nothing*.

When are we going to see an article about the 'billy scene? As the two writers pointed out, it's not exactly a tiny cult. Sure, metal and the indie scene tower over us but I can bet more psychos read your paper than hip hop fans do.

Please *NME*, wise up to the music and the people and do *something* on the scene.

Yours faithfully, Pete Sipson, West Drayton, Middlesex.

I am writing in hope of saving others from the ordeal I have been through. I am currently de-programming myself from the effects of the notorious, fast growing Temple Ov Psychick Youth.

I regret ever setting eyes on our guru Genesis P. Orridge. I went to the temple and before I knew it someone had locked me in and injected me with a tranquilizer. The next thing I knew, I awoke strapped to a bed naked and two or three shaven heads were photographing me.

I have to remain anonymous because Genesis has threatened to use the photographs on the cover of the 11th monthly Psychic TVmLP. Several of us now imprisoned in the Temple and cannot leave, due to our money and clothes being confiscated.

I'm sure I speak on behalf of every 'disciple' when I say, "stay away! They are immoral sick perverts!"

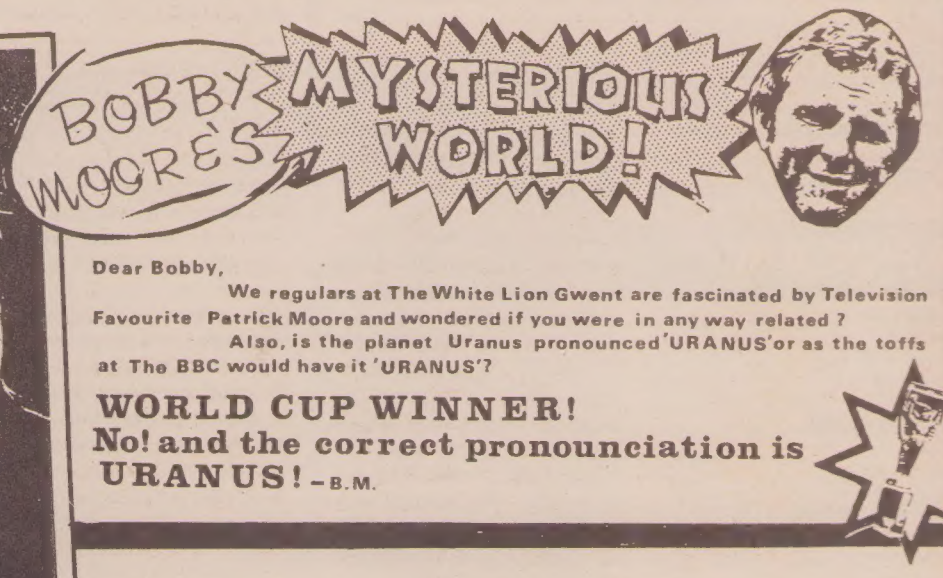
Anonymous, T.O.P.Y., London WC1.

Dear 'Angst', one of the highlights for me when reading *NME* used to be this very letters page. Lately, however, I have found 'Angst' extremely boring, tedious and strangely devoid of letters praising Kate Bush or XTC.

If any other readers have had a similar experience, why not write and let me know, remembering to mark your envelope – "Lately I Have Found 'Angst' Boring, Tedious And Strangely Devoid Of Letters Praising Kate Bush Of XTC".

Yours sincerely, Luke Black, Cambridge.

Patrick Moore – TV Favourite


BOBBY MOORE'S
MYSTERIOUS WORLD!
Dear Bobby,
We regulars at The White Lion Gwent are fascinated by Television Favourite Patrick Moore and wondered if you were in any way related ?
Also, is the planet Uranus pronounced 'URANUS' or as the toffs at The BBC would have it 'URANUS'?
WORLD CUP WINNER!
No! and the correct pronounciation is URANUS! – B.M.

Kenneth Williams: Morrissey pays tribute

KENNETH WILLIAMS, the Prawn King of British Comedy, died last Friday at his Regents Park flat in London, aged 62.

Williams made his name during the golden age of radio comedy and became notorious for bringing high camp into the open with Hugh Paddick as the gay gossipers, Julian and Sandy, on the BBC radio series Round The Horne. But Williams will be most remembered as the Vulgar Vice-Roy, the Sultan of Smut, of the much loved/hated Carry On series.

No Carry On film was under way until Williams had inflamed his nostrils, pointed his facial arches and emitted a howl of mock shock and smutty delight.

Working with Sid James, Joan Sims and Hattie Jacques, Williams epitomised a British love for sauciness that has rarely been captured since.

One of his biggest fans is **MORRISSEY**. He told the NME:

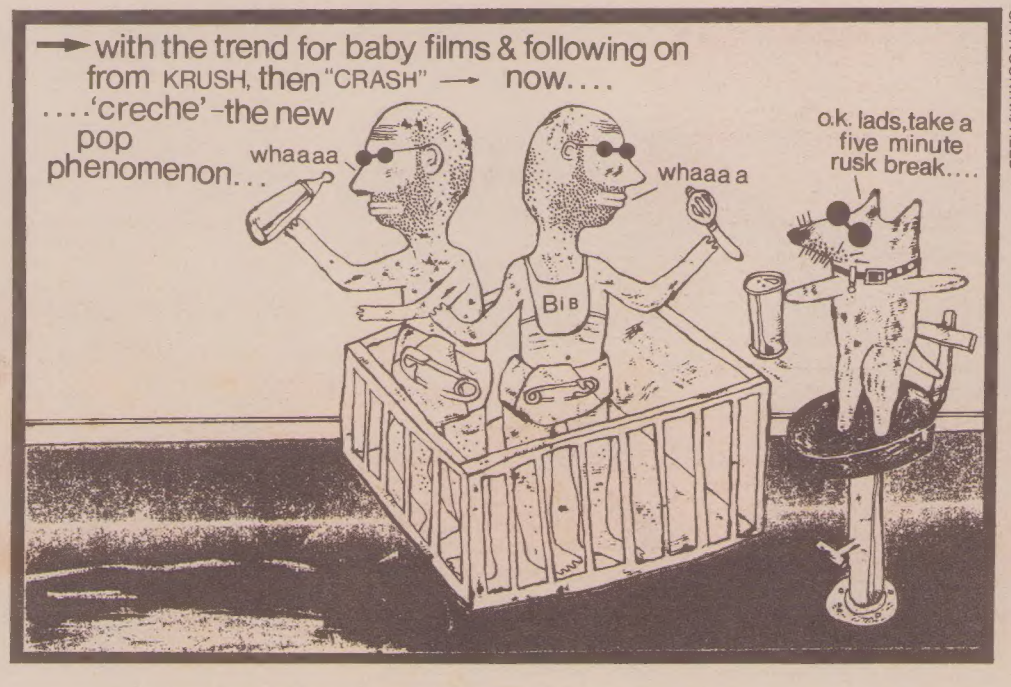
"I loved his bomb shelter Britishness, his touch-me-not wit, his be-ironed figure, stylishly non-sexual; his facial features were as funny as anything he ever said.

"His performances were personable, discreetly reactionary, stubbornly Kenneth Williams; those special clenched timings and aghast priggish close ups. He was funniest as Doctor Soaper in *Carry On Camping* (1968), the best of the series, but his own life was more fascinating than anything concocted by writers.

"The passion absent in his celibate existence appeared to the brim, and past the brim, in his work.

"Another irreplaceable strip of Britishness falls away."

PUBLIC N'M'E


with the trend for baby films & following on from KRUSH, then "CRASH" → now....
....'creche'-the new pop phenomenon...
whaaaa
whaaa a
o.k. lads, take a five minute rusk break....
BIB

CARTOON: NIC REED

It was fisticuffs a go-go in central London last week when a former member of top noise droppers **THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN**, one **JOHN FOSTER MOORE** now of **POLYDOR** combo **EXPRESSWAY**, put on the boxing gloves and tried to chin **'BIG' ROB GUTHRIE** of well known tag wrestling team **THE COCTEAU TWINS**. Refereed by **MC PETE WYLIE** the bout took place outside the dodgy **APOCALYPSE CLUB** which is held at the **ASTORIA** on a Friday night, after a night's hardcore posing to the **MUTOID WASTE COMPANY** and **WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES**.

A skinful of gin had been sunk and FM was pathetically slagging off **JIM REID** when Guthrie pinted out that Foster Bore would still be wallowing in the rich backwater he was dragged out off it it hadn't been for Reid, and told him to beat it.

Buster Pore retorted by calling Robin a 'fat slug'. Which immediately led to the two jumping on each other.

Polydor records told *PUBLIC NME*. "They rolled around in the gutter for a couple of minutes and then the police turned up and nicked them. Robin was screaming a lot when he was arrested but nobody won. I can assure you it wasn't a cheap publicity stunt on Foster Moore's behalf."

The reason the brawling brats were nicked so swiftly was because the Old Bill were busy on a drugs stake-out and the fight was messing things up for them. Wylie, showing he still has a bit of the oik in him, legged it. One not so fortunate was some **ALICE COOPER** lookalike from the *Melody Maker*. The Flying Squad showed surprising sense by not locking the other two lowlifes up with the hack for the night. After all no self respecting Chief Inspector wants a double-suicide on his hands.

And now onto something completely interesting.

If you're having difficulty getting hold of **THE PRIMITIVES'** great debut LP 'Lovely' at the moment the reason, according to their record company RCA, is because the German lorry driver responsible for ferrying them over from the continent was nicked for child abuse. Why they just can't admit to under-estimating the band's popularity is beyond us.

AND if you're an *Eat the Rich* fan you might be interested to discover that the forthcoming **ROCK AGAINST THE RICH** tour has been postponed by a month to allow **JOE STRUMMER** the chance to take up a slightly lucrative film part. **CLASS WAR** are apparently well pissed off.

And whilst we're on that matter it's interesting to see that the posters **LONDON RECORDS** have plastered all over the country to promote **JOYCE SIMS** are almost identical to those used by **THE REDSKINS** many moons ago. So what happened London, do you have a few Bolshie designs going to waste? Will the next **SIMON HARRIS** single come wrapped like a **FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS** bootleg?

A moment of silence for **MAL** of **CABARET VOLTAIRE** who failed his driving test last week for insisting on giving signed copies of his last LP to the instructor, whilst he was doing 97 mph round a shopping precinct.

It seems everyone in the world is keen to snap up our **MORRISSEY** interview. And on the subject of press the **PIXIES** who we rave about this week can only manage a two column feature in their local rock paper. Very strange.

JULIE BURCHILL wrote the first decent thing for months in the *Stale On Sunday* when she bombed **RADIO ONE** to rubble for dropping Janice Long. For the exclusive inside story see the *NME* interview this week.

THE BAMBI SLAM have quit **PRODUCT INC** and gone to work with **GEOFF TRAVIS** at **ROUGH TRADE** after he offered to pay for them to re-record their LP. Dolt.

Would you scream if we told you **LOADSAMONEY**'s favourite painter was Hieronymus **BOSCH BOSCH BOSCH**? Or that since he announced in the **TVOD** issue that had a lot of spinach as a kid **CHRIS FRANCE** of **MUSIC OF LIFE** has been receiving tins of the green stuff in the post?

Clever Bastard **FRANCE**, as an early April Fool issued in his release schedule a fake LP called 'Albanian Dance Sampler' catalogue number **BLUFF 1**, and since them he's had nearly a thousand orders for it.

DISCO 2000 are currently recording an ass kicking video with a lesbian motorcycle club called The Black Widows and not Dykes On Bikes as Chressida tried to make out. **JOHNNY CASH** is not dying but he has been hanging out with **OZZY OSBOURNE** which could go some way to explaining why he has been looking a little off colour.

A little birdie from the world of TV dropped us a line to let us know that **LAMAR PELLAY**, no less, was to become Camp Colin's new boyfriend in Eastenders.

And wild times at the **PRESTATYN** weekender when a DJ announced that if anyone came across a large **STEVE WALSH** lookalike who had fattened himself up especially for the trip he'd give them a five pound note. Of course Walsh arrived and was promptly hassled all night.

And finally, on the subject of old bags, **STEVE** from World Domination Enterprises lost his treasured West Ham hold-all after last week's gig at the Astoria and he would like it back as it contains his lucky guitar strap and his lucky talcum powder. Oh yes, anyone who's found it should call Product Inc on 01 969 8866.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

EDITORIAL
4th Floor
Commonwealth House
1–19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A 1NG
Phone: *01-404 0700*

EDITOR
Alan Lewis

DEPUTY EDITOR
Danny Kelly

ASSISTANT EDITOR (features)
Adrian Thrills

NEWS EDITOR
Terry Staunton

ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR
Denis Campbell

PRODUCTION EDITOR
Jo Isotta

SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITOR
Roy Carr

ALBUMS REVIEWS EDITOR
Alan Jackson

LIVE REVIEWS EDITOR
Helen Mead

MEDIA EDITOR
Gavin Martin

DESIGN
Justin Langlands

STAFF
Paolo Hewitt
James Brown
Steve Lamacq

PHOTOGRAPHY
Bleddyn Butcher
Derek Ridgers
Lawrence Watson
A. J. Barratt
Anne Coffey
Steve Pyke
Chris Clunn
Emily Andersen
Tim Jarvis

CONTRIBUTORS
Jack Barron
Len Brown
Fred Dellar
Barbara Ellen
D. J. Fontana
Louise Gray
Barney Hoskyns
Gaz Jennings
Michele Kirsch
The Legend!
Stuart Maconie
John McCready
Myrna Minkoff
John Munro
Sean O'Hagan
Edwin Pouncey
David Quantick
Jonathan Romney
Mark Sinker
Jane Solanas
David Swift
Neil Taylor
Ben Thompson
Steven Wells
Simon Witter

ILLUSTRATIONS
Savage Pencil
John Geary
Steven Appleby
Shaky Kane

U.S.
Richard Grabel
Rob Tannenbaum
Kristine McKenna
Frank Owen

RESEARCH
Fiona Foulgar

EDITOR'S SECRETARY
Karen Walter

ADVERTISING
Room 329
Commonwealth House
1–19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A

AD MANAGER
Nick Taylor
(01) 829 7825

ASSISTANT AD MANAGER
David Smith
(01) 829 7738

CLASSIFIED ADS
(01) 829 7797

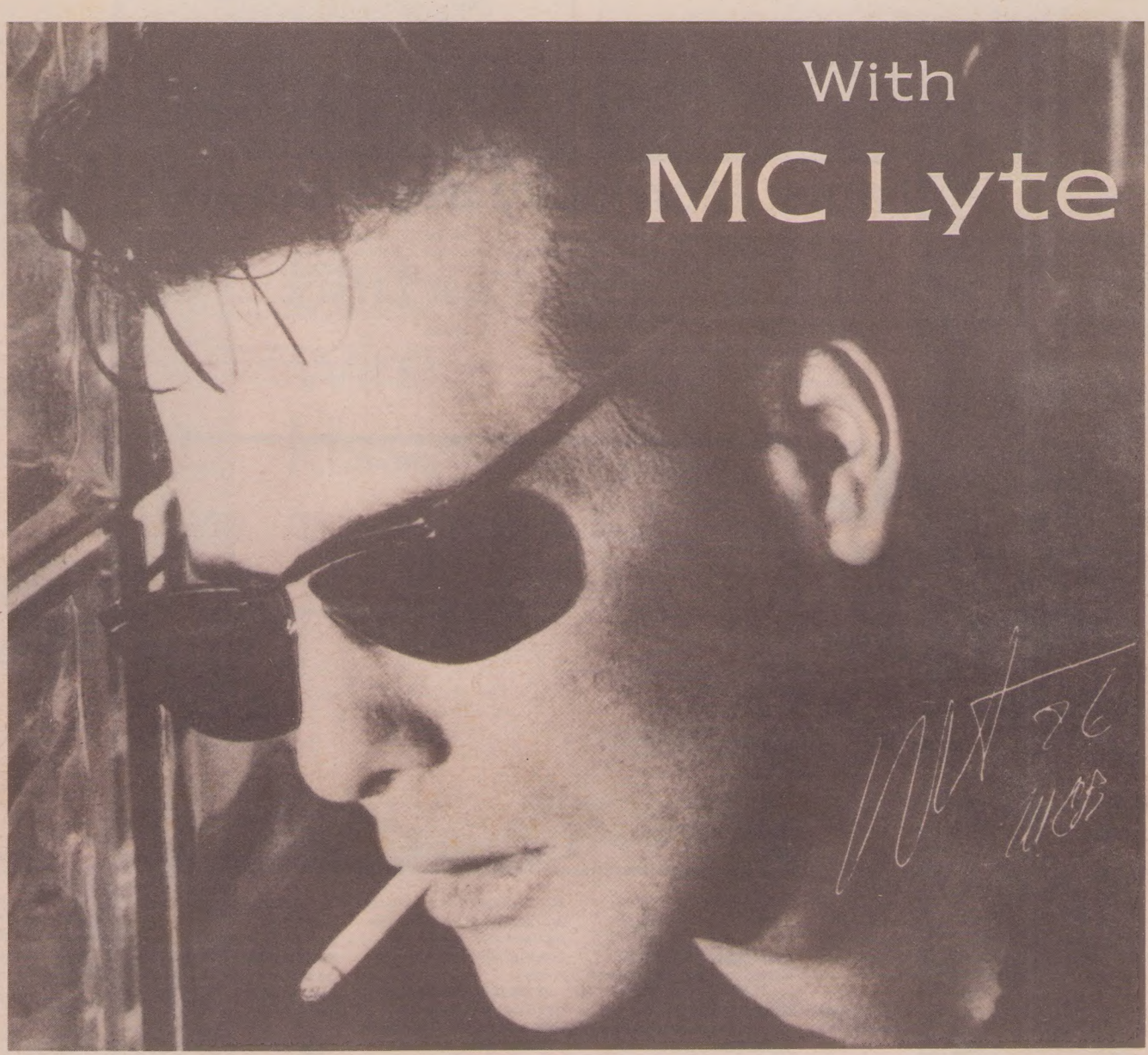
LIVE ADS
(01) 829 7816

AD PRODUCTION
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 829 7759

Publisher Andy McDuff
Holborn Publishing Group
IPC Magazines Ltd
Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden

Published by Holborn Publishing Group, 1–19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG, at the recommended maximum price shown on cover. © IPC Magazines Ltd 1988. Typeset by ComputerGraphics, 37–42 Compton Street, London EC1. Printed in England by Peterboro Web, Cambs. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents, Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd.

Sinéad O'Connor



New Single

"I Want Your (Hands On Me)"

On 7 & 12" Now

Debut Album, Cassette & Compact Disc
"The Lion and The Cobra"

Includes "Mandinka" & "Troy"

7" · eny 163

Chrysalis

12" · enyx 163